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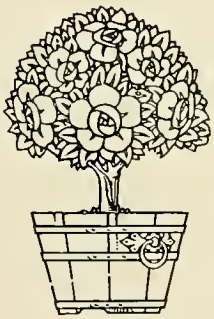
The Aloha Kanaka

A Story of Life at a Girls' Camp

As Told By

The Camp Members



Edited by Edward L. Gulick, Hanover, N. H.
Published by Harry Haywood, Jr., New Brunswick, N. J.
1915

SK605
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New Brunswick, N. J.

SEP 14 1915

The Schilling Press, Inc.
New York City

©CI.A411515

FOREWORD

A BRIGHT flame of affection, enthusiasm and loyalty to Camp Aloha burns in the hearts of nearly seven hundred Alohaites. They come flocking to Aloha in increasing numbers summer after summer, from the neighborhoods of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, and from a hundred other places east, west, north, and south. They are now to be found in Radcliffe, Wellesley, Smith, Vassar, Mt. Holyoke, Bryn Mawr, Oberlin, Chicago, Hollins, and Roanoke; and everywhere they are living a broad and generous life, at least in part because of the equipment of health and stimulus received at Aloha.

The older readers of these pages will be inclined to discount some of the enthusiasm expressed, on the score of youthful exaggeration. But for ten years I have seen this enthusiasm in action. I have heard it in song and cheer. I have seen this affection expressed with increasing warmth and depth to her, whom the girls delight to call their Summer-Mother. Making all due allowance for youthful exaggeration and effervescing ebullience, one cannot fail to recognize the genuineness of the sentiment expressed. The articles by Miss Fessenden and by Miss Anna Coale, which first appeared in *The Outlook,* and that by Miss Ives are included here in order to give a wider reading to those excellent productions, and to add interest to the book in the eyes of the general reader.

This little volume will, besides, serve a double purpose. It will recall to "old girls" a flood of happy memories, and show them the faces of many a companion in frolic and excursion. By the aid of the keys, they will be able to identify and recall half-forgotten faces and names, and the episodes of camp life associated with them.

But besides this most important function of the book, we hope that it will give to parents and friends, who have never seen the life at Aloha, a fairly distinct impression of the charms and attractions of the camps, their altruism, their animation, their good cheer, their democracy, their industry and their unity.

An emphatic word of appreciation is due to Mr. Harry Haywood for his indefatigable labors generously given from his otherwise busy hours.

Also to Miss Alice Harris, to whose fanciful pencil we owe the line drawings of the winged Kanaka that frisks and frolics through the pages of this volume.

E. L. G.

THE KANAKA

Dedicated to the Aloha Girl

DEAR to us is the Aloha Girl whether she comes from her home a "flapper" as the English would call her, with hair down and skirts up, or as a modish young lady more accustomed to city streets than to mountain trails, better acquainted with books than with brooks, with balls than with ball. Her pretty clothes, her careful manners, her delicate fears, proclaim her the product of careful training and ample opportunity in a sheltered environment.

Dear to us is the Aloha Girl after she has had for some seasons the Aloha experience. Her easy mastery of horse and canoe, her powers of endurance, her initiative, her eager enthusiasms and unaffected joy, her responsiveness to appeal, her readiness to help, to mix, to sing, all are proofs that she has received and is ready to give much: her attainments are "sweet records, promises as sweet."

Dear to us is the Aloha Girl as we see her in later life, always preparing for wider and richer service, an active element among our modern transitional forces; quivering in responsiveness to the new, conserving the sanctities of the old; moved by the tide in the affairs of men, but holding her steadfast course toward the goal,—a large, generous, human life, receiving and contributing the best.

Here's to the Aloha Girl that is to be.

MR. AND MRS. GULICK.

AROUND THE CAMPFIRE

Life in a Girls' Camp

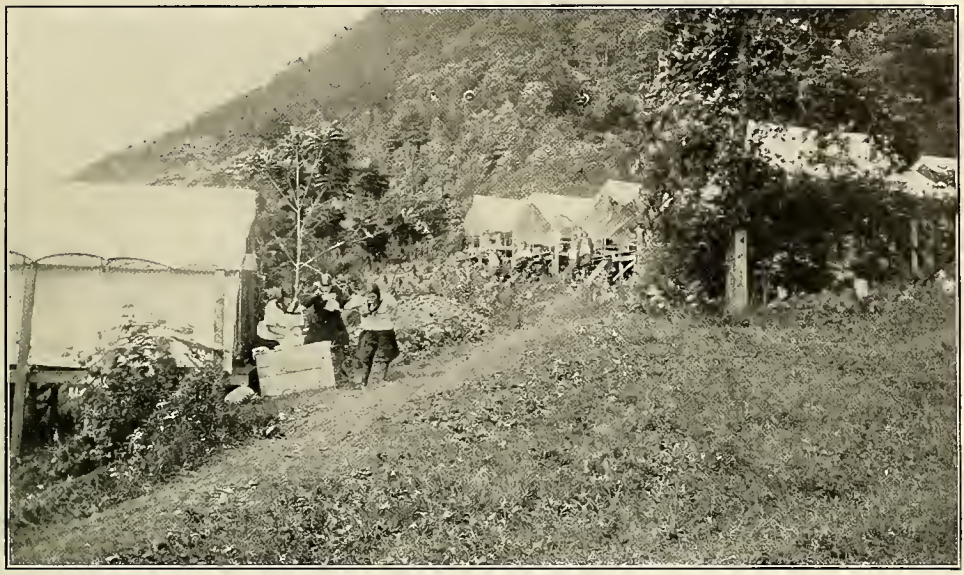
By Anna Worthington Coale of the Aloha Camp

Reprinted by permission from *The Outlook* of July 25, 1914.

TEN years ago girls' camps were rare. Five years ago you heard of a few of them in Maine and New Hampshire. Nowadays we hear of a hundred, and they are located in all parts of the country—in the Adirondacks and the White Mountains, at the seashore, in Arizona and other parts of the Far West. The girl camper may be twelve or twenty. She usually comes from a home of luxury and hugely enjoys the novelty of sleeping in tents, the unhampered opportunities for learning to swim, to row, to paddle—in short, to live close to friendly Mother Nature—through eight or nine happy weeks of the camp season. And, best of all, she learns the value of girl friendships. A camp girl who is now in college writes: "More important than experience with wind and wood is the intimate association with people which camp affords. I have known college girls who wasted most of their freshman year in learning the simple principle of community life—toleration, co-operation, and normal friendliness—which the camp girl has already been taught." Another girl said that at home she had known only one girl well. Camp taught her to understand other girls.

Every summer one whole camp has an opportunity to vote for just one girl. It is not the most popular girl—though she is sure to be that; nor the most athletic; nor yet the best-looking. Not any of these. The highest honor the camp has to bestow is given for Camp Spirit—and it goes to the girl who has proved to be the most thoughtful, generous, and kind—in short, the best friend.

The girls' camp has proved that there can be just as great *esprit de corps* among girls as among boys. Not only that, but among girls of varying ages and



MORNING ABLUTION

circumstances. When one camp is "out together," there is always an older young woman who seems to be the leader. It is hard to decide whether she is a camp girl or not. There is a big-sister air about her, and yet an air of frank comradeship. She is a councilor—a college girl, full of life and spirit. She is the close friend and adviser of the younger girls. Then there is the honor girl, who has been chosen by a committee of councilors because of her "camp spirit" of thoughtfulness, friendliness, and leadership. She can swim and row, and is allowed to go in a canoe without a councilor, and sometimes to take other girls. There are also in this company the timid little mother's darling and the prim little city girl. Yet in spite of these varying types, so strong is the spirit of friendship that there is rarely a note of discord or maladjustment.

Camp routine is much the same in all camps. The bugle call which awakens the girls is followed ten minutes later by another, which summons all the campers to assemble for a short calisthenics drill and a run around the open court or a lively folk-dance. At one typical camp, "If you don't go to 'cal,' you can't go swimming all day." If you come in a bathing suit, you can have a dip in the lake before breakfast.

After breakfast there is a lively scramble to put the tents in ship-shape order for inspection. One tent-mate may sweep up the tent floor, another pick up whatever is astray, another make the beds, while the fourth rolls the flaps just so. For there is a banner at the end of the season for the best-kept tent.

At nine is the assembly for morning prayers. A brief service, the announcements for the day made, various trips and parties planned, and then the camp songs. Those good old camp songs! Besides the good old songs there are many jolly camp songs written by girls or councilors.

Craft work keeps the campers busy until swimming hour. Girls come to camp "tired of books and lessons and the dead routine of school," but they love to work at basketry, pottery, stenciling, jewelry, leather work, bookbinding, and

THE MORNING RIDE

carpentry. So fascinating is the craft work that if the next bugle call meant anything less than swimming there would be danger of its being unheeded. Each year Santa Claus is the custodian of attractive work-baskets, book-racks, stenciled curtains, embroidered centerpieces, and even hand-made necklaces which he carries at the end of December to proud and happy parents and friends.

The swimming at girls' camps has been carefully standardized. The different tests for advancement are based on self-control in the water, confidence, and good head-work, rather than on any exercise that greatly taxes heart or lungs. One of these is the "canoe test"—fifteen minutes above water. You may float or swim, as you like, and a boat keeps near you all the while. A girl may not go out in a canoe until she has passed this test. Eleanor was the first girl in camp to take the canoe test. When she came in to dinner, very rosy and her eyes beaming, all the campers joined in a song in her honor. Eleanor blushed violently, but in the next few days she had a chance to sing to many of her friends. That afternoon she tried her canoe. An athletic councilor paddled in the bow, Eleanor in the stern. She turned too short and they capsized. They were quickly picked up and headed for camp in a rowboat. Eleanor was beaming when she saw the camp leader. "I wasn't afraid," said she, "for I knew I was guaranteed to swim fifteen minutes."

After dinner every one has an opportunity to take "forty winks;" those who won't "wink" may write letters home; but every one must be quiet and give others a chance to rest.

Then follows the reading hour, under a big tree, with sewing, if you like; and the afternoon excursions are planned. It may be a long trip on foot or horseback; a night in the open, a trip to some distant mountain, with three nights on the way; a three-day gypsying trip with a wagon for the baggage; or it may be merely a quiet paddle along the lake shore.

The lovely camp evening, with its basketball, tennis, a bonfire with camp songs and stories (or the fireside, if it rains), or a "sing" on the lake with all the campers in canoes, is brought to an end by the bugle again sounding in the deepening twilight. Taps, "lights out," find all quiet, except a giggle or two, hushed by an honor girl, and the happy day is done.

In a suburban town a committee of parents recently held a serious and prolonged discussion over the question of the recreation of the children of the community.

A playground expert from a National association was called in to make a survey of the recreational facilities of the town. The survey revealed that "one-third of the leisure life of that town's boys and two-fifths of the leisure life of its girls are taken up in going down town, walking, and loafing." At this point an exasperated parent suggested that if children could have duties, tasks, and a child's measure of responsibility they could utilize what time they would have

left for sport and recreation without suggestion from adults; and they would not be found wasting the precious hours of playtime in aimlessly strolling down town and about the streets. Perhaps this wise parent had known in his boyhood days the joy of turning work into play.

At a certain camp in New England there was an accumulation of rubbish to be disposed of soon after arrival. The camp leader suggested a bonfire. The idea was enthusiastically received, and rubbish was brought from all quarters of the camp grounds. Many hands piled it "high as the sky." When night came, there was a wild Indian dance and war-whoop, all joining hands, as the huge pile was lighted. That was a fine instance of making play out of work.

It was some years ago when Janet came to camp. She came from a large city in the Middle West. Her "set" at home had parties almost every night. Janet was popular, too, with the boys. When she saw the campers in their bloomer costume, her face fell. They seemed so young. The camp leader found her weeping tears of homesickness when the train left which took her mother back to her Western home. "Janet, dear," she said, cheerily, ignoring the tears, "I want you to organize a basket-ball team. I have been depending on you for our team. Will you come out now and look over your material?" Janet came out. She looked over her "material." Somehow, in the bloomer costume, with her hair in braids, she looked just as young as they. And they were such nice-looking girls, she noticed. She soon had a good team chosen, and during that summer she developed qualities, not only of leadership, but of thoughtfulness and genuine friendliness. So popular was she that her name has been handed down through several summers, and still clings to the tent which she occupied. And when every once in a while she returns to visit the old camp, she is welcomed by all the campers, old and new.

In the democracy of camp life a girl finds herself in an environment of simplicity and freedom which stimulates her to activity. In place of languidly accepting a ready-made programme of play she must provide play activities for herself and others. There is no distinction in dress, for the camp costume is alike for all. A girl is rated by her achievement, not by externals. Moreover, she has a distinct advantage in being rated well at the start, for, as one older brother put it, "Your camp takes it for granted that a girl is a good fellow till she proves that she isn't."

Gwendolyn was one of the few girls who failed to appreciate all this. She ought to have gone to camp sooner. For she had been around the world twice, had wintered in Japan, and had a yacht and an automobile. Yet these accessories, which stood her in such good stead at home, failed to make any impression at camp.

Then Gwendolyn started stories about the other girls. The first one passed unheeded in the friendly atmosphere of camp democracy. She tried it again—unhappy Gwendolyn! The second time the stories were repeated. The third time they were doubted; but the fourth time, alas! they were believed. But there was a reaction immediately. The stories were traced straight to Gwendolyn, and she became so unpopular that she actually became so miserable that she had to leave. "I had a hard rub," she wrote afterward, "but I know it did me good." She had found that trips around the world, yachts, and automobiles count for naught when a girl fails to be thoughtful and kind and generous.

In camp a girl learns, like her brother, to be a "good sport." One way is to take defeat cheerfully and to honor your successful competitor. Another way to be a "good sport" in a girls' camp which some brave girls have learned is to

QUIET HOUR LETTER

refrain from doing things which you are not able to do. One girl with a weak heart learned this only when she had to be rescued because she tried to swim too far. But the spirit of restraint which she afterward showed was recognized by the campers to be just as fine as the spirit of daring in the others.

Unfailing good humor is a strong characteristic of the girl camper. Any mention of discomfort is frowned upon, and an uncomfortable experience, whether in camp or abroad, is always made romantic in a song.

The mountain trip, which involves several days' travel and some degree of hardship, is a good test of spirits and power of endurance.

A party from one camp started out one fine day to climb a famous mountain, whose high peaks they had often viewed from afar at their camp home. They walked many miles to the base, and then traversed the long side of the mountain before they began to climb. Lunch and supper were eaten from knapsacks on the way. It was nearly dark when they reached the hut half-way up the mountain where arrangements had been made to spend the night. The hut, they found, had accommodations for but thirty. Another party had preceded them, and there were fifty-four. "We'll have to sleep like sardines," said one of the girls. And they did. By morning they had a jolly good song to take back to camp, as every party must, and every verse ended in "Roll over!"

Next morning they started the long climb. Before they had gone far it began to rain. A car passed them half-way up, filled with people comfortably seated on dry seats.

"Only towering peaks and rocky paths can sturdy climbers thrill," the girls sang, "though others do their climbing in a car."

Nearly drenched, but in excellent spirits, they reached the summit, again to find that the best rooms of the tip-top house were occupied by some gentlemen from New York. The gentlemen offered to vacate, but our girl campers stoutly refused. After being dried by a smoky fire, and passing a night on some extra bunks, they started down the mountain singing:

"How many miles have we got to go, got to go, got to go,
How many miles have we got to go,
To catch the train to ———?"

It was afterwards learned that the gentlemen from New York caught cold on the way up the mountain, but never so much as a sneeze was recorded among the girl campers.

Camp has valuable lessons for us all, the experiences of some parents being as significant as those of their offspring. A fond father brought his motherless little girl to camp. The mother's death was very recent, and Patty had never been away from home before. Papa stayed at the inn across the lake as long as business in the city would permit. The first night he looked out across the lake and saw the camp lights twinkling on the shore, he wondered about Patty. How would she get along without her maid to undress her? "But it will be a good

experience for her," said he, shaking his head sadly. In the middle of the night a storm arose—wind, rain, thunder, and lightning. The waves beat against the rocks. Papa arose and paced the floor. "My poor little girl over there among the rocks and caves!" he groaned. "She will be frightened to death!" He wrung his hands. He continued to pace the floor until dawn. At the earliest possible moment he tried to reach the camp by telephone, only to find that no one from the outside could break into that camp, by telephone or otherwise, for another hour. He waited. He called again. Patty's voice came back, fresh and clear. "Yes, papa." "My darling," said papa, "were you frightened?" "At what, papa?" "The dreadful storm—thunder and lightning." There was a pause. He waited anxiously. After a minute came the reply. Patty's voice sounded puzzled. "I didn't hear it, papa."

There are other parents who have learned the value of looking carefully into the management of the camp to which they wish to send their young daughter. For, although a camp may have an ideal location and beautiful scenery and model equipment, if it has not also wise leadership and the highest ideals of character, it will fail in its greatest obligation—the development of the highest type of womanhood.

The result of camp training should be, and usually is, a sound mind in a sound body. At the same time, the camps reveal, by contrast, a deplorable lack in the present system of education for women. It is the failure to put the proper emphasis on physical development. The school and college—and the home as well—are not sending forth their daughters with a reserve of strength and steady nerve as a preparation for living.

And there are other evidences of a need for revision of the educational system. Just as in industry women have been working under conditions designed for men, so it would seem, in the school and college, a man's programme is being imposed upon the girl student. Courses and methods which ignore the physical have been handed down from the past without proper adaptation to the needs of girls.

Many of these courses are not related to the needs of the girl's after life. For instance, the study of dead languages and higher mathematics may be good mental exercise, but may be wholly unrelated to the life of the girl who is preparing to make a home.

And much of the girl student's work is still done by assimilation and imitation, rather than by methods which develop the imaginative, creative, and reasoning faculties.

We hear in these days of the "nervous strain of college life"—and sometimes we hear the same thing from school-girls. The reason for this, in the case of too many girls, is a lack of discrimination in not knowing how properly to balance their time with work, rest and play. Girls need to be taught how to relax. A camp girl said she found at college tired, overworked girls who did not know when they needed rest—not realizing that the mind and body, to keep healthy, must have complete quiet at times. "Some girls here," she says, "do not know the treasures in a long walk over hill and dale, along the brookside, through the woods, when all thoughts of lessons are left behind."

The camp girl is taught how to divide her time. Play has a large place in her programme, and it furnishes valuable educational training. Through play she learns some of the first principles of the fine art of living—adaptability, reliability, initiative, and good fellowship.

She also realizes the great value of rest—sometimes solitude—and its relation

to work and play. Off in a pine wood, beside a mountain stream, in a canoe, along shore, alone with nature or a companionable book, a camp girl can be happy for hours. "Invite your soul," is a familiar expression in a girls' camp.

And then the camp girl works! She goes in for things, and works for the sake of working. It may be organizing sports, or some unfinished craft work, or a part of the domestic work of the camp assigned to her. Sometimes she puts in an hour or two on lessons which have to be made up for school in the fall. With superb health, exuberance of spirits, and pleasant companionship, she gets joy out of working. And a definite part of each camp day is sacredly devoted to work.

Because she has learned the importance of accomplishing what she sets out to do and the advantage of team-work, the camp girl is depended on in college for the executive work in non-academic activities. It is said in one college that when a camp girl is made chairman of a committee that committee's work will be done well.

Camp life gives a girl also a good store of knowledge as a preparation for her academic work. She knows not only how to bandage a cut and right an overturned canoe, but also how to recognize the stars and appreciate the poetry of scenery. Contact with the real world of nature develops an interest in scientific explanations and theories.

Good health and a balanced mind bring many desirable qualities in their train—physical poise, toleration, friendliness, power of achievement, and that indefinable charm which is the glory of every woman with glowing health.

READY FOR THE CANOE RACE

The Girl and the Camp

By Elizabeth M. Fessenden

By the Courtesy of *The Outlook* Co. and Miss Elizabeth Fessenden

THE POETRY OF MOTION

PRIMITIVE man was delighted to sleep in a wigwam and stride through the forest from daylight to dark—strong of muscle, straight of spine, keen of eye, quick of ear, alert, alive. He lived the life of the body. He wasn't worth much as a human being because he lived not the life of the soul.

Then he got civilized, and was delighted to pass his days in the stuffy air and semi-darkness of libraries and laboratories, puzzling out fine points through gold-mounted spectacles, bending a flat chest and round shoulders over the microscope to examine the tubercle bacillus—flabby of muscle, sallow of skin, shifty of gait, sluggish of circulation, dyspeptic, nervous. He lived what he intended for a life of the soul. He wasn't worth much as a human being because he lived not the life of the body.

And—can you believe it?—he never once thought of his birch canoe and the fresh breezes of his old-time forest! He went to compounding drugs for himself and began to gorge pills and powders and black mixtures. And he was nothing better, but rather grew worse. The tubercle bacillus munched peacefully on. The nerves shrieked louder.

Then at last, when the day of utter need was come, there began to be heard faintly above the din and confusion of man's civilized life "the call of the wild." He listened. The old savage in him began to stir. He obeyed. But at first only a few of him. Freaks they were thought, but they dared to be queer. And the cry grew louder and reached deafer ears, and many a weak heart began to flutter with faint stirrings of hope that civilization might yet be saved. The men of the Thoreau type began to be seen, not as simpletons, but as prophets of the simple—as voices crying in the wilderness that man must get back to nature if he would live. And he is going back. Thank the Lord, nowadays even doctors—some of them—are getting more in love with God's medicine than the chemist's! Not only have the days gone by when dried powdered toad and snakeskin mixed with molasses were popular remedies, but even pretty pink pills have lost some of their charm. The camphor and paregoric bottles get a bit dusty on the shelf, and the sage M.D.—at least the most up-to-date specimen of him—will tell you not to sit by the fire and swallow drugs, but to get out.

Luckily "the call of the wild" sounds in every human heart that has not quite lost its primitive simplicity. In some perhaps it is entirely outdinned by the call of the ledger or the reception invitation or the ancient manuscript. In others it is only made faint by these nearer noises. But in many it rings out clear and imperative.

"The red gods call and he must go."

He! Why not she? Must her nerves still shriek, her wits still vanish? Must all, then, still be lost through her? Perhaps Kipling didn't know it, but she was once a child of the forest, too. Why must it be ever he? She needs it ever more. He at least has not lived all his days tied up in petticoats and pinched up in corsets, and he hasn't, with pegs under his heels, hobbled through life, stiff, stilted, stylish. He has known at least a little freedom. And the red gods do call her equally, but she has generally felt that she mustn't go. Her duty to the petticoats and various instruments of torture forbade. Hunting parties, canoe trips, boys' camps for him. For her—— Well, yes, of late years the red gods have made special arrangements for her too. She has joined mountain clubs. Some of the most energetic specimens of her have made ascensions that have caused the world's hair to stand on end. A few of her, with an eye to business, have shaken off the dust of the city streets and its germs and have gone to farming it. And, at last, girls' camps! Among the long lists of camps for boys are gradually creeping in a goodly number for girls, the high-water mark so far perhaps in this great movement for the salvation of the race. Actually for girls, a camp! A place where the red gods reign supreme! And for girls! Doesn't it seem almost too good to be true?

The object of a girls' camp, then, is health. But we have emerged from the age when the world believed that health of body and health of soul were dissociable things. We used to know all about it. Here was soul and here was body. You could educate one without affecting the other. One could be sick while the other was well. We don't know so much as we used to. Now we don't know where soul ends and body begins. We do know one thing, though, or we think we do: that whatever effects soul will affect body, and whatever affects body will affect soul. Education must be for both soul and body. The girls' camp, which is part of the great educational scheme, seeks health for the girl's body because interested in her soul, and seeks health for her soul because interested in her body, and seeks health for both her body and her soul beause interested in her.

First, then, health for the girl's body. What are the means used by the camp to attain it? Physical exercise, rest, fresh air, good food, proper clothing.

The forms of physical exercise are such as fill the heart of girlhood with delight—swimming, diving, rowing, paddling, tramping, mountain climbing, active games, such as basket-ball and tennis. "Splendid!" exclaims Mrs. Strenuous. But Mrs. Cautious is thinking to herself, "But, oh, how much danger that the girls will overdo!" Well, Mrs. Cautious, you would be right if you had in mind an ill-managed camp. But many, if not all, of the camp leaders are highly conscientious mortals singularly fitted for this work by training and experience. Many of the camps are conducted by teachers, some by fathers and mothers joining hands to take care of other people's children as well as their own, one by a mother and daughter, the daughter a teacher of manual training, one by a physical director and a doctor, both women. With leadership of this stamp the danger of harm from too much exercise is vastly less than the danger in ordinary life from too little.

Of course the régime can't be the same for strong girls and for weak ones. A physical examination at the beginning goes far to show what each girl may be allowed to do. If she is found to have strong heart and lungs, well-developed muscles, straight spine, good feet, her exercise may increase rapidly, until she is able to do with ease and profit feats that might seem to Mrs. Cautious alarming. But if the stethoscope shows weak heart and lungs, if the muscles are flabby, the

spine crooked, the feet weak, the whole condition of a rather low tone, her time for swimming must be short. She must take short walks rather than long tramps. She must avoid the more strenuous games. The leader of the camp must take careful note whether this girl eats well and sleeps well, whether she shows signs of fatigue after exertion, what the sphygmomanometer says about her from time to time, and must regulate her activity accordingly. It is almost certain that soon, instead of nibbling a little at dinner, this frail camper will hungrily devour "seconds," as the girls say. Her strength will increase, her enthusiasm will grow more and more. As the weeks go on she can do things with ease and delight that would have exhausted her at the beginning. She gains pound after pound. Her muscles grow hard, her face ruddy, her eyes bright. The joy of living takes firm hold of her, and the delight of her parents when they see her again testifies to the change. This is not theory. It is history. A few of the camps receive only thoroughly healthy girls, but most of them welcome also the frail. And possibly the most delightful chapter in a camp's history is the tale of how these fragile creatures were transformed into rugged beings, ready for life and work.

A little gymnastic lesson for "setting-up" purposes is part of the camp's daily programme, but elaborate gymnastic work is left for the days of cold and storm when winter and city make the gymnasiums a priceless blessing. In the summer days, when the "cunning green leaves" are ever beckoning us on to the enjoyment of "God's great big outdoors," the emphasis is laid on games and sports.

If physical exercise is absolutely necessary for a girl's healthy development, not less so is rest. In most camps nothing disturbs the "stilly night" after nine o'clock, and the younger campers close their eyes at an even earlier hour. The time for rising varies from six to seven of the clock. Thus the campers get a night nine or ten hours long, and even longer for the little girls. But this is not all. A quiet hour after dinner prevails besides. This generous amount of resting is felt to be necessary to offset the lively exercise, and the wisdom of it is shown by this fact. In spite of her strenuous mode of existence, which might be expected to use up most of her adipose tissue, the girl camper usually gains a goodly number of pounds. "Look at the elephant I've brought you!" exclaimed an older brother as he presented to the father and mother in September his nineteen pounds heavier camp sister. But the elephant needn't worry. If the pounds are too many, they will speedily vanish.

Fresh air rules supreme in camp. Three square meals a day are served, either entirely outdoors or in an open, airy dining-room, and in almost all camps inside sleeping has been discarded in favor of open tents. With the flaps and walls of her tent rolled up, a girl is practically sleeping outdoors with only a canvas roof to keep the star-dust out of her eyes. And not infrequently she carries her cot out of the tent and lets her eyes take their chances of injury from star-dust! Of course the games and sports go on in the open, and, in some camps at least, even the reading and writing and singing go on under the trees. Reflector lanterns help for evenings out of doors, and the moon makes perfect the evening of rowing on the lake. And on a cold evening what can more warm the heart, not to mention the hands and feet, than a big, roaring camp-fire about which the girls can caper and frisk, can sing and listen to stories? To be sure, rain will fall sometimes even on campers, but since, as a rule, they know enough to go in out of the rain, they must be housed for a time, and they can be trusted to find merriment by the fireside within as without. The first season of one camp was a time of drought, and, except for their physical examinations, the girls were hardly inside the house during the whole eight weeks.

While the scientists are theorizing and experimenting and contradicting each other and changing their minds on the ever-interesting subject of food, the camps are trying their best to be hygienic. Everywhere the emphasis is laid on fresh vegetables, fruit, milk, cream, and eggs rather than on meat. One camp has abjured the flesh-pots of Egypt altogether, and sets a vegetarian table with a trained dietitian to provide a well-balanced menu. And the girls seem as happy and rosy as any beef-fed maidens. In almost every camp the effort is toward plain food, nourishing, abundant, and what the palate shall pronounce good, so that that zest shall be added to digestion which follows on the smacking of the lips. Eating between meals is discouraged. Extra light lunches are served, however, in some camps. For instance, when supper is served at half after five, milk or crackers and milk are taken before retiring. One camp serves a light luncheon at ten in the morning, another at four in the afternoon. In almost every camp there are stringent rules concerning the buying and eating of sweets; and probably this rescue of the girls from the soda fountain and the ever-open candy-box is one of the real causes for their improvement during the summer. It is such a rest from dissipation for their overtired stomachs. It isn't noticed that the stomachs rest from legitimate labor, however! If an ordinary good meal is a square meal, the meal of a girl camper after a few weeks of outdoor living is a cube at the very least.

Clothing! That knottiest of problems for the modern female! Mind perplexed and almost baffled by changing fashions and the ever-present, ever-pressing question, What shall we wear? Body perplexed and almost baffled by the ever-present, ever-pressing effort to wear it! Oh, the fredom of a camp costume! For one thing, it means bloomers—at least about camp, and sometimes even for going abroad when the company is large enough. For another thing it means a

BEST OF FRIENDS TOGETHER

loose blouse, usually a white "middy." Camp feet are shod, as a rule, with tennis shoes or sneakers. Camp heads are crowned with soft slouch hats or wide-brimmed straw. The "dress parade uniform" usually includes a blouse to match the bloomers, and a skirt. Sometimes the skirt is long, although in one camp at least it is a little skirt just below the knee and made to button down the front, so that in climbing a mountain a girl can take it off, roll it up and tie it to her belt, and use it for a cape at the top. The costume is in the camp colors—green and white, khaki and green, khaki and brown, or the foresters' colors, russet and green. One day a member of the Appalachian Mountain Club met a company of these russet and green forest maidens coming down a mountain, and afterward told a friend he had met a company of woodland nymphs on the mountain.

So much for the means whereby the camp seeks health for the girl's body. Now what are the aids to health of soul? We should have to begin all over again with the same list—physical exercise, rest, fresh air, etc.—since the greatest aid to health of soul is health of body. But there are other aids towards soul health in camp life.

Possibly the very foremost agency is the happiness of the whole thing—the blessedness that so naturally comes from this free life in the big outdoors.

Doubtless the beauty of nature is a large part of it. Who can estimate what it means to the soul of a girl when every morning she opens her eyes to look out on a great vision of widespread mountains and lakes, when her daily walks are through the solemn woods, when her choicest artist is the painter of the sunset, when her angelus is the evening song of the thrushes, her night watchman the silent stars?

The direct study of nature is another element. Can we do for children a sweeter thing than to make them acquainted with Mother Nature in her various ways and works? Will anything else so surely crowd out frivolous, vain, foolish, selfish, and even impure thoughts and desires as an early and deeply implanted love for birds and trees and flowers and all sweet fresh woodsy things? These studies are carried on entirely informally and in the field. No text-books to grind over, thank you! The girls learn to know the birds by sight and by their songs, and study their habits, find their nests, watch the process of rearing the young. Some house wrens once made their nest in the hunting-grounds of a certain camp. A series of watches was instituted, one hour each, from four in the morning to eight at night. The watchers were all volunteers. Count was kept of the number of feedings and their nature, whether worms, caterpillars, grasshoppers, or what not; and note was made of other proceedings. For instance, the first watcher reported herself scolded for fifteen solid minutes by the irate little wren. The total number of feedings was found to be two hundred and seventeen.

It is easy for the girls to learn the names of the wild flowers and ferns, and they are supposed to learn, too, to distinguish the trees by their leaves and bark. The idea is to lead the girl to be, not a stranger, but at home in nature's world, and to gain the simplicity of spirit, the out-of-door breeziness, that give inspiration and charm to nature lovers the world over.

Camp ministers to soul health, too, through the simplicity and wholesomeness of the special pleasures—not theaters and dances, with their excitements and fluffy ruffles and rivalries, but picnics in wonderful mountain places, hayrick rides, coaching trips, launch rides in and out among the islands and inlets of a lovely lake, mountain climbings where the reward of sturdy effort is breathless beauty, camping parties where the girls try the simple life reduced to its lowest terms, sleeping on the ground and cooking over an outdoor fire. The mountain climbing may

include such a camping party, for sometimes the strongest girls climb carrying their blanket rolls, and then they enjoy the wonderful experience of a night on top and a sunrise from that height.

Much mental and moral discipline, we all admit, comes from drill in team work. What young person, aged sixteen, can without a struggle subordinate her important personality to the best interests of her team in basket-ball or of her crew in barge rowing or war-canoe paddling? And yet this ability to pull together is one of the chief lessons life has to offer.

Physical courage is admittedly a branch of education in which girls need lessons, all their ordinary life and training tending to decrease, rather than augment, their original supply. If swimming and diving had been invented on purpose to teach courage and self-reliance, we all should say the inventor had done well. Especially does swimming in deep water develop these qualities; and let no one say that a real coward will ever make up her mind to take her first dive! These sports are made very safe in camp. A boat is always on the spot, and a trusty oarsman sits, oars in hand, ready to go to any one in need. No page in girls' camp history is darkened by a drowning accident. The swim is perhaps the favorite part of the daily programme in all camps. The length of time devoted to it varies. Most of the camps begin with a few minutes, in one instance only six, and increase gradually to twenty minutes or half an hour. On a cold day the time will be shorter than on a hot one, and delicate girls must go out of the water before the rest do. Practically every girl learns to swim the first season, and in deep water at that. Some also become excellent divers.

In the camps where horseback riding is a part of the programme, that is as good a courage teacher as swimming, perhaps; and if these sports teach self-reliance, so does going it alone in a boat, and this is allowed in some camps as a special honor. But a swimming test precedes, and in some instances it is a severe one. Don't feel troubled, Mrs. Cautious, my friend. Before a camper is allowed to try her half-mile she can swim it more easily than you can walk that far! A swimming test always precedes the use of canoes, and girls are never allowed to go out in these little craft without councilors. Some camps elect not to use canoes at all.

The community life is doubtless one of the most powerful influences toward health of soul. "Send your children to camp, and let the other girls educate them!" exclaimed a young camper at dinner one day. The camps are of all sizes, from eight or nine to fifty girls, with a corresponding number of councilors and other teachers. And the girls are of all ages, from no under limit in some camps to no upper limit in others. Mere man is not much in evidence, although in some camps, as has been said, a man is the leader, or one of the leaders, and in a very few camps there are men as councilors. Few or many, young or old, male or female, the campers form one family. The girls associate on equal terms not only with each other but with the grown-ups. The councilors are usually young college women chosen with the extremest care, utmost nobility of character being the not-without-which. Their relation to the girls is quite different from that of teachers. To be sure, they are teachers, but they are older sisters too—mothers, if you will—and especially they are companions, playmates. Old and young, all the campers do the same things; they play the same games, they have the same interests, the same joys and sorrows. Thus not only do the girls educate each other, and do it liberally, and sometimes by hard lessons when a girl is selfish or self-centered, but they are being constantly educated by this intimate companionship with noble-hearted councilors. The influence of a smaller community is

brought to bear in the tent life. The girls live in companies of from two to eight in tents of all sizes, from 7 x 9 feet to 14 x 20 feet. In most camps a councilor is in charge of each tent, and that means that her fine, strong personality is brought to bear with special force on a small group of girls peculiarly her own. Thus there is one feature of the community life in camp that differentiates it from other community life. Everywhere girls educate each other, but through this unusual companionship of girl and councilor in a life that is simple and natural as nowhere else perhaps, education through the inspiration of personality is carried to a high degree.

When people live in such close contact, touching elbows, so to speak, there is discomfort if the elbows are sharp. People just *must* consider each other's happiness. And so it happens that girls who are used at home to having their own happiness considered begin now, of necessity, to consider that of others. Thus the community life of camp has been a powerful factor in breaking down the selfishness of "spoiled children."

Hardly any of the camps introduce book study as a part of their regular programme, although arrangements may always be made for tutoring when necessary. In a few camps, however, a certain amount of time each day must be devoted to domestic science, art, or to one form of handicraft or another. In still others handicrafts are taught, but the lessons are optional. Always a share in the daily work of camp is required of each camper. The girls at least make their own beds and take care of their tents, sweeping and keeping their own belongings in order.

Reading aloud to the girls in a group while they sew, or make baskets, or whatever, is a charming feature of the life, and chorus singing, either out on the lake or under the trees or about the piano, is a part of the programme in every camp. The members of one camp have written twenty-six camp songs. In some

CAMP DRILL

camps log-books are kept, the girls taking turns at writing the story of the day. Of course each vies with the others to make her log the brightest and best, and so a book of chronicles is compiled that becomes one of the camp's most precious possessions. In one camp a weekly paper takes the place of the log.

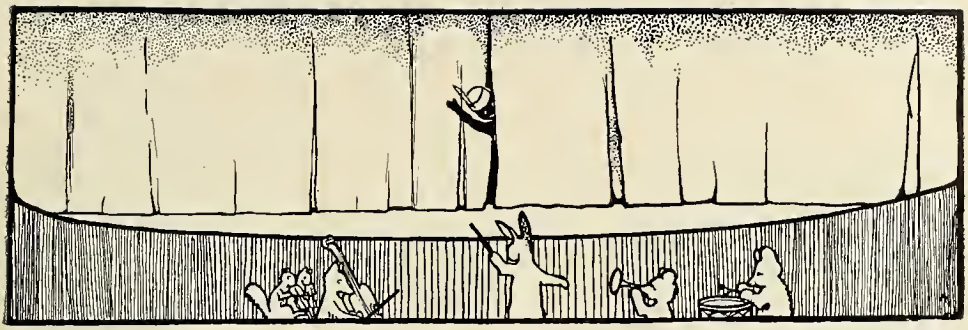
The rules in the different camps are, for the most part, similar, and exist chiefly in the interests of health and safety, and in the keeping of them there is great reward. And the reward comes not only through the health and the safety. Perhaps the biggest part of it is the self-control, the law-abiding habit, so greatly needed by us citizens of a self-governed country. And some of the rules do demand self-control in large measure. It isn't easy for sweet sixteen to settle down immediately, and not even so much as giggle, on the sounding of taps. At least two camps have put the government into the hands of the girls themselves, feeling that in this way greater self-control is learned.

The spirit of service toward other children and toward the rural communities in which the camps find their homes is cultivated in various ways. One camp gives a vacation to a young shop girl; one cleared the debt on the village library last summer and always gives a play to which the neighbors are invited; one entertains the children of the neighborhood every week; one sometimes sends children to Seabreeze, always sends Christmas presents to the childrn on the farms near the camp, and during the season conducts Sunday services in the little white "meeting-house" of the farmers. The camp "Grandma," who is a lecturer, does the preaching, the camp musician renders solos, and all help with the hymns.

All the camps go to church—either to a service of their own on the grounds or to some neighboring church. The only other religious exercise approaching formality is this: a number of camps devote a brief early morning moment to the effort to suggest an inspiring thought to the girls' minds—something to live up toward through the day.

The motto of one camp is General Booth's famous cablegram, "Others!" It expresses the spirit that pervades most of the camps, if not all. The camp cannot rest satisfied merely to "break down the selfishness of spoiled children." No negative ideal will suffice. The aim is to help implant in the heart of each camper the great Christian principle of active love.

The girls' camp is, as nearly as it has yet learned how to be, a perfect vacation educational institution, seeking by every means in its power to make every girl stronger and happier in both body and soul—a more useful woman in the bud.



Aloha Beginnings

By Harriet Farnsworth Gulick

ORIGINAL ALOHA COTTAGE

YOU will be amused to know that Aloha began as a picnic. Three young couples, one summer day of 1898, were cycling around Lake Morey, seeking the loveliest spot at which to enjoy their lunch, brought from Hanover, N. H. At just the very place where all agreed the views were most beautiful, stood a plain, substantial house, with no paint, no blinds, and a porch only big enough for two small chairs.

The sign, "For Sale; Inquire at the next house," fired the imagination, and while Mr. Gulick, "just for fun," went over to make inquiries, the rest ran around, peeking in at each window, and promptly imagining themselves spending a gay summer in that ideal spot. The person at the next house, known to all you Alohaites later as our good neighbor, Mr. Winship, being pleased that "the interested party" would not keep a club house and sell liquor, soon began to consider seriously parting with a little of his land. July, 1899, found the Gulicks with a new baby, Harriet, later known to campers as "Johnnie, the bugler," taking the long ride from New Jersey to their new summer home. Laddie, the fine old collie, who for eleven years was the devoted and intelligent companion of those four children, became a regular patron of the Boston and Maine Railroad each summer, adding hugely to the fun of the children's long day of travel.

At the still prosy-looking Fairlee station, a big hay rack, driven by Mr. Winship, used to be filled with trunks, boxes, children and pets, including once a solemn pet crow, and drawn along that beautiful lake road that still marks the crowning delight of the long day's travel for all our Aloha family. Daisy and

Pansy, the big old farm horses, were younger then, but still they were never frisky, but always faithful and capable of hard work. Watch them any summer day when pulling heavy loads on that Vermont farm.

Aloha cottage had two or three tiny elms that cast no shade at all about the new home, and improvements soon began. Three little birches were placed where now their heavy shade invites girls and councilors to many an important committee meeting. Maples, beeches, and a few spruces were soon well started, and began to cast their coolness on the two porches that extended along the front and side of both floors. Woodbine from the nearby brookside soon began to add its beauty to the new porches.

MAMIE

Among the friends of those early days, who are still about Aloha, are the neighbors to the north of us. Good friends indeed they have been to the Aloha flock all the summer through, even when wrath sometimes filled Mr. Winship's bosom over "the things city girls did not know." "Don't walk through the hay fields." Don't chase the cows, and don't run from them; only one "cow" is dangerous. Don't leave the bars down; don't put them up in the evening, if you find them down. Do keep out of the strawberry-patch, etc., etc.

The little steamer, Gipsy, then as now blew two blasts at the foot of Echo Mountain, and waited to count the repeating echoes from ledge to hillside, from hillside to distant mountain. Then good captain Lucas and his mate used to stop near the shores of Aloha cottage and take on board four little children and their devoted nurse, Mamie, instead of the motley crowd in green and white that now goes rushing down the long pier, and scrambling into the Gipsy for an hour of fun and singing on the lake, with a pause at Kaulin for the "once a week" soda. The old eagle, as we have unscientifically called the osprey, then as now went flying over Lake Morey, sometimes with a triumphant shriek, or causing a sudden pause among the girls as his big shadow fell on the tennis courts. We have watched him all these years as he swooped down on an unwary fish, dangerously near the lake's surface. Many a time I have held my breath in excitement, watching to see if the fish would pull the old eagle down to the cool depths of the lake, or whether it would be hanging in the eagle's talons as he slowly circled up from the water's surface. He and his mate have raised, we suppose, many a brood of young in the tall pines of the bluff in sight of Aloha Camp, yet no one has quite succeeded in bringing back to camp an eaglet for a pet. But a long feather from this same old high flyer was used as the important quill, with which the head of Aloha signed his will.

Various home customs started in the pre-Aloha days, that have continued into camp life. Time was always found for morning prayers and a good sing about the piano. Before Aloha started, the now sainted Grandmother said, "You surely will have morning prayers, daughter, when you have all these girls about you." As the hearth is the center of the home, so the morning assembly has become the center of the life of the Aloha camps.

The story hour of the evening, enjoyed occasionally in small groups at Aloha, might be traced back to the good old stories of the Grandfather, Dr. Fransworth, as he mingled stories of American life with tales that have for ages delighted children of the Orient, which he knew so well.

HELEN

Suppers on Winship's hill, or at Glenn Falls, or a corn roast on Bald Top, then as now were prepared frequently, and at short notice as the spirit moved.

The daily swim was always watched with the greatest care, lest before the delightful mastery of the water had been won, some of the small brood, with the many cousins and friends who kept those days also lively, should meet some mishap. One day, while sitting on the broad upstairs piazza with my writing on my knee, I was watching from time to time my tiny Isaac Walton, as he patiently waited for his luck, sitting on a small pier on our beach. Suddenly the pier was deserted. A sharp call from the mother brought back the cry, "I'm all right, mother," as the dripping figure climbed out, to try again for the rascal that would eat his bait, but would not linger to be caught.

At another time, as the swimmers left Winship's pier, a tiny girl of four lingered for one more fling of the fishing line, too heavy for the little arms. The mother, thinking the always careful Grandfather was bringing home the wee maiden, knew nothing of the risk, until she heard the exultant voice, "Oh, Mamma; I've been in *deep* water." A fortunate look behind had shown the Grandfather the deserted pier, and quick steps soon brought a rescurer to the little girl, bravely treading water with blue eyes wide open, and hands reaching for the pier far above her head. No wonder "what might have been" kept sleep from the mother's eyes that night. But it is a comfort that among all the strong swimmers of Aloha now, none are surer and abler than that once tiny girl, saved from "deep water."

Pre-Aloha days found many nests of yellow jackets about the cottage, and at least one Aloha daughter stumbled on their nests so often that the wail, "Yellow jackets; yellow jackets," would start the whole family to her rescue. The battle was to the death, and before the summer ended, though the little girl had become immune to bee stings, the yellow jackets, at least around Aloha, had completely vanished.

The name of the new cottage was a source of lively and humorous discussions. Aloha, meaning "Love to you," in Hawaiian, was finally chosen, for its euphonious sound, and its kindly meaning. Who better should name this cottage Aloha, than one who was son and grandson of men who had spent their lives in uplifting the natives of those beautiful Islands?

For six happy summers Aloha cottage housed the quartette of Gulick children, and their cousins and uncles and aunts and friends, filling it full from the attic down. But just when and how Aloha camp was thought of, it is hard to say. Was it Mamie, the devoted friend of all camp girls, the cook of all the good things served at the Club, who for twenty years has blessed our home, who first said, "Why not have a girls' camp, now that we are leaving Laurenceville, and all the boys?" Or, was it Mrs. Luther Gulick, the Mother of the Camp Fire Girls of America, who

HARRIET AND CAROL

once said, "I believe the time will come when girls, too, can have a chance to enjoy the glories of camp life that boys are now having?" Anyway, my imagination had been touched, and when the chance came my courage was great, though my knowledge was nil, since I had heard only of Wyonegonic by name (two years our senior), and had visited no camp.

Even with my abundant courage I needed still more encouragement, and many there were that wished us success, but none who so cordially helped, by heartily believing in us and our ability and the good of our cause, as Mrs. Charles Farnsworth, known to some Alohaites as Auntie Joy, now the gracious head of a beautiful neighboring camp for girls, Camp Hanoum, at Thetford, Vermont. Believing that girls and their parents would soon see the immense advantages of camp life,—the health, the beauty, the sanity, and the wholesome democracy of such a life,—we started bravely in. The camp memories that follow will tell you of the results.

Daily Program

7.00	Reveille; all up.
7.10	Calisthenics, Dip in Lake.
7.50	Breakfast; camp store open after breakfast for 15 minutes.
9.00	Morning Prayers, General singing, Camp Talks, Talks on hygiene, Addresses from distinguished guests.
9.30-11.30	Horse-back riding, Nature walks, Paddling and Rowing Lessons; Craft-work Lessons in Carpentry, Stenciling, Leather tooling, Basketry, Jewelry, Sewing and Embroidery, Book-binding.
11.30	First Division Swimmers.
11.50	Second Division Swimmers.
12.30	Dinner; camp store open 15 minutes.
1.30-2.30	Quiet Hour.
2.30	Reading Hour for those desiring it.
2.30-5.30	Games: Tennis, Baseball, Basket-ball, Follow My Leader, etc., etc.; Excursions, Trips on foot and horse-back.
5.30	Supper.
6.00-8.30	Games, Canoeing, Boating, Camp Serenades, Theatricals, Dances, Parties, in the Halle.
8.30	Crackers and Milk.
9.00	Taps; lights out.

Blue Laws at Aloha

A CAMP FUN-MAKER

1. Get up for calisthenics; no "cal," no swim.

2. Unless expiring, get up for breakfast. No trays for the lazy.

3. Assert your independence of *man*. Pass the canoe test.

4. Only an honor girl can "paddle her own canoe." Councilors guard all others.

5. Never "rock the boats" of Aloha. No boats for the reckless.

6. Be a good sport; but remember—"safety first." Take no unwise risks.

7. Be punctual at appointments unless detained by sudden death.

8. Preserve your complexion and youthful figure. Only fruit eaten between meals. Candy in extreme moderation after meals. Soda once a week. Save your dimes for the heathen.

9. Guard the lake. No burials at sea of paper, boxes or other trash. Burn your rubbish.

10. "Spotless town" our slogan. Make each day a "clean-up" day.

11. Observe the golden rule always. After picnicing, burn or bury the remains with fitting obsequies.

12. Protect our forests. Never leave a camp fire until the last spark has died. Never skin a birch tree.

13. A decalogue for the dining-room:

    1. Always begin eating as soon as served. Forget your councilor. We must eat to live, even unto the third and fourth helping.

    2. Talk and laugh at the top of your voice. A loud laugh speaketh an empty stomach.

    3. Never leave the room without stopping to speak to each friend still eating. Whoso neglecteth his friend offendeth our leader.

    4. Waitresses always remove plates before all have finished eating—an efficient check to overeating and an aid to digestion.

    5. It is considered bad luck to sing at table. It is worse luck never to win a song.

6. Never pass anything to councilor serving. Whoso eateth unto himself alone waxeth fat.

7. Cultivate a graceful slouch at table—the stomach resenteth a straight spine.

8. Always serve waitresses last. They also starve who only sit and wait.

9. Pass "the boat" frequently—it soothes the nerves.

10. Always continue talking and eating if a councilor rises to make an announcement. Councilors should be seen and not heard.

EXTRA. Always request a final helping to be left on plate. Waste rejoiceth the cook's heart.

MRS. DUNN.

MTS. CUBE AND SUNDAY IN THE DISTANCE

Inspection

By Emily Wellington

INSPECTION, let me tell you, is a cultivated art
Both for the one who does it and for all who take a part.
For instance when in June the campers to Aloha come,
They think to keep the tents just right
Will be of course much fun.
But wait, for when you have a tent for four,
And just as many shelves,
Say nothing of the trunks besides
And add four girls themselves,
The things that happen to that tent
In spite of best intention,
Will manage to upset some things
Too numerous to mention.
But they—pick it up so neatly? so neatly? so neatly?
They fix it so completely

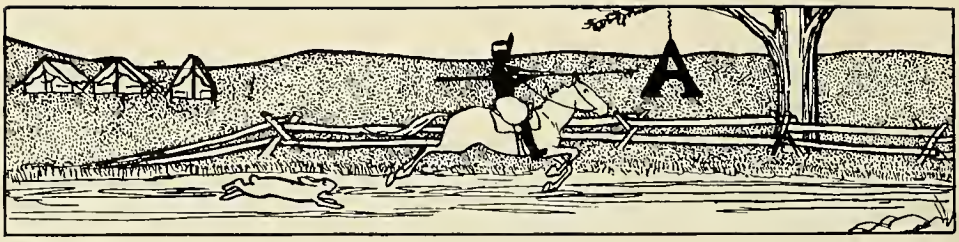
That Inspectors say "My dear."
"You've started right to-day, dear,
And none of you need fear;
You all will get the banners
When the banquet time comes round."

II.

Inspection, as I told you, is a cultivated art,
It needs a daily stimulus to play a shining part.
And then, some things will happen as of course you may have guessed:
Your tent contains a waitress whose intentions are the best,
But then she never wakes till the bugle call is blown,
And then before you get your breath
Out of the tent she's flown.
And after all have breakfasted well
The glasses must be shined
And she must leave at once for prayers
Or else be left behind.
But the tent is not fixed neatly, fixed neatly, fixed neatly—
In truth it's mussed completely
And inspection time's at hand.
The tent-mates all are working,
At arts and crafts not shirking,
The inspector quite bewildered in the tent door takes her stand.

III.

Inspection, as I've mentioned, is a cultivated art,
And what it needs is everyone to take a steady part.
To make the beds, to sweep the tent,
And fix the hanging board
For if you all don't do your share
You'll one and all be floored.
So when Inspectors come to look around and mark your tent, what then?
The things they count up as undone perhaps will number ten.
You ask your mark with bated breath
And sorrowful they say,
"My dear, the alphabet is short,
But near the end you stay."
But they said it so politely, politely, politely,
They said it so politely that the tent-mates felt chagrined.
They said, "We'll turn a new leaf,
Begin again a new sheet
And perhaps we'll get a mention
When the banquet time comes round."



Honors at Aloha

LITTLE by little the honors of any new institution come into being and gain meaning. At the end of our first season, a few of us talked things over and decided to give an A to the girl who had shown the best spirit all the summer through,—one who was never a grumbler or "kicker," one who could lead, and graciously could be also led; who took rain or shine, victory or defeat, as "all in the day's work," as a "true sport."

In 1905 this A for camp spirit went to Bertha Easterbrook, who, besides other victories, had won a big victory over herself. The best of tennis was surely played by Katherine Rollins. Our best water nymph, both as to excellence in swimming and diving, was Olga Ihlsing. But how simple the skill and proficiency of those days seem when compared with the wonderful swimming, and the graceful and very skilful diving, of an A-class swimmer of to-day!

From the first, we were eager not to over-emphasize athletics at Aloha. Many a desirable girl, who has contributed much to the life and joy of camp life, would never win a swimming A, or be tennis champion. Honors were given to those who learned somewhat intimately the ferns, so abundant about Aloha, or the flowers, the trees, the birds, and the stars. Some camping-out parties were made memorable to a select few among you, who quietly learned from "Curtie" the constellations and the season's brightest stars. Enthusiasm in nature study varies with the councilor's power to arouse it, and the kind of girl who becomes interested.

Perhaps our best year in this respect was 1907, when Miss Ramage had rivalry in the various tests. At the end of the season, all her girls, who had studied plants and flowers during the season, were given a short half hour to fly about camp and find all the flowers and plants they possibly could. Then each brought her pile, and all by herself identified her specimens before her teacher, away from any harkening ear.

We were much pleased that all identified over twenty-five plants, some over fifty, and Marjorie Wilson seventy-four. Good for you, Marjorie! But some were sure that Simon Newcomb had passed down some of his scientific brain to his granddaughter. We are always very happy over the good work done in the crafts, be it basketry, wood-carving, carpentry, stenciling, sewing, embroidery, leather work, or jewelry. The work is remarkably well done in most cases, considering the age of the workers and the time given in the busy summer to crafts. We have had, since the first, excellent instructors in these crafts, councilors of

SUNNY DAY
CAMP SPIRIT 1906

devotion and inspiration, who have made the craft hours more and more popular as the summer passed, instead of less interesting. Many an Aloha girl has returned with a trunk well stocked with beautiful gifts of good craftsmanship, all ready for the dear ones at home when Christmas should come around.

About four years ago, we began giving an A for the best walker. This was to recognize, not the number of miles walked, but the best way of walking, and the good condition of the walker, and of her feet, at the end of the walk. No girl who gets blisters, or who rushes to lead the line, and gasps faintly at the end of the long trail, holding all back with her whining, would ever be considered for such an honor. To Mary Holyoke, one of the younger girls of that year the camp presented the first A for the best walker.

After a few years of camp life, rejoicing in the fine, honorable, "biddable" girls that came to Aloha, we developed a new honor, the block A, which is given to girls who are chosen as the *honor girls* of camp.

This A is given as a recognition of the reliability, good judgment and trustworthiness of the camp girl, plus superior ability in swimming and canoeing.

This Honor A entitles an Aloha girl to take the place of a councilor in little trips about the camp, or on the lake with small parties of girls. This is the most coveted honor after the camp spirit A, and, I am glad to say, it has very seldom been misplaced.

As for dishonors or punishments at Aloha, there are few. Failure to follow the few water regulations, and so endangering the life of a girl, or her companions, might send a camper home.

Rewards work better than punishments. Rewards keep the girls always striving to improve, eager and happy in emulation. Punishments produce obedience through fear and dread, and are not the way for the free-born.

I am deeply thankful to all the dear Aloha daughters, who by their own sweet reasonableness have made it possible to run a camp with practically no punishments. I must add, for the benefit of girls not of Aloha in 1914, that our little "Kanaka," the name we give to the winged figure among the pen-and-ink sketches of this book made by our excellent art councilor, Miss Alice Harris, has become a real part of the life of Aloha camp.

The little figure in bloomers is won by a camper whose tent and land adjoining it is perfect as to order and neatness for a week. If to that virtue is added punctuality at all the appointments of a week,—meals, assembly, crafts, etc.,—the girl wins a Kanaka with

ALICE CARLSON
CAMP SPIRIT 1907

ROSAMUND YOUNG AND QUEEN LILL
HORSEBACK A (CAMP) 1911

wings on ankles and shoulders. To all this virtue, if a camper adds personal neatness as to hair, teeth, hands, middy, and "no runner" in stockings, a jaunty feather is worn by her Kanaka in the little cap. This figure was stenciled on the middies last year. We shall plan for some more permanent form of marking hereafter, but that we flew to our meals on winged feet, that we mended many beginnings of holes in stockings, that we pulled on spotless jumpers, and kept tidy as never before, the Aloha family can surely bear witness.

As our honors have not been very carefully recorded till recent years, I hope all Aloha girls will forgive mistakes, or omissions, in the following records.

1905—*Camp Spirit,* Bertha Easterbrook; *Tennis Champion,* Katherine Rollins; *Water Sprite,* Olga Ihlsing.

1906—*Camp Spirit,* Alice Day; *Tennis Champion,* Alice Day; *Water Sprite,* Helen Gulick; *Boating and Canoeing,* Louise Gulick; *Crafts, Wood-carving,* Carol Gulick; *Swimming the Lake,* Virginia Bill, Jessie Buchanan, Elizabeth Chesbrough, Ruth Crawford, Alice Day, Winifred Fairchild, Eleanor Farrington, Helen Gulick, Louise Gulick, Olga Ihlsing, Maud Jaretski, Rachel Keator, Elsa Kroehlpfeiffer, Frida Kroehlpfeiffer, Agnes Vaille, Ruth Wallace, Mary Worthen.

1907—*Camp Spirit,* Alice Carlson; *Tennis Champion,* Hala Hungerford; *Swimming the Lake,* Ruth Dickinson, Charlotte Green, Frances Gulick, Charlotte Gulick, Carol Gulick, Marjorie Wilson, Nan von Harten, Romola Hynes, Louise Dickinson, Katherine Rollins, Mary Louise Wheeler; *Nature Study,* Marjorie Wilson; *Crafts, Art Work,* Frances Chapin; *Basketry,* Marjorie Wilson.

1908—*Camp Spirit,* Eleanor Fowle; *Tennis Champion,* Harriet Barstow; *Swimming the Lake,* Helen Tooker, Eleanor Fowle, Katherine Hopkins, "Lib" Johnson, Dorothy Proctor, Dorothy Talbot, Dorothy Welch.

1909—*Camp Spirit,* Ruth Dickinson, Charlotte Werner; *Tennis Champion,* "Lib" Johnson; *Swimming the Lake,* Rachel Watt, Marie Graff, Alice Carter, Ruth Cunningham, Isabel Daniels, Claire Dickinson, Elizabeth Field, Anita Gaebler, Helen Garrett, Molly Willard, Sally Willard, Alice Shumway, Molly Goodell, Mary Lodge, Allison McEldowney, Natalie Norton, Lesley Sayer.

1910—*Camp Spirit,* Marie Graff, Helen Gulick; *Tennis Champion,* Elsie Page; *Water Sprite,* Allison McEldowney; *Handicrafts,* Mamie Oiesen, Myra Stewart; *Handicrafts, Honorable Mention,* Doris Meyers, Dorothea Jones, Gladys Williams, Mary Lodge; *Honor List (first year of giving this honor),* Elsie Page, Helen Gulick, Helen Buchanan, Molly Moneypenny, Helen Tooker, Anita Gaebler, Alice Shumway, Margaret Mawer, Helen Shedden, Carol Gulick, Marie Graff; *Tent Neatness for Season, Banners won,* Lesley Sayer, Rachel Watt, Marie Graff, Hilda Bruen, I; Elsie Page, Helen Gulick, Estelle Lippincot, Helen Shedden, II.

MARY
BEST WALKER CAMP 1912

1911—*Camp Spirit A,* Elsie Page; *Honor A,* Rosamond Reed, Mildred Graham, Ruth Howes, Natalie Kneeland, Mary

HONORS AT ALOHA

DOT AND C. GREEN
TWO NEWLY WON A'S

Lodge, Marguerite Moore, Martha Reed, Mary Hiss, Eleanor Foster, Mamie Oiesen; *Horsemanship A,* Rosamond Young; *Honorable Mention,* Carol Gulick, Janet Adriance; *Canoeing and Boating,* Helen Shedden; *Nature Study A,* Marion Basset, Isabel Basset, Emma Stallman, Gertrude Inslee; *Honorable Mention,* Lois Buttrick, Harriet Gulick, Carol Gulick, Mary Holyoke, Alice Stallman; *Water Sports A,* Harriet Gulick; *Honorable Mention,* Martha Reed; *Tent Neatness,* the Stallmans; *Tennis Champion,* Winifred Young; *Crafts, Brasswork,* Alice Stallman; *Carpentry,* Anna McCandless; *Carpentry, Honorable Mention,* Harriet Gulick, *Jewelry,* Catherine Carpenter; *Leather-work,* Isabel Basset; *Sewing,* Charlotte Hilton; *Stenciling,* Stella Barnard; *Track Sports and Walking A,* Martha Reed; *Swimming the Lake A's,* Rosamond Reed, Gertrude Inslee, Ruth Hoyt, Caroline Buttrick, Eleanor Foster, Eleanor Slingluff, Mary Duncombe, Katherine Smith, Jane Griffin, Catherine Carpenter, Martha Reed, Alice Lee, Anna Hiss, Ruth Howes, Hildegard Collins, Anna McCandless, Janet Adriance.

1912—*Camp Spirit A,* Gladys Williams; *Honor A,* Ruth Andrus, Agnes Allchin, Anna Hiss, Marie Longendyke, Anna McCandless, Elizabeth Prudden, Eline von Borries; *Water Sprite,* Rosamond Reed; *Best Walker,* Mary Holyoke; *Horsemanship,* Marjorie Banks; *Nature Study,* Luella Coale; *Neatness of Tent, Banners to* Anna Baetjer, Ruth Baetjer, Mildred Hahn, Elizabeth Young; *Tennis Champions, Single,* Belle Allchin; *Single (Junior),* Edith Fitch; *Team,* Agnes Allchin, Winifred Young, Eline von Borries; *Craft A's, Jewelry,* Elinor Rudolff; *Carpentry,* Anna Baetjer; *Leather-Work,* Eline von Borries; *Sewing and Embroidery,* Louise Springmeyer; *Swimming the Lake A,* Agnes Allchin, Stella Barnard, Elizabeth Prizer, Margaret Smith, Helen Buchanan, Eleanor Foster, Elizabeth Prudden, Margaret Kelly, Helen Sweeney, Eline von Borries, Estelle Lippincot, Carolyn Case, Marjorie Longfelder, Kathleen Connolly, Ellen French, Anna McCandless, Gladys Williams, Lucy Benjamin.

1913—*Camp Spirit,* Anna Hiss; *Honor A,* Stella Barnard, Louise Springmeyer, Harriet Gulick, Mary Holyoke, Phoebe Helmer, Ruth Field, Anne Parkhurst, Eleanor Burgess, Louise Smith, Mary Rogers Warren, Barbara Stimson, Ellen French; *Carpentry,* Ellen French; *Honorable Mention,* Elizabeth Snow; *Embroidery,* Marjorie McWhinnie; *Honorable Mention,* Olive Mason, Ruth Gay, Betty Helmer; *Jewelry,* Stella Barnard; *Honorable Mention,* Ruth Field, Katherine Yeakle; *Stenciling and Leather Work,* Carol Gulick; *Nature Study,* Ellen French; *Honorable Mention,* Ruth Baetjer, Barbara Stimson, Margaret Elliott; *Horse-back,* Mary Rogers Warren; *Bookbinding, Honorable Mention,* Ella Woods; *Waitress,* Dorothy Parkhurst; *Honorable Mention,* Mary Green; *Tennis, Junior,* Mary Holyoke; *Senior,* Edna Hauselt; *Walking, Junior,* Louise McConway; *Senior,* "Rox" Reed; *Water Sports,* Anna Hiss; *Honorable Mention,* Mary Hiss; *Neatest Tent,* Occupants of Tent 11.

HELEN AND MARIE
CAMP SPIRIT (CAMP) 1911

1914—*Camp Spirit,* Mrs. E. L. Gulick; *Honor Girls,* Dorothy Parkhurst, Katherine Hinricks, Mary Sleeper, Ella Wood, Belle Allchin, Eleanor Shumway, Mary Green, Anna Campbell, Edna Hauselt, Emma Hauselt, Constance Winchell; *Best Walker, Senior,* Eleanor Shumway; *Junior,* Betty Helmer; *Canoeing and Rowing,* Harriet Gulick; *Canoeing and Rowing, Honorable Mention,* Mary Sleeper; *Horsemanship, Senior,* Margaret Crouch; *Junior,* Muriel Herr; *Horsemanship, Honorable Mention,* Mary Louise Ewan; *Nature Study,* Gertrude Mensel; *Water Sprite, Senior,* Eleanor Shumway; *Junior,* Louise McConway; *A Division Swimmers,* Harriet Gulick, Anna McCandless, Eleanor Shumway; *Tent Neatness, Banners to Tent* 3, Muriel Herr, Evelyn Grey, Miss Guyer; *Waitress,* Mary Green; *Tennis Champions, Senior,* Mary Green; *Junior,* Louise McConway; *Team,* Belle Allchin, Edna Hauselt, Emma Hauselt; *Crafts, Jewelry,* Ruth Wellington; *Carpentry and Basketry,* Esther Sampson.

HONORS AT ALOHA

ANNA
CAMP SPIRIT (CAMP) 1913

1910—*Camp Spirit*, Helen Gildersleve; *Honor Girls*, Maude Barton, Agatha Boyd, Jessie Buchanan, Ruth Dickinson; *Head of Self-government*, Ruth Dickinson; (*second half*), Jessie Buchanan; *Swimming the Lake*, Katharine Hopkins, Eleanor Kneeland, Hildergarde Kneeland, Grace Pierce, Agnes Smith.

1911—*Camp Spirit*, Irene Tufts; *Honor Girls*, Hilda Clark, Louisa Clark, Irene Tufts; *Head of Self-government*, Irene Tufts; *Crafts*, Helen Hixon, Mary Horn, Madelyn Woodruff, Cecil Chapman; *Swimming the Lake*, Annie Clarke, Irene Tufts, Natalie Norton, Gladys Brush, Dorothy Landers, Ellen Hixon.

1912—*Camp Spirit*, "Mamie"; *Honor Girls*, Beatrice Beddoe, Elizabeth Chandler, Nancy Cooper, Mary Lyon, Ruth Lyon; *Head of Self-government*, Helen Gulick; *Tennis*, Helen Chapin; *Swimming*, Nancy Cooper; *Horsemanship*, Emily Camp; *Best Walker*, Mary Lyon; *Swimming the Lake*, Elizabeth Chandler, Nancy Cooper, Beatrice Beddoe.

1913—*Camp Spirit*, Helen Shedden; *Honor Girls*, Alice Burdette, Alice Cragin, Helen Hunt, Esther Sands, Elizabeth Wilkins, Dorothy Yates; *Tennis*, Helen Shedden; *Swimming*, Helen Lovejoy; *Walking*, Ruth Day; *Horsemonship*, Margaret Oliver; *Nature Study*, Mildred Hahn; *Crafts, Stenciling and Block Printing*, Ethel Brandt; *Jewelry (Silver)*, Frances Bridges; *Copper-work*, Dorothy Yates; *Sewing*, Grace Brown; *Best Waitress*, Nancy Cooper; *Neatest Tent Banners to* Grace Brown, Irene Croacher, Mazelle Croacher, Miss Taylor; *Swimming the Lake*, Irene Croacher, Mazelle Croacher, Esther Sands, Mary Wilcox, Dorothy Yates; *Head of Self-government*, Helen Gulick.

1914—*Camp Spirit*, Dorothy Yates; *Honor Girls*, Adelyn Dohme, Helen Lovejoy, Lois Perkins, Esther Sands, Eleanor Burgess, Marie Longendyke, Eleanor White; *Self-government*, Helen Gulick; *Tennis*, Harriet Thayer; *Swimming*, Dorothy Yates; *Walking*, Helen Lovejoy; *Horsemanship*, Mazelle Croacher; *Nature Study*, Katherine Jaeger; *Best Dancer*, Dorothy Yates; *Camp Poet*, Gladys Latimer; *Crafts, Stencil ing*, Irene Croacher; *Jewelry*, Louise Emerson; *Sewing*, Frances Sutton; *Wood Block Printing*, Kathleen Van Nostrand; *Best Waitress*, Dorothy Yates; *Neatest Tent Banners to* Gladys Latimer, Mabel Sellers, Dorothy Yates, Barbara Wellington.

"GILLY"
CAMP SPIRIT (CLUB) 1912

"To Johnny"

Camp in the sunlight—is Johnny up and out?
Don't you hear her bugle-call rouse the merry rout?
Its echoes rouse the hillside, and all along the lake
Heavy eyes fly open, and drowsy sleepers wake.

Johnny's bugle sounds again, the silver notes ring clear—
Flying feet come running—hark! from far and near
Silvery voices floating—the camp's awake again:
Merry shouts and laughter echo down the glen.

All through the happy hours of each long day
Johnny's bugle rings out, steady, sure, and gay,
Gives the ready signal for all the campers do,
So it's Johnny and your bugle, here's a health to you!

Now the evening shadows steal across the lake:
Soft the twilight breezes on the hillside break—
Silvery peal the bugle-notes far across the hill,
And all the night grows silent, and all the voices, still.

Soft through the tree-tops the silvery moon-beams glance,
Down the lines of shimmering tents, lost in mystic trance;
And through the silent hours, while the pale moon gleams,
Johnny's silvery bugle-notes echo through our dreams.

So here's to Johnny Gulick with her bugle tried and true—
Johnny—we love you, as we listen oft to you—
And may your bugle never fail, your heart be never sad,
Your notes be always silver, and your life be ever glad!

D. E. Adams.

Papers of Camp and Club

By Eleanor Foster

SCAMP SPIRIT

VOLUME 1 EDITION 1. CAMP ALOHA FAIRLEE VT., AUGUST 7, 1914 PRICE 3 CTS. PER COPY

Dartmouth-Aloha Concert

DARTMOUTH GLEE CLUB COMES TO ALOHA

—

WEDNESDAY, JULY 30. The Dartmouth Aloha concert was one of the most enjoyable musical events of the summer. There was quite a large audience from Fairlee and the country round. Camp Wyonda and Aloha Club were well represented. The Alma Mater of Dartmouth opened the concert and held were brilliantly illuminated by a multitude of Japanese lanterns. Japanese lanterns were among the bright of the long piano deck. The Halle was crowded, the camp pith and the chief attrac on evidence in the rear of the room. The concert opened with "When the Green Green Vine's in Bloom." A joint number by quartet and mandolin club. How strange it seemed to hear such familiar airs sung by mandolin music. Encore followed encore, by both the quartet and the glee club.

The program was

1. When the Green Green Vine's in Bloom — QUARTET AND MANDOLIN CLUB
2. Camp Songs — ALOHA CHOIR
3. Happy Birth / Wesleyan Rag — MANDOLIN CLUB
4. Pals in the Amber Wine / Let a girl go round to Mary Anne — QUARTET
5. Violin Solo, Mendelssohn from Their Beethoven's Minuet — GR. BONERS
6. The Lass with the Delicate Air / Mi Rosa — ALOHA CHOIR
7. Popular Medley (Sam Walters) — MANDOLIN CLUB
8. Campus Songs — QUARTET
9. Banjo Solo — MR. SMITH
10. Dr. Crippen Moon / When the Moon Plays Peek-a-boo — ALOHA CHOIR
11. Prom Medley / Dartmouth Medley — MANDOLIN CLUB
12. A Perfect Day / There are Women — QUARTET
13. In the Evening by the Moonlight / Here's to Aloha — ALOHA CHOIR
14. Dartmouth Song — QUARTET AND MANDOLIN CLUB

In the midst of one of the Mandolin Club numbers, a Japanese lantern at the front of the stage caught fire. With great presence of mind, their leader tore it down and put out the flames. The audience applauded vigorously while the mandolins played an encore tune.

After the concert an informal reception for the Dartmouth men was held in the Halle. The proceeds of the concert were given to the Fairlee church debt.

for one week, your iron and the area around it, is in perfect order, that is the effect on suspicious duty marks it. A year ago was this distinctness. If you are one to every appearance of camp, you little Kanaka crowns soaps on her chest down and her heels. If for a week you have been perfectly neat and tidy in per and in your tent, your little Kanaka wears two chest medallions! Below week end the Kanaka wears a lanyard bracket on her little cap.

A goodly number are now wearing Kanakas on the pocket of their middies after their first week of trial for the house

MISS BRIGGS FALLS IN LAKE

—

MYSTERY SURROUNDS INCIDENT

Wednesday afternoon Miss Amy Briggs met with a most peculiar accident. While standing on the dock by the spring board and loudly applauding the divers, Miss Briggs was suddenly precipitated into the water. The young lady had repeatedly avowed her desire to follow Deb Bangle on a celebrated dive that she could have done with ease, but on this occasion Miss Briggs was fully clad in her middy & bloomers. Report declares that the Black bonnet is responsible. Mrs. Gulick therefore warns all Aloha-ites to become expert swimmers lest the Black Hat become more active in our midst.

Kaulin

ON THE SHORE OF LAKE MOREY

Two miles from Camp Aloha.
A quarter of a mile from Wyman Camp

CAMP RANGY
SUNDAE SPECIALS

Special Rates by the week or month

GEORGE KENDALL, Prop.
FAIRLIE, VERMONT

EARLY in camp life there comes a desire in some way to express this life: to make it vivid to the one-time campers, and to all who know and love the real things that make camp dear. There follows the twin desire to treasure the camp activities as a stimulus throughout the year. The individual tries hard to write interesting letters, and keep a full, regular account of events in her diary. The community publishes a paper.

Long before my day, way back in those fascinating years when camp was an experiment, came the Alma Mater of all camp literary effort,—the *Log*. Week by week that little camp voiced itself in the *Log*. Week by week those first campers wrote into the *Log* just the things that have perpetuated themselves in the growing camp. There is recorded the discovery of our beauty spots,—there, the precedent for all the lost Bald Top trips that ever "got divided into three," This nucleus of our camp papers has existed through them, side by side with them, preserving the simple narrative of camp's activity.

Just when the *Bugle* appeared upon the scene I can't say. That there had been *Bugles* before my time, *Bugles* read at banquet and treasured long afterward, I learned during the summer of 1912, when a new *Bugle* was discussed. A highly unorganized but amiable band of reporters ravaged the land. Strange interviews with notables were of everyday occurrence. On the rare occasions when limited supper parties or birthday celebrations were in order, a reporter—we all clamored—must be included in the number of the guests. I can remember only one real issue that summer, but I return to dwell in fondest memory on the preparations for that one issue.

In 1913 we really organized the *Bugle*, with a board, and advice from some literary councilors. They also gave us contributions and much personal assistance. Miss Searight and Miss Taylor labored endless hours over a new multicopying machine, the most insanely stubborn inanimate object I ever met. In spite of these obstacles, we managed two or three full-grown issues that summer. We even felt we might hold up our heads beside the wonderful *Wash* which found its way to camp from club. The *Wash* was, and is, a paper of humor par excellence. Take the very name,—everything, you know, must come out in the wash, and when you consider the washboard you know that joyous fun must dominate the paper. And it does.

But each year must mark an improvement at camp. We can't mark time. Last summer saw the greatest strides of all, and the paper was in the van,—no longer the *Bugle* but the *Scamp Spirit*. Under the able leadership of a councilor with real journalistic experience, the board did splendid work, and all awoke to this weekly as a real factor in camp life. Regularly printed in Hanover, the *Scamp Spirit* included everything which concerned camp; all the wit of the rhymesters, the lucubrations of the story tellers, and the activities of the whole community. The papers were read and sent home, where they offered the best possible explanation of the mystery,—"Why that girl does love camp so"—to those unfortunate fathers and mothers who could never come to fathom it themselves.

A Letter to Aloha Councilors

Dear Aloha Councilors:

YOU are such a goodly number that I fear many days will pass after camp opens before I have a long full talk quietly with each one of you. Accordingly I am writing this letter to help you start camp life just right. I hope you are all bubbling over with enthusiasm and joy as you think of the nine weeks of life close to Mother Nature that is before us.

When you reach Aloha,—be it the camp, the club, or the hive,—you will drop your distinctive dress, don our ideally comfortable uniform and become one of the merry party in Lincoln green. But just what are we expecting from you besides the special service for which many of you have been secured?

That you are all women of sterling worth of character; that you will quickly give whole-hearted loyalty to Aloha ideals and Aloha management; that you love young people, and girls in particular with a big-hearted, warm-hearted appreciation is all expected as a matter of course. I hope you also have excellent health, for it often pads, so to speak, the sharp elbows of mal-adjusted companions. I hope you have a great sense of humor, for this helps mightily by showing us true values and proportions.

Besides the crafts and arts in which many of you will be giving instruction, there is the great art—the Fine Art of Living, in which each one of you will be giving daily, constant lessons to our Aloha daughters all summer long. Come to us with the heart of youth but the judgment of years. Learn to distinguish between preference and principle and teach the girls to do so, too. In slighting a few of the conventions of society, let no one set aside the courtesies of the well-bred. Teach the girls to be generous but not lavish, orderly but not fussy, methodical in planning their time, and always careful not to encroach on that of others.

If you have a complaint, remedy it; if you can't, report it to headquarters; but if it can't be remedied, forget it. If you hear good of a camper, tell it to others; if evil, tell it not, doubt it,—forget it.

On a raw, rainy day make your own sunshine, on a sunny day, keep it up. If you have not learned the joy of service, learn it now. If you cannot throw yourself wholeheartedly into the life of the camp and completely forget your own self in the delight of doing for the community, don't come. If you are thinking of what you are going to get, instead of what you are going to give, don't come. It is the givers, not the getters, that are the happy ones in this queer world of ours.

Remember that the girls of to-day, are the women of to-morrow, and that you have the blessed opportunity of moulding to some degree a few of these future women. Let this ennoble and inspire your work.

If every Aloha daughter is not a little finer for her summer with us it may be your fault or mine! If you find a homesick girl, give her a job to do for camp. The ideal councilor always leads her group. Her attitude is—"Come on, girls," let's do this fine thing." Be a helpful, kindly sister of the older girls, and the loving, motherly guide of the little lassies.

Every summer camp should have excellent water, perfect sanitation, delicious and abundant food, beautiful and noble scenery. But these alone do not make a perfect camp. It is the people, the spirit and ideal that rule a camp that make it perfect.

Help us to make the spirit of Aloha that which will truly make the Aloha camps ideal.

Sincerely your friend and co-worker,

Harriet Farnsworth Gulick.

(*Inserted by request*)

BREAKFAST ON THE MANSFIELD GIPSY TRIP

The Camp Idea for Girls

By Ella Gilbert Ives

WHEN a new idea confronts the world, it usually beckons to the male half to try it out. Witness occupations, commerce, politics, education, clubs, playgrounds, Christian associations—what not? Eventually the idea calls to the other half of mankind.

It was perhaps necessary to rear a generation or two of boys and try out the experiment of the vacation camp, with its round of activities,—work disguised as play; its military precision and regularity, before extending its privileges and duties to girls. The boys' camp in its modern phase of intelligent adaptation to the highest needs of growing youth, is a quarter century old. The girls' camp is scarcely a decade. Both have developed rapidly. Their bungalows, tents, accoutrements and joyous life are a picturesque accessory of many a fair spot. Having features in common, they are yet distinctive, increasingly so, as they evolve. Both are a necessity for city-bred youth. But the camp for girls has a specific reason for being, in their more restricted and conventional lives.

The author of "The Problem of Priscilla" notes the narrower orbit in which the girl moves, and its effect upon her viewpoint and range of vision. He welcomes, shyly but surely, the college idea for girls (still under debate!) as one

of practical utility resulting in breadth and poise, and the trained judgment essential in measuring the values of life. The best thing a girl gets at college is the attrition of her mates. In the camp, she rubs even more closely against her kind.

For the camp is a little democracy. No exclusives need apply, unless ready to drop their superiorities and their airs. This does not rule out your genuine blue-blood, who is even a candidate for honors. Ten to one, she will take the prize,—the coveted camp letter for "Camp Spirit."

The Camp Spirit rules the camp. The girl who best embodies it has those homely virtues which like garden herbs are unobtrusive but fragrant. Yet she is no weakling. Watch her diving from the pier or swimming the lake, or planting roses in her cheeks at basket-ball. Watch her climbing a mountain and checking her own eager feet, swift and strong, to aid a little one up the path. Note her deference to age and her thoughtfulness toward childhood; her response to the first call of a noble thought or a pure emotion; her kindling eye and gracious speech.

She was not always thus. She came to camp a crude little girl with good stuff for making character, and she has been shaped and polished by other personalities; above all quickened and developed by that inward force known as "Camp Spirit" or as it might be called the Camp Ideal.

Who makes it? The head or heads of the camp. If they are parents, their children are their close allies. The councilors,—young women chosen for leadership, and heading the advance columns. The girls themselves—to whom

"Stepping *upward* seems to be
A kind of heavenly destiny."

Nature has her part to play and right lovingly she does it. The material on which she works yields to her lightest touch—the sway of a pine bough; the call of a bird to his mate; her brooding tenderness to her young; the odor of a wild rose; the "sweet influence" of a star, the quiver of a moonbeam on the lake, the rain-drop on the forehead—oh, a million fingers has Nature to employ in fashioning a growing girl.

The camp idea then must be suitably enshrined, preferably in the hill country by a lake. Water is essential for the sports that develop courage, grace, resourcefulness and power. It is a never-ending source of pure "Fun," but fun that functions in character. Girls are so changed for the better by a single season in camp, that it is sometimes a wise parent that knows his own child. The timid daughter of a timid mother who might have illustrated the doggerel,

"Mother, may I go out and swim?"
"Yes, my darling daughter.
Hang your clothes on a hickory limb,
But don't go near the water,"

after a season in camp, swims like a porpoise and dives like a duck. Better still, she can face a difficulty and surmount an obstacle. She is safer, stronger and sweeter for this new knowledge and control of a mighty element.

The camp at the start is a great leveler. There is no outward and visible badge of distinction. The rich girl puts aside the clothes which have hitherto marked her social stratum, and indicated, more or less correctly, her bank account. She dons the camp costume, exactly like that worn by the missionary's daughter, who speaks five languages but has no bank account. This is perhaps the finest

single act in the small democracy. It gives the girls an equal start and a fair opportunity. The new-found freedom and buoyancy are akin to the butterfly's on emerging from the cocoon. For the first time the girl feels the potential power and grace in her unfettered body. Mere "things" however costly, are weights and hindrances in the pursuit of health and happiness.

For these are subsidiary aims to the great goal of character, and the more obvious ones. The entire range of camp activities contributes to them. In no other mode of life are they so quickly and naturally attained. Is it any wonder that the camp idea for girls is flourishing? Already from the germ, the full blade in the ear.

The Camp Fire Girls' Initiation at Aloha Club

Underneath the swaying pine-trees,
In the golden glow of sunset,
In the hazy, dusky twilight,
As the lake grew dark with shadows,
Dark with shadows of the pine-trees,
When the distant purple mountains
Faded in the mists of evening—
Then we gathered twigs and branches
    For the making of our fires
    Our Wohelo council fires.

Softly blew the winds of evening
Ever softer through the tree-tops
As the little fires were lighted
By the chosen fire-makers.
Three bright flames ascended skyward
Three flames reaching to the heavens,
Blending as in life, together
Work and health and love were burning,
Strong and steady in the star-light
    In the misty summer twilight.

Then the guardian of the fires
Of Wohelo's council fires
Listened while we made our pledges
To seek beauty through our life-time
Each day finding joy in something,
Giving service where 'tis needed.
Either with our hands, or deeper
From our hearts, give peace and kindness,
Sympathy to those who sorrow
Cheerfulness to the despondent
Till the world is all the better,
All the sweeter for our giving.
Pursue Knowledge with a purpose,
For the deep delight in learning,
For the joy that learning gives us,
For the satisfaction in it.
Be trustworthy to our utmost,
To ourselves and those around us,
Ever faithful in our actions,
In our speech and in our thinking.
Glorify our work and love it,
For the happiness it gives us,
For the pleasure gained in working.
Learning from the Book of Nature
Strive for health in mind and body,
Sweetness, strength and depth of feeling,
Sweetness from the summer flowers.
From the woods in early morning,
From the rain in early spring-time,
Strength will come and deeper feeling
If we grow to love the mountains,
Love the cloud-encircled mountains
And the misty far-horizons.

Darker grew the shades of evening,
Deeper grew the evening shadows
As we promised to *be happy,*
Promised with a heart o'erflowing
Full of love for our Wohelo,
For Wohelo and its meaning.

BEATRICE L. BEDDOE.

How the Song Bird Got His Feathers

By Miss Bella Coale—Music Councilor

MISS BELLA COALE

AT THE Inter-camp frolic of nineteen-fourteen, Aloha was dubbed The Camp That Sings, and we were presented with a portrait of ourself hieroglyphed on the base of a collapsible Totem-Pole, which was pronounced excellent. If you look at the totem, now exhibited in the Halle, you will see a mammoth bird with wings and beak stretched wide, as if in the act of vast and soul-stirring song. He looks so imposing, really, that it seems cruel to remind him that he was once fresh from the shell. But if I am to write the life history of the Aloha singing bird, I must certainly begin with his childhood.

He lost no time, this fledgling, in learning to sing. He began with a cheer that a bird less gifted would not have dreamed of attempting until he was grown up. But he kept right at it, till now that he is ten times as big, he can make it boom and swell and die away like the diapasons on the Ocean Grove organ.

The lady who taught the bird his cheer was resolved on a musical education for Aloha, and so were Mr. and Mrs. Gulick. Morning Assembly, in Nineteen-Five was held in the "office,"—the front room of the cottage, and with Mr. Gulick at the piano, and two of the girls fiddling, they used to hold forth from the Academy Song Book till their leisurely day was well advanced to swimming hour.

That summer they had four original songs that sing the same sentiments that Aloha is cherishing ten years later. But one requisite of our happiness they lacked, the serenade. Of course, some of them had summer birthdays and some swam the lake, and some visitors came. But the campers had not learned the satisfaction of putting their good wishes into song. In Nineteen-Six we changed all that. The new Music Councilor brought three serenades, all from Smith, and we never gave

the dining room a rest. Mr. Gulick used to question the extravagance of these songs, but we kept right on telling him, to a rousing tune, "You are the finest man we ever knew," and to Mamie's ice-cream, "We shall never find your equal."

There was a burst of new camp songs that year of Nineteen-Six, all greeted with a thrill that you spoiled heirs of a fat compilation of a hundred songs know little of. "Resorts," and "On the Shores of Old Lake Morey," came early into being. Every trip had its song, and what a hit the Moosilaukes made with their "Campers are coming, make way, make way." I can hear them now, moving up the lake road, nearer and nearer, and can see dusty, beaming Leah Curtis swinging in at the head of the line with "We are not tired, we say, we say." We were strong on welcome songs for the climbers. Aloha has never held a more beautiful welcome than that of Fairlee station when we tumbled off the night train into the arms of a score of Nymphs garlanded in oak leaves and golden glow. All were waving colored lanterns torchwise and singing a song which would never have been dropped if the lovely tableau had been preserved:

"Welcome home from Moosilauke,
Welcome home, ye sunburned faces,
We know how you've walked like blazes,
Welcome home again."

The Mt. Washington party went in two sections, one ascending by train. On the third day word came while we were at luncheon that the train party was back at Fairlee: and in the next ten minutes we had to improvise a welcome song. Each of the two (!) tables was ready for the party as they filed in, rather sheepish in their fine feathers. One ditty, since expurgated from the book, ran thus to the tune of "Ta-ra-ra-Boom-de-aye."

"See the Aloha train girls come,
Their fine clothes are on the bum;
Haven't they been climbing some?
They've been up Mt. Washington."

Our enthusiasm was not limited to camp songs. The academy hymns were shouted for after prayers with the vigor of "Change" on a busy morning. Ambitious songs, at that. I shall never forget my first morning at camp, when Mr. Gulick announced selections from Cujus Animam and Tannhäuser. I looked dubious, if not dismayed. But Mr. Lambert assured me that we could do it. And we did; though Professor Sleeper, who had a cottage next door, was at a loss to interpret "ONE SMORE DEAR HOME." Mr. Lambert with his flute, and Miss Curtis and two or three girls with violins gave us plenty of music when we weren't singing.

In passing, I must pay a tribute to the piano of the living-room, for it served us well. How cheerfully, in its frantic pursuit of the growing camp did it circle every inch of wall space and come to rest only when it was no use trying to look at us all at once! Now it suffers a rather pathetic oblivion and has but the telephone, its erstwhile rival to muse with it over the melodies once pounded daily from its patient strings.

In Nineteen-Seven we had the good fortune to learn folk-dancing from Miss Betty Burchenal. At a vaudeville one night Miss Betty and Miss Emma Burchenal gave two heavily encored sketches, "Susie Brown," and "POLITENESS!" Miss Betty taught us "My Aloha Maiden" with such a "pretty smile," that we struggled cheerfully with its atrocious names. Altogether, the Burchenal sisters so endeared themselves that when they departed we made the Narcissus Farewell expressly for them.

THE CAMP ORCHESTRA

The trips that summer enriched our growing repertoire. Mr. Gulick's "Splendid Mountain Weather" was instantly popular. And "Dixie," if only for its "Fair Helen (Buchanan) Slips—" was received and sung uproariously. "Waiting" reminded of many a heart-felt experience on the trips, and "Lord Geoffrey," in face of its difficulties was persisted in joyfully for three interminable stanzas. The first reunion of the previous winter had brought "We are a Band," and in August, the Turkish Traveling Troupe, headed by Bunny Crawford, produced "If you ask us why we're cheering." Even the orchestra, after being urged to Dr. Silver's House-Warming, got really busy and made a song.

The next summer, a gentleman by the name of Pike invited us to visit his property somewhere vaguely to the north. Mrs. Gulick could not take the whole shoe-full of children at one time; so we drew lots for the first half to go—about twenty-five. (The others, by the way, never did go.) We who stayed, instead of envying and missing the others, fell unexpectedly in love with the quiet and desertion of camp—a feeling that only grew as the days passed. But decency compelled us to act glad to see them back, and shortly before they were due we worked up to wild enthusiasm over their coming with the song that is always used to "Pikers." The Pike people hinted at mysterious doings in their verse, but in the unshaken conviction that we had had a better time than they, we never fully adopted their songs.

"Mr. Gulick on the Bank" is a trip song of romantic ring. It tells of a party canoeing to Hanover, who returned, some immediately, and some—not immediately. Ah! The little Cut-ups! And if you wearied at Nineteen Fourteen's "This is the Life," would you not have been driven to leave camp over the Stein Song? For two solid years we paused from it only to eat. Even yet, one hums it o'er anon and drops a tear, to read of Birdie and the other "good fellows" in whose company it was "Always fair weather." Of ancient history, but fond

memory likewise, was the group, who, under the spell of evening on Bald Top scorned supper and lingered to compose "Far, far beneath us." That summer our hearts were won by "On the broad upstairs piazza," but we never got its full inwardness till the second day at home.

In Nineteen Nine, just before we came, the camp was opened to a Vassar house party. They left us, it must be admitted, some very fine songs. Nevertheless—though how much was due to their mistaken choice of a college I cannot say—the summer that followed was undeniably a summer of plagues. One of these was rain. Not that I mean to mock the rain; for I am too much of an Alohaite not to love it. Have not our rainbow-tinted middies become the more *endeared*—and who is there that for a (borrowed) umbrella would forego the distinction of having one's red ribbon flow green down one's cheek! As for a horse-back trip, will anyone say that it is complete without a little shower to keep the food moist? No; rain is very good in its place: and on the one or two clear days of that summer we all got the blues. But when a cloud-burst tagged on at the beginning, middle and end of the Moosilauke trip, it was going just a little too far. It made an impression, anyway, on that Moosilauke party, for they sang the whole way to Woodstock, "In rain or shine, We'll keep a steady line." Just those two lines, for they hadn't made up the others as yet. When the rest of the camp heard them sing it—finished by that time—they said, "Well, you haven't anything on us," and sang it too.

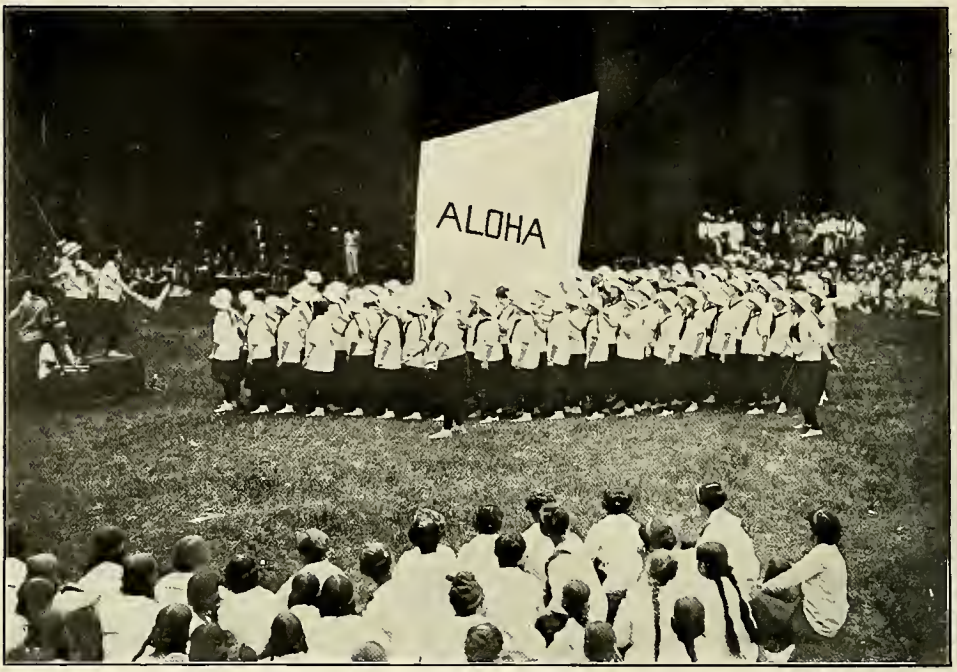
The other plagues, which shall be nameless, led to some brilliant parodies, but as they were designed as a solace for the moment, it might harrow to recall them. And while we are on the subject of the plagues, what a loss it is to the fitness of things that we could not have been daily serenading the "Whoopers'" tent with a song yet unborn, "Whoop her up, whoop her up, whoop her up some more."

In Nineteen Ten, Katchie Harrison's song from the club began charming "Big folks, small folks," in camp and out. "Heigh Ho, Here's the place for me," rollicked its way through the summer. But nothing quite so enchanted us as Mrs. Page's couplet on "cal," "They trot around the tennis court and take their exercise." It was Kat-the-Lean-Page who was guilty of "Dreaming." Could it have been a forecast?

The laundry is such a common tragedy that it seems strange that we should have left it for "Shfoster" in Nineteen Eleven to make our moan with "One Lone Middy." But we are glad, on the whole, that our feelings waited for so satisfying an expression. Another song of vital interest was brought home by a Moosilauke party that year—the party that first extended the trip through the Franconia Notch and has gone down in history as making the five miles from Sunset House to Sugar Hill in fifty-nine minutes. The song echoed the riddle of their trip and of many another: "How many miles have we got to go?" Vain the question, vain the answer. Distance, in Vermont, is measured, not by miles but by the nature, optimistic or otherwise, or the drivers of the farm vehicles. On the other hand, when has Aloha failed to "catch the train to Fairlee?"

The music had always been heavily indebted to our nearest relatives, the Sleepers, for encouragement and leadership when in our midst, and for melodies in their absence. The Aloha March and a Moosilauke song bore their names. And now in Nineteen Eleven, "Uncle Dyke" returns, after many days, and gives us a tune to Mr. Gulick's "Back to the Bungalow."

Nineteen Twelve songs have a strong reminiscence of Vassar. Two of the new songs were signed by Nat Kneeland. And then, thanks to the enthusiasm



SIT DOWN YOU'RE ROCKING THE (ALOHA) BOAT

and charming leadership of Dorothy Smith, the singing took a new brace: we learned "When the moon plays peek-a-boo," "One Summer day," "Oh, see that Camp Aloha" and in special preparation for a tennis meet with Quinibeck, "Heigho, Tourali," and "I asked Miss Quinibeck to like me." The year before we had acquired a new neighbor. "Thirteen of us in a straggly line" had visited her and been enchanted with her appearance and hospitality. And in Nineteen Twelve, when we all went over, we found a bautiful and flourishing camp, and at once "asked her to like us."

Aloha had long enjoyed the friendship of Hanoum and Farwell, and nothing gave us greater joy when we exchanged visits than to listen to their songs and delightful singing. With the entrance of Quinibeck, and the growth of Inter-camp Meets, our songs have taken a wider scope, and as a matter of course, included the praises of other camps as well as ourselves. So, in Nineteen Thirteen, when the camps met at Aloha, we used a weclome and a good-bye song written by Ruth Kaufman, that lent real ceremony to the reception of Aloha's guests. Once having discovered Kaufie, we have pressed the button ever since, when we wanted a song done just-so. That summer of Nineteen Thirteen, on a visit to Farwell, we had walked to within a mile or two of the camp, when the sky began to grow black. At the suggestion of a farmer, warmly seconded by some of the party, we undertook a short cut through the woods—it proved the longest way round. While we were hunting in circles for the camp, the rain fell, and by the time we marched in, singing "Ain't we sweet, ha, ha," we looked it, sure enough. We were real mermaids, and begged the Farwell people to let us complete the picture by plunging straight into the lake. They admitted, between shrieks

of laughter, that the change to bathing suits would be superfluous, but argued that our clothes, if we would wear them home, should begin drying at once. So, after a dandy swim, and a never-to-be-forgotten luncheon of hot crullers and cocoa and fruit salad and everything good, and an afternoon by the fireplace (in middies and bloomers that never were measured for us), with songs and dancing and all kinds of fun, we returned home in dry, if shrunken clothing, and startled the dining-room with a concise reference to the adventure: "Is the longest way round the shortest way home?" with an answer that left no room for doubt. That summer was the first to see the Halle. On the train coming up, the New York party kept wondering what the new building would look like, and at last hit upon a song of greeting. We bunched up in the aisle of the Pullman and practised a bit then and there, but waited for the first morning prayers, when everyone could join in to sing "Honestly, oh, Bugalow, we're strong for you." We ended up the summer of Nineteen Thirteen with two very beautiful songs: one from the men councilors, "Here's to Aloha"—the second Dartmouth song to be a lasting favorite—and the other from the Honor Girls at the banquet: "Our Aloha, dearest of all." More than once outsiders have encored this song with its beautiful setting.

The songs of Nineteen Fourteen came up to the standard of the other years, and that is the biggest compliment that could be paid them. "Sit down, you're rocking the boat" was brought by Winnie Young from the Northfield Conference, which, in turn, had taken it from Harvard. We had some sport and some tribulation in learning the boat formation, but when the crew succeeded in moving briskly onto the stage at the Inter-camp Frolic, without "rocking the boat," it won the hearts of the judges. Besides these songs, there were some clever parodies to rag-time tunes and a medley that served up the old favorites from Dorothy Welsh's "Each Aloha girl," of away, way back, to "This is the life." We sang these songs and many others old and new, with the same zest, day after day, for Nineteen Fourteen was the banner year for singing. The Halle in the morning was really too delightful a place to leave. Or perhaps it was that we had caught the knack of singing musically with the same old snap without yelling ourselves tired. At any rate, we were keen for the singing "Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday—Sh!—and Sunday." As we passed out the Montclair marching song sent us off as brisk and gay as when we came in.

Many things have contributed to make Aloha a musical camp. The Glee Club—called choir on Sunday—aside from its special activities, was a big help in the direction of better tone, and consequently of more enthusiastic singing. The very presence in camp of a good body of singers would have brought this about even had they never joined in at prayers. The Glee Club is one of the finest products of the large camp. In the days when Aloha was small it was like pulling teeth to get girls out to practise or to draw any effective work out of them; for the simple reason that with few to choose from, the chance for good voices was small and the inspiration of numbers and quality was absent. In Nineteen Nine, when Mrs. Ruggles had charge of the singing, she achieved some splendid results with the Glee Club in which Agnes Hopf and Stanley White were her right hand men. A concert was given in the Casino by the joint choirs of our section of the Connecticut Valley, for which Aloha furnished some numbers, notably part songs by a good-sized Glee Club bravely supported by a solitary alto. But the drudgery of preparing for a concert with so few to share the burden, was uppermost in the memories of those who took part, and we were only a little further on the way toward having a permanent Glee Club. It was

READY FOR THE DAILY SING IN THE HALLE

when the choir grew and grew with the increasing size of the camp and began to realize what it was capable of doing with well-supported voice parts that a Glee Club became not only possible but popular. In Nineteen Fourteen, in spite of all sorts of distractions and rival engagements there were from thirty to forty girls and councilors enrolled and in constant practice. All had knowledge and understanding of music, and several had beautiful voices. I have had experience of many college Glee Clubs but not one whose work was so pleasing to me. Faithful Glee Club! I hope you don't regret those hours of loo-looing in the Halle. For we did have some fun. There was a straw ride to North Thetford, where the program of a church entertainment was given entirely by representatives from the camps of the neighborhood. A similar appearance at the new Opera House at the village; a joint concert with the musical element of the neighboring summer school, on which occasion our mandolins made their debut; and a special table at the banquet. It was fun just to practice, too, like everything else, "When jolly fellows get together!" Singing in parts, you know, and see-sawing mean just half the work and twice the fun of doing it alone.

If the singing was stimulated by the Glee Club, what would it have done without the orchestra? From the days of Miss Curtis and Jessie, down through the years to Carol and "Sleepy," Aloha owes a lasting debt to those who have faithfully turned up every day of the week lifting the voices and spirits so that we just couldn't help singing. As for Hiawatha, he might yet have been stranded in the bushes back of Tent Two, had it not been that Winnie and her orchestra were right on the job.

And how can we measure what we owe to the girls with special musical

ability whose very example has kindled enthusiasm in many to whom music had never before been a language and whose gifts have always been put unassumingly and happily at the service of those who loved music! We have had a long line of musical girls and councilors: aside from Miss Curtis and the fiddlers and Helen and Johnnie (and what other camp can boast of *two* girl buglers!) we have never been without material for an evening's musicale either impromptu or with all the dignity of preparation. For one happy summer we had Mrs. Mary Sleeper Ruggles, a contralto loved of Boston, whose singing on Sunday evenings brought the lake people flocking and ourselves cheerfully indoors for the hymn service. And we have fond memories of Admont Clarke with his violin and of singers from a distance who have blessed us with a song or two in passing. But right in our own midst have been Winnie and Stella and Louise and Kaufie and Agnes and Celeste and Miss McClure and "Smithers"—and half a dozen others whose names are dear to Aloha. They played to all of our moods but most often when they played or sang to us of an evening we turned from our laughing and dancing and merry making and listened—sometimes to the whispering of the trees to the moonlit piazzas, sometimes to thoughts that had struggled all the busy day for a hearing, and sometimes just to the melody without troubling for its meaning. But always we realized that Aloha was very dear and that there was more to it than had occurred to us before. True, many called all this homesickness, and shed tears. But without tears and growing pains, what dwarfs we would all be! And the weepiest of them were sure to turn up the next time to listen. These music times were to the camp life what Quiet hour is to the day. Both make you stop having fun and sit down and enjoy yourself.

And then there is a girl to whom the success of the singing is very largely due, although she doesn't know it. I mean just the plain, every-day Aloha girl who doesn't know much about music, but likes to help along a good cause—especially when that cause is Aloha—and sings and sings with all her might, whether we have company or are just by ourselves on a lazy morning. This girl has written many a song that fell on stony ground, or was lost by the wayside, but she turns in and sings her neighbors' song, just as much pleased as if it had been her own. And though she has favorites in the song book, you'd think, to watch her, that she loved them all alike. When it comes to a big day at camp, with lots of cheering, she grows adorably excited and makes funny noises in her throat which she intends for singing; and altogether she's a big inspiration to the leader and to the whole camp and shows a world of camp spir—there! That was a narrow escape! But you must have felt all along that that word was coming.

Well, since we are so close to the dangerous subject, we may as well go on to admit that when you come right down to it, the supreme element of our singing is Camp Spirit. Not alone because the act of singing gives expression to it in each person at camp, but because the songs themselves are successful to just the degree in which they reflect that great virtue. Many times the question is asked: What makes a song popular? Why do so many of our songs persist year after year with the old vigor and freshness? For the same reason that "Tipperary" is sung on the march and in the trenches, and on the ocean, even, after the blowing up of a ship—because these songs succeed in fixing, not places nor personages nor events, but the mood, the outlook on life that underlies the simple verse, and that is shared by the community that comes upon the same experience. So Aloha songs appeal vividly from one group to another, and from one year to the next, because most of them reflect perforce the virtues of enthusiasm, of gaiety, of courage and of good will that prevail always at Aloha, and that we

MISS COALE LEADING OUTDOOR CHEERING

summarize under the name of Camp Spirit. Now and then a song that breathes this spirit for one generation is discarded by the next because it did not focus keenly enough on essentials—did not manage to dramatize the idea sufficiently to be understood after the event it commemorated was forgotten. But a large number of our songs are sure to live as long as Aloha's daughters. Of course, a captivating tune helps along: but isn't that just for the very same reason—that its rhythm and melody interpret our feeling—thoughtful, or gay, or determined as the case may be. That, indeed, is the very nature and function of music. And we have a right to judge as much by our tunes as by our words, whether our songs are, or are not "camp-spirity." So it is plain that if Aloha is proud of her singing, she may still more rejoice in her own vitality and cheeriness that make it what it is. A hundred mile walk is not nearly so much a matter for pride as the fact that in the most footsore part of every journey, great or small, someone is sure to start up "Heigho Turali"; and the equal certainty that "No matter what the weather, when Aloha's out together, there will be one jolly time." A young man who once visited camp and accompanied a difficult trip was heard to remark, "I never knew it was in girls to be so game as this Aloha crowd. They must get worn or tired, but they positively don't seem to know it. It's *uncanny.*" It's when this spirit gets into a song that the song lives. And how many of our songs are packed with it! That's why the girls can't keep still when they hear them.

Now there is a conclusion to every matter. And the conclusion in this case chances to be the beginning and the middle and the end of all good things at Aloha. Her name is Mrs. Gulick. When we say that it is camp spirit that makes us sing we are saying that it is Mrs. Gulick that makes us sing. Our happiness at the camp is so bound up with love for her and desire to imitate her ideals and example, that the singing, like everything else would lose all its fun if we weren't conscious that back of it all and through it all was the Summer Mother. Our

memories of singing "by the moonlight" and "by the firelight" are enriched by thoughts of her bright presence as the center of the whole lively group. We keep inventing new serenades for her because every so often we simply must let off fresh steam; and all our old songs we sing straight to her. If you doubt this, stray in to prayers on a morning when Mrs. Gulick's chair is empty and note how flat the singing falls.

Here at last we leave you, dear singing bird, in the prime of life, decorated with brilliant plumage and in splendid voice: happy are we in the thought that the more you sing the more you will feel like singing and so you will keep on caroling forever, making yourself and the world happy. May you live longer and soar higher than the eagle that keeps watch over Aloha from the cliffs. And may your devotion ever grow to the Lady who—

"——— is known in all parts,
Her name is Mrs. Gulick and she's won our hearts.
Oh! we'd like to know a girl with more go,
We'll all stand by her to the end, oh!"

Medley, 1914

By Bella Coale

Each Aloha girl added to what you've got
Make those ringing sounds at night.
On the shores of Morey's Lake,
Where the girls vacation take,
Where the fun and feed are plenty
And the mountains ain't no fake;
On the shores of Morey's Lake
Where the girls their keepers shake
And the councilors are
Dreaming, dreaming,
Aloha's own message we're breathing,
May none e'er destroy
The home of our joy,
C—A—M—P A—L—O—H—A.
I love my daily soda,
But this is the life, this is the life,
Down in New York—
Is the longest way round the shortest way home?
Is the shortest way round the longest to roam?
Is the wetter the rain the drier your dress?
And if you should ask us, the answer is
Down, sit down, sit down, you're rocking the boat.
It doesn't pay to rock the boat at Aloha, Aloha.
With our banner bright,
Clothed in green and white,
We go sailing down the field,
Just watch us as we
March and sing as all along the line
We raise Aloha's cry;
The valleys echo sending back the cheer
For Mrs. Gulick, here's to you,
Here's to your friends so tried and true,
Here's to your health, prosperity,
May you ever
Tell her though we're rival camps
We'll be friends just the same.
C'long, Miss Quinnibeck,
C'long, Miss Quinnibeck,
C'long, Miss Quinnibeck, do;
C'long, Miss Quinnibeck,
C'long, Miss Quinnibeck,
Link your arm right through,
Yes, through and through;
Then, no matter where on earth you roam,
To our Aloha,
Dearest of all,
It is to you we sing.
Best of camps,
We come at your call,
And loud your praises ring.

THE TOM THUMB WEDDING

Any little girl that's a good little girl
Is the right little girl for camp.
She can't be a society belle,
But must be ready for a good rough tramp;
She can't have curls in her hair,
But two long braids she must wear.
Any little girl that's a good little girl
Is the right little girl for camp.

KATIE JOHNS.

It's a long lane that has no turning toward Aloha
Aloha Club,
And if you wander far enough,
You'll find us there, oh we're a jolly throng.
We will give you a hearty welcome
That will thrill you, yes, through and through,
Then no matter where on earth you roam
To our Aloha you'll be true.

GLADYS LATIMER.

The sunlight sparkles on Lake Tarleton to-day,
Come, clubmates, come; come, clubmates, come;
The bugle sounds the rest-hour o'er; come away,
Come, clubmates, come away!
We'll quickly choose our light canoes
And glide along,
With steady stroke and merry joke
And hearty song.
We'll fearless brave the dancing wave
With paddle strong;
Come, clubmates, come away!

CHORUS

Then raise our song and let the chorus ring
Till echoes wake across the lake;
Aloha Club for aye! we'll proudly sing
As we go paddling down the lake.

2

The moonbeams sleep upon Tarleton to-night,
Come, clubmates, come; come, clubmates, come;
The night air thrills us with strange delight,
Come, clubmates, come away!
With rippling gleams the silver beams
Flood all the tide;
The balmy breeze scarce stirs the trees
We drift beside.
Our paddles make a shimmering wake
As on we glide;
Come, clubmates, come away!

HARRY HOLBROOK.

One summer's day in Boston Town,
A ma and child came by;
And when she saw my sunburned face,
She winked and hollered "Hi!"
"I'm looking far and near,
For a place to send my dear."
"Come along with me, I'll show you," answered I.
"At Camp Aloha, there is no doubt,
Your hopeful young will surely sprout.
In bloomers green we'll quickly place her;
A jumper white, we hope will grace her.
And when the year is done, and honors won,
She'll join us in this loyal song,"
Rah! Rah! Rah!
We're from Aloha, etc.

DOROTHY SMITH and RUTH CRAWFORD.

THE HALLE FIREPLACE

Honestly, oh bungalow, we're strong for you,
When we had no place to dance we longed for you.
Won't you say you'll let us own you, all the summer through?
Do, do, do.
We knew we should be proud of you
But never knew how much.
But now that we are back again
We're sure there isn't such
A place as you, yes, honestly and true.
Here's a song for you of how we long for you
And how we're awfully strong for you.

BELLA COALE.

Oh, see that Camp Aloha,
A-standing in a line,
And all of them are little pals of mine.
Oh, it seems so sort of cheerful,
To see them standing there,
Those Aloha campers standing in a line.
Oh! Hanoum's not slow,
And Farwell's on the go,
And Quinnibeck is mighty, mighty fine—
But—give me, oh give me, oh how I wish you would
Those Aloha campers standing in a line.

(Tune, "On the Road to Mandalay")

(1)

On the broad upstairs piazza
With her writing on her knee,
There my summer mother's sitting,
And I know she thinks of me.
For the wind is in the pine trees,
And the breaking waves they roar:—
"Come ye back, ye summer daughters,
Come ye back to Morey's shore."

Chorus

To the shores of Morey's lake,
Where the girls vacation take;
Where the fun and feed are plenty
And the mountains "ain't no fake".
To the shores of Morey's lake,
Where the girls their keepers shake.
And the councilors are happy
The charge of girls to take.

(2)

I am sick of wasting leather
On these gritty paving stones,
And the quiv'ring heat of summer
Wakes the fever in my bones.
I am sick of books and lessons,
And the dead routine of school,
And I pine for dear Aloha,
For its waters clear and cool.

Cho.—For the shores of Morey's lake, etc.

(3)

Take me somewhere north of Norwich,
Where they're not afraid of dirt,
Where they eat with paper napkins,
And a girl may shed her skirt.
For I see the moonlight glowing
On Lake Morey's waters bright,
And I hear the horn a-blowing,
Those ringing sounds at night.

Cho.—On the shores of Morey's lake, etc.

E. L. G.

Politeness, let me tell you, is a very gentle art,
It softens all asperities, and heals the wounded heart.
For instance, when in June the campers to Aloha came,
Mr. Gulick for them did these rules and regulations frame.
He said, "We'll rout you out of bed,
At four o'clock or five,
And after calisthenics you may eat if you're alive.
For handicraft you'll chop the wood,
For nature-study, hoe,
And after swimming ten miles or more
To bed at six you'll go."

CHORUS

But he said it so politely, politely, politely,
He said it so politely that the campers stopped to hear.
He said "On sweets go 'slowha'
No candy at Aloha"
But he said it so politely
It was music to the ear.

ELIZABETH BURCHENAL.

(Tune, Dixie)

Up Moosilauke we were crawling,
Puffing, scrambling, sometimes ealling,
"Oh where, oh where, oh where is the top?"
Fair Helen slips, and then goes sprawling,
Cries out faintly as she's falling,
"Oh when, oh when, oh when shall I stop?"

CHORUS

I wish I were a swallow,
To fly up high
Where the ground stays down,
And the rocks are round,
And the trees don't scratch your face so.
Away up high
On mountain's tops so rocky,
Where winds sweep by
On tough old Moosilauke.

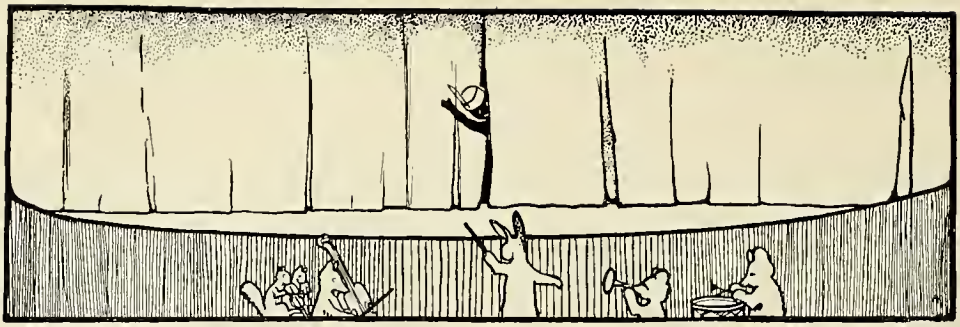
THOMAS BROWNE.

Onward and up we tramp to-day,
No trouble or toil our feet ean stay.
Full of the true Aloha grit,
We're of the sort that never quit.
Stony and steep may be the trail,
Hearts and voices never fail;
Our spirits are light,
For we know that to-night
Our Aloha we'll hail.

CHORUS

So with a song
We march along
With sturdy step and strong.
In rain or shine
We keep a steady line
For we're from Aloha,
We're from Aloha.

BELLA COALE.



Plays at Aloha

THIS is a warning. The writer of this article speaks from the inmost recesses of a tortured heart—and a tortured voice and some tortured ears. It is a warning to future campers. Not that one fears for the bodily safety of those who ignore it, or, after all, expects anyone to heed it; but at any rate here it is.

Never attempt sweet repose in that inviting deck-hammock which swings beneath the Halle porch; for so sure as you are nicely settled, there will come a rattle of chairs above, a grating of tables and a thundering of feet upon the porch, followed by a discordant jumble of many voices—murmurs, cheers, sobs, shouts,

SCENE AT JAPANESE PLAY

shrieks of woe and glad cries of ecstacy—all of which will combine to propel you spasmodically from your chosen rest and hurl you forth to some far distant glade where you may again take breath into your lungs and fingers out of your ears and look about to make sure you are all there. The Play is on!

But there was a time when you might have swung unmolested in that hammock, a time when there was no stage and no Halle. Campers of 1906 remember the stunts and plays they gave in the Lodge and out-of-doors; spontaneous affairs these, accompanied by much giggling and relying to a breathless extent upon the inspiration of the moment. Later campers recall the butter-nut amphitheatre near the Midway where that lovely fairy production of Nan von Harten's was given, with the versatile Nan as hero and Eleanor Fowle as première cantatrice.

Becoming each year more ambitious, we sought a more ample stage, and finally hit upon that smooth green glade above the Highlands, with a wonderful scheme of rocks and trees for stage setting, sheltering spruces for dressing-rooms and an accommodating slope for the spectators. Here under Miss Kathan's direction we gave a jolly play entitled "The New System." Here, too, the great troop of "Ruggleses" under Miss Forbes gave their adaptation of "The Birds' Christmas Carol." In 1910 we attacked "The Real Thing," where Stan White brought down the house with her Irish brogue. Nineteen Eleven danced by on the wings of the Thetford Pageant—O, the grace of Nellie Oiesen!—and home dramatics were not to be thought of. The climax of histrionic glory on the Highlands stage came in 1912 with "His Lordship," given on a moonlit night in August, and crowned with gratifying success.

But in 1913 when we returned, behold, we had a Halle, with a large stage, and a Dramatic Councilor (she was Daffy), and more than seven score campers to be actors. It was then we got down to business with "Mice and Men"; what else could we do, with Miss Bella Coale, the Heroine, and Miss Douglas, the Tame Villain? It was then that those on the way to an afternoon swim would turn eagerly at hearing above them in endearing tones, "Dear-r-rest!" or start up hastily to still the racking sobs of little "Stepney Green."

The moment Miss Richardson came back in 1914, she and Miss McClure began to concoct an elaborate outdoor production of "Hiawatha." This was probably the most ambitious thing we have ever attempted; the costumes were very artistic, the make-up realistic, and the acting splendid. For this performance we had a large audience from around the lake. But it was not enough that all the dark girls in camp were pressed into service as squaws and braves. In the intervals between "Hiawatha" rehearsals there were heard on the Halle porch the love-sick tones of "The Romancers," whom Miss Heilman was egging on to their amusing denouement. The councilors, too, saw fit to cover themselves with dramatic glory and untold rouge by a highly superior performance of "Alice in Wonderland," in which Miss Bella Coale, Mr. Merrill and Mr. Adams chiefly

starred. As our *Bugle* so aptly put it, "1914 has been a summer of growing activity in the dramatic field."

But one forgets the warning so thoughtfully disclosed at the beginning of these remarks. Should anyone doubt the necessity for it, let her go and recline for one brief moment upon the cushions of the swing above mentioned, and flight will not be long in suggesting itself—either that, or swift participation in the play itself, which course of action will probably be the one preferred. For we know that each new summer is going to mark for Aloha a new advance and a new interest in camp dramatics.

HELEN FITZJAMES SEARIGHT.

LAKE MOREY

SCENE AT THE OUTDOOR PRODUCTION OF HIAWATHA

Hiawatha

The hill overlooking Lake Morey afforded a unique and memorable picture on Thursday afternoon, when the pantomime of Hiawatha in five acts, was presented by the Aloha girls and councilors. The grassy stage was set off by an admirable natural background, formed by the trees and shrubs and, to the left, below the hill, the lake rippled and shone.

The guests from Camp Wynona, Quinibeck, Farwell, as well as some of our relatives from the club, and the camp visitors, formed a large semi-circle around the stage. A notable feature that added to the scenic effect, was the presence of Laddie, who occupied the center of the stage near one of the wigwams in the scenes with Minnehaha.

Throughout the pantomime several effective scenes were given, notably that of the boyhood of Hiawatha, very well acted by Louise Henderson. Then, too, the wedding feast held the interest of the audience, and was made entertaining by the Indian dance of the war chiefs around the great pot which swung from the tripod. This scene was further enhanced by the Beggar's Dance of the gallant Pau Puk Keewis, Miss Natalie Kneeland, who with sprightly grace and captivating charm, gaily danced in and out of the circle of braves and chiefs. Not without charm and color was the sweet song, "Far Off I Hear a Lover's Flute" of the young Chibiabos, by Celeste Shadburn.

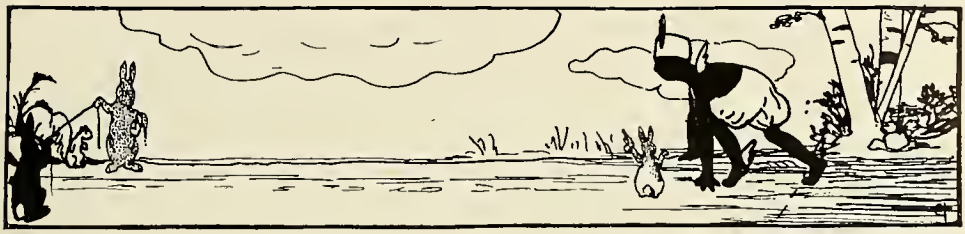
Nor indeed should we forget the scene in which the old Nokomis, played by Stella Barnard, and Miss Ester Ross as Minnehaha formed a memorable picture—as the mother, in grief, clung to her famine stricken girl. The maternal aspect of the scene was so vivid that we forget it was just a girl bending over the fair Laughing Water.

All the members of the cast, including the braves, squaws, and children deserve praise for their natural grace and charm in acting the part of American Indians.

The pantomime was accompanied for the most part and its charm and pathos intensified by an orchestra of violins led by Miss Coale and Winifred Young. The music consisted of Farwell's Indian melodies, with occasional interpolations from the exquisite song of Cadman.

Miss Gertrude Hinrichs, the tall arrowmaker, acted well the part of a loving and resigned father, after giving Minnehaha to Hiawatha. On account of Helen Stevens' illness, who we all know would have made a charming Minnehaha, Miss Esther Ross took the part with notable ease and grace.

Nor is this tale complete without mention of the untiring efforts, encouragement and constant drilling of the coachers of the play, Miss McClure and Miss Richardson.



"Cal"

By Ruth Kaufman

Just when the second bugle toots,
The dread of dripping bathing-suits
Will bring reluctant girl recruits
To cal.

They struggle with disheveled hair,
And oh! the kidding that they bear
About peculiar clothes they wear
For cal.

It's sprint as none has run before
Or you may reach the Halle door
Too late—the lines are on the floor
In cal.

Hips firm: head firm: fill up your space:
Arms circling backwards till Her Grace,
With mercy says "Class rest in place!"
Phew, cal!

Outside the frigid water gleams
And as you hear the dippers' screams,
You say, "It's nicer than it seems—
At cal!"

Aloha Sports

By

Jessie Richardson

BASKETBALL

IN WRITING this article on the active physical side of camp life, I prefer to say Aloha sports rather than Aloha athletics, because the play spirit so definitely dominates all of our games. To illustrate, I would mention the basket-ball games between councilors and campers. In these games, it frequently happens that the referee is helpless to blow her whistle because she is laughing so hard—while girls whose loyalty to camp is only equaled by their loyalty to the councilors, cheer enthusiastically for both sides, and when the game is ended, chant in unison, "We won! We won!" leaving an outsider in doubt as to whom the "we" referred to. All this, because they go in heart and soul for the playing of the game, rather than for the winning of it. It was this fact that first gave our Camp Mother the happy inspiration of calling the meeting of the different camps at Aloha in 1913, the Inter-Camp Frolic—rather than the Inter-Camp Meet. The song written for the occasion had the refrain "Come right in and have some fun—every one"—and that's what we all did. We played from ten in the morning until eight at night, with enough competition in our games to give zest and go to the events, but with the emphasis on the social side.

I wonder how many girls remember the famous baseball game between Club and Camp in the summer of 1913? That game marked an epoch in our relations with Pike Camp. Girls often went there, and returned as soon as they could, saying: "Oh, they're so slow! Me for Camp, every time!" while club girls visiting us remarked, "They don't seem to do anything!" So when they challenged us to play baseball with them, the team was eager to go because it was a chance to show Club that we could do something, but the campers themselves were not very enthusiastic. About forty girls finally boarded the train for Pike. Shall we ever forget it! The songs, the enthusiasm, the wonderful welcome from our Big Sisters—the game—and last, but not least, our mascot! We came back singing the praises of club—wanting to go again, eager to entertain them—and best of all, having a "family feeling" for them. At last, Club, from being a remote and rather uninteresting place, suddenly came into prominence—a place no longer to be visited through curiosity, but because we knew we would have a

TENNIS TEAM

ON THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL

good time when we arrived. I think I can safely say that last year, with few exceptions, whenever there was a trip planned, whether on foot, on horse-back, or by auto, Pike was always included in the itinerary. We had found out that those Big Sisters could play as heartily as we could, and we loved them for it. I can still hear the shouts that rose from the throats of a hundred and twenty Alohaites last year when the coveted banner at the Hanoum Festival was given to Aloha Club—and that because they had demonstrated before all of us their ability to have a good time, to be good sports. But then, as they said, a good time at Aloha is inevitable, you can't escape it!

Our walking trips are, perhaps, the most wonderful experiences of the summer. I don't believe any girl ever forgets her first night in the open. In 1912 Aloha had its first Gipsy Trip, a tramp from Lake Morey to Mt. Mansfield, which is a distance of about a hundred miles—with a wagon containing food and blankets, with bodies in perfect physical condition, and bubbling over with the spirit of the new venture, sixteen of us started from camp on Monday, to be gone until Friday. We cooked three perfectly wonderful meals a day over our camp fire, played the most astounding games ever invented during rest hour, told the most marvelous stories, and slept for eight hours each night in the most glorious barns along the way. At a dinner party this year, while talking to a friend, I said, "*That* was the most wonderful barn we ever slept in!" The gentleman on my left wanted to know if I was in the habit of sleeping in the hay—"rather eccentric for a lady, you know." And I could not convince him that one could rest comfortably on anything but an Ostermoor mattress, because he could not appreciate the fact that we were in for the fun rather than for the sleep. There is something about blanketing with a girl—whether it's in

RUNNING THE BASES

the hay or under the stars—which knits the bonds of your friendship so close together that no matter what distances separate you at the end of the summer, you are friends to the end of the chapter.

I can say no more for our physical condition at the end of our trip—when for four days we had tramped on an average of twenty miles a day, and slept for four nights in our ponchos—than that three of our party climbed Mansfield—a distance of four and a half miles from base to Tip Top House—in a little less than two hours. It was during this trip that we found that the combination of a small potato, our walking sticks, and a country road produced a beautiful game of golf; that the lid of a pot and a lemon resulted in a dubious game of tennis, and that any water from four inches depth to four feet gave opportunity for a perfectly good swim. We might leave athletics behind us in camp, but never our sports.

Here I would like to put in a few words on the horse-back trips, because these parties being limited to ten, give such splendid opportunities for getting acquainted. With a knapsack on your back, well filled saddle-bags, a horse that you love—and the voice of the riding master yelling sweetly in your ear, "Walk! Don't Trot!" you start out from camp at about half-past four in the afternoon, headed for Orford and a beefsteak supper. So into the sunset we ride—a frivolously minded councilor using Blanco as a circus-horse—a short fat girl causing much amusement by trying to ride a long, lean horse—a more adventurous rider trying to play polo with a crop and an apple—and enveloping the whole party, a great Big Happiness. No need to recall the enthusiastic scrambling over the brook for fire-wood, the hilarious preparation of the meal, the jokes, the laughter, the sighs of utter contentment as bread and butter, jam, beefsteak, fruit, candy and coffee follow each other in unhygienic confusion into our in-

READY FOR A PADDLE

teriors. And then the sudden quiet which comes as the rose of our sunset deepens into twilight purple, and the new moon comes up over the Pine Woods and we feel the sudden hush of Nature that a few moments before had been so thrillingly alive for us. And we feel so much a part of our big Camp Family—so close together in our Camp Friendship.

Some one once asked me if these trips did not make us very tired. "Tired?" I said, "Sometimes I'm so tired I could sleep on the upright end of a picket fence, but Mrs. Gulick having kindly provided me with a tent and a bed, I go to them in preference at eight-thirty and sleep until seven the following morning. When I wake, I wonder what I can do, because I feel so very alive." What I always do is to go to "cal." How eagerly we spring out of bed and race for our clothes and the Halle, where we strive to make our right arm and left leg do totally different things at the same time! A favorite exercise was that of bending the arms upwards, sidewards and downwards. One parent listened for three mornings to the physical director giving this order, and on the fourth, arose twenty minutes earlier than necessary to find out what her daughter could possibly be doing in response to the command "Up-side down! Up-side down!" Calisthenics are really athletics, as at seven in the morning, the Play Spirit is often still sleeping.

I could write at length on our climbing parties—where your determination to reach the top just never deters you from hauling a weaker climber over a particularly steep place; of our picnics—of our Sunday sings—of our marshmallow roasts—of our games in the Halle—of our overnight camping parties on Bald Top—of our tennis—of our swimming—of our water sports—of our canoe trips—of all the things that tend to make a girl a "good sport." To feel yourself to be an intimate necessary part of camp life; to learn how to use your body and mind

to the best advantage; to develop your muscle and your self-control—to remember Polly Anna's glad game in everything you do—and above all to find out how to play together so that you can work together—these are the ideals of all our sports at camp—ideals which many attain and all work for through our wonderful summer at Aloha.

AN ALOHA A

Swimming at Club

By Luther Gulick

MY! WHAT books could be written about the Club and its swimming! First there's all the five years of history, with the growing size of the swimming department, and the improvements that have followed each other down along the waterfront from season to season. Three years ago the pier was so short that soap cakes had to be stood edgewise, and when half the camp tried to stand on the pier at once, it reminded you of the Children of Israel crossing the Red Sea minus the miracle. The springboard and its platform, the second dock, the swimming tent, and the water-wings are all so new that they really need a formal dedication. Of course the steps on the float and the tip-top diving rail are not to be counted as they appeared so noiselessly during Quiet Hour, "and there was neither hammer nor axe nor any tool of iron heard while it was in building." (I Kings 6:7.)

And such things as have happened! One hardly knows where to start. A whole lake full of swimming statistics give some gleam of light, and thanks to the Editor's help, we have the following tables:

But of course, Mr. Editor, your tables don't give very much real information. It's like looking in the U. S. Census to find when you were born. For more accurate information, we have to turn to Bradstreet's, I mean the Camp Chart, for there we have our rating from our Swimming-A stars to our A B C

Swimming stars. There's a thing or two that makes our Bradstreet's unlike the real one. No one can get a corner on the market and keep others down. No one can inherit any credit or any capital X's, no one reaps any unearned increment, and we can't even get X's for birthday presents. Somehow this makes them stand for something that we are glad to have them mean. We like to know when we have really done something well and gracfully, especially if it has taken a lot of hard and continuous practice. The chart has been coming to mean more as the years have come and gone. Next year it is to mean even more, as the system of grades based on swims, strokes, and dives, together with excellence of work through the whole summer, is to be made the ground for awarding the Water Sport A, instead of the old way of having one hard water sport day at the end of the season. This doesn't mean that we won't have some of the best water frolics ever, with all the stunts we can think of and more beside, but it does mean that the Water Sport A will stand for faithful, growing endeavor, and the application of common sense, Doc's orders, and Camp Spirit to the water.

There are so many things to record about swimming that this little resumé can only start us back into our own memories to go through the jolly times the water has brought us. We can hear those stern, wise words of Mr. Gulick, telling us how careful we must be. We can hear that old "all out" bugle just when we wanted to dive; we can feel all over again the joy at passing the swimming test, or at drawing to the pier at the end of the lake swim. Then, too, we remember the silver loving cups, genuine and fake, and the candy, no fake there, that came in to quiet the excitement over Never-Sinkers and Dreadnaughts. Taken all in all, swimming does seem to have a lot of fun and frolic along with some real endeavor and the resultant keen pleasure of mastery. It is this that makes our swimming at the club so genuinely worth while.

FIRST SWIMMING GROUP—WAITING FOR THE BUGLE

TABLE I.

DEATHS

1913-1914

Cause	*Name*	*Number of Deaths*
Water in Bathing Cap	Evelyn McNevin Jack Mensel (Saved by Beccy) Paddy Sands	3
Real Sea Serpent	Miss Allchin Mary Lodge Miss Singleton	3
Air Bubbles	Katy Johns Bob Wellington	2
Life Preserver	Luther Gulick (Hit on head by Mensel)	¾
Fright	Alice Muse Jimmy Camp (three times)	4
Laughter	Mabel Sellars Nancy Cooper Miss Kinney Fran Sutton Meg Heyn	5
Soap Suds	Unidentified	3
Diving	B. Ponder (two times) Dee Yates Helen Gulick Don King	5
Water	1 wrist watch 2 rings 1 bathing cap 3¼ tubes tooth paste	7¼
Instruction	Doc McNeilly (two times)	2
Totals: 10 Causes		35

Averages: 17½ deaths per year, 3½ deaths per cause

TABLE II.

1913-1914 SWIMMING STATISTICS (REVISED)

Event	*Number in*	*Dives*	*Dives after Bugle*
Early Morning Dip	642	6	no bugle
Morning Swim	2,398	5,192	23
Afternoon Swim	1,970	1,750	½
Evening Dip	194	2	no bugle
Sunday Morning Dip	328	1	no bugle
Accidental Dip	13½†	14	no bugle
River Trip	24‡	0	
Diana Dip	11*	1?	after bugle
Totals	5,580½	6,966	23½

†½, Elsie Wiswell in Tarlton.
‡Mrs. Gulick omitted.
*Unconfirmed.

SWIMMING UNDER WATER

Swimming at Camp

By Leeds Gulick

Now, "swimming at Aloha is a very wondrous art
And yet 'tis rather easy if you once but get a start,"

and keep after it every day.

What a welcome sound is that of the bugle after one has been filing silver all the morning, or carefully stenciling a piece of chiffon! What a cool promise it brings to the horse-back rider who has just returned.

"Ouch! Don't you think the water pretty cold to-day? * * * Oh, Mr. ———, may I take the canoe test to-day? How long do you have to stay up? Twenty minutes? Why it only used to be fifteen. Oh, I can never do it."

"Oh, Mr. ———, how long before the bugle? Goody, goody. Hurry up, there, the bugle is going to blow right away. Let's go down the slide first thing. Here's a pail, we'll wet it first. That will cool it off. Hurry, there's the buggle. All three together. I'll go first. Hurrah! Splash. That was fine. Now for another. Let's try it together backwards."

"Look out, there! Don't take hold of the lifeboat unless you need to. You're not tired, are you? All right, I'll get right out of the way."

"ROX" DOING A HAND STAND DIVE

"My, but that was a flat one! Why can't I do it right? What,—I don't get my head under? Well, I will this time if I have to go to the bottom to do it and if I swallow all the lake." * * * (Dive.)

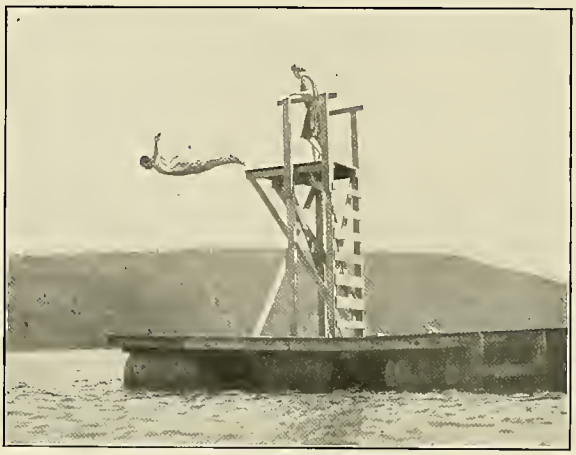
"How was that? Hurrah! (It certainly felt less like pins and needles.) Will you pass me on it if I can do two more out of the next four? If I can pass this off, I will have only the back and single overhand strokes to do, won't I. to be in the third class? I have passed off the breast and side stroke, and the 200 yards for distance."

"Oh, Mr. ———, will you watch my legs? Do I get the motion right. Don't you think I can swim between the two piers to-day, and get into the fifth class? After a little while when I can swim a little better don't you think that I might float across the lake some day if the wind was right?"

"My, that was a pretty dive! Who was it? Ah, 'Hiss of Aloha!' Are you in the second class yet? Oh, you are just starting to try for it. What do you have to do? The running, sailor, back, side, and high dives. Anything else? Oh, yes, the trudgeon stroke and the jack-knife dive. Well, there's some class to you people! We ordinary folks have to give it up with the third class.

"Anna, Harriet, and Eleanor are almost in the first class, aren't they? They've all passed the angel and sailor dives from the tower. Harriet must now pass the back jack-knife dive, and the crawl stroke. Anna and Eleanor have only the three original dives to do. My, I wonder who will be the first to finish the test!

"Who is that out there in the middle of the lake? Why, it must be Lib. Hasn't she been quick in coming across! Let's take that canoe and go out to meet her.

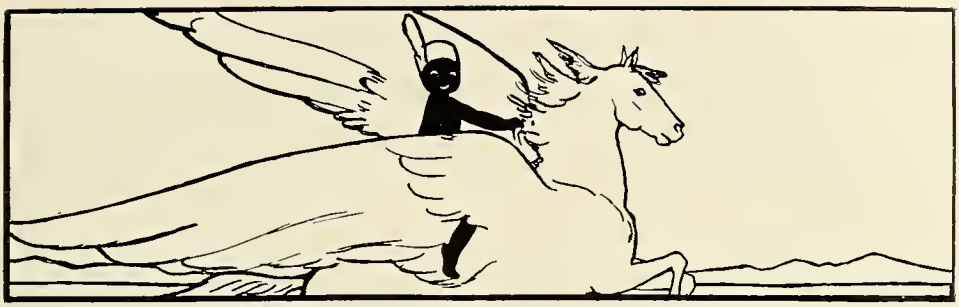


ANGEL DIVE BY HARRIET

"There is a girl that's known in all parts,
Her name is Lib ——— and she's won our hearts.
Oh——

"What, is water sports day only a week off? Why, that means summer is nearly over. I wonder who will win the A this year. Will there be an obstacle race, and tilting matches? Will you team with me in the obstacle race, Dee? I wonder what stunts they will put us through this year! Do you remember what happened to a certain middy blouse in the obstacle race at the inter-camp meet at Quinibeck? Well, there goes the bugle. I must hustle and get my hair dry before lunch."

SHOOTING THE CHUTE



Horse-back Riding—with Memories of Blanco

By Harry Haywood, Horse-back Councilor

THE horse occupies a place second to none in popularity, and in providing genuine and exhilarating pleasures for the camp girl. The distinction is well merited for there are no better campers than these faithful animals. No road is too long and no task too great. The rattle of a bridle and they are ready for any journey which suits the pleasure of the party and at the command they are off, stopping only when the order to halt is given. If Mr. Horse could but understand the tender comforting epithets, or the pleadings of a girl to ride her favorite steed, I am sure that the small flood of tears which is shed on the station platform as the girls leave at the end of a camp season would be greatly increased.

Among the reunions which take pleace every year is a notable one on the barn floor on the first day of each camp season when a jabbering, quizzing band of happy camp girls seek their favorites of past seasons, and feed lump sugar to their new acquaintances—which serves as an introduction. No men have ever been called upon to answer more questions than the horse-back councilor, and Mr. More, their caretaker, on this occasion. They must fortify themselves by a thorough knowledge of the pedigree of each of their charges, including the physical and temperamental peculiarities of each. A general unceremonious christening then begins and the helpless animals are called everything that is sweet or sour, according to their past history.

Although many of the girls are expert equestrians, yet there are many who have never pulled a rein. It is therefore necessary to give a few "Safety First" instructions before the initial ride. As we proceed to the stable the questions begin to pop. First there is a chorus from the crowd, "Mr. Hay—wood—what horse am I going to ride?" Then in rapid succession from all directions—Does Rufus bite? Is he nice? Does Blanco shy at automobiles? Can Kelpie have some sugar? Shall we be back in time for swimming? After the start, the girl ahead on Blanco is afraid because she knows from the way he shakes his ears that he is going to shy at the first automobile. The girl at the end of the line is afraid because she is all alone. When the beginners go out, the complications

READY FOR THE RIDE

and imaginary difficulties arise in direct ratio to the number in the party. To the uninitiated the horse is ugly, vicious, wild and fiery, but when the lesson is ended and both feet are firmly planted on solid ground, he is the tamest, gentlest and best mannered ever, and each girl wants the same horse for the next ride. Timidity quickly passes off as horse and rider become better acquainted and the real joy of riding begins.

Bridle paths in the city parks pale in attractiveness when compared to the mountain trails and wooded roads which are our bridle paths. Their direction extends to every point of the compass and in distances ranging from an hour to a full day's riding. As we gallop over seldom frequented roads, rare birds and wild game of various kinds are often surprised and scatter in great confusion among the side bushes. All of which adds a touch to the genuine and unadulterated outdoor life which envelopes us.

When the spirit of adventure siezes one girl she transmits it to her friends with the result that a horse-back party, lasting from one to three days, is arranged. The itinerary always includes selected points of interest, and neighboring girls' camps which are always visited. Provisions are carried in knapsacks and meals are prepared on the stoves of kindly farm wives. Dining-rooms are rejected for a shady place along the roadside. Our hotels are the haylofts of barns—directly over our horses—and our rising bugle the early morning sun.

With such apparent freedom as exists, yet, such restraint as is unconsciously exercised, the girls enjoy all the benefits and privileges of outdoor life—mingled with a touch of life on the western plains—with no greater danger of harm than if in their city homes. They develop courage and strength of body and mind which would be impossible under other conditions. The timidity of woman is due to lack of opportunity to develop in the narrow confinements of city life—but with an ability of knowing how to analyze and to differentiate between real and imaginary dangers and the acquired confidence and self-control—synonyms

ATOP OF MT. MOOSILAUKE

for courage—the girls add to their finer natures all the latent things which we call manliness in the other sex. The bloomer girls—as the countryside children call them, present a wonderful sight as they pass through a village astride fullsized horses, loaded down with knapsacks and blanket rolls.

In teaching horsemanship, we have many definite purposes in view. The love for dumb animals is developed and enhanced in the girl as she feels herself supported above the ground and swayed from side to side at each stride of the horse. The realization of full control of a living animal possessing many times human strength is a great developer of confidence, quick thinking, and quick acting. A feeling of respect is enkindled in both horse and rider which argues against foolhardiness. To retain a seat in the saddle is only a part of the significance of our term Horsemanship. An alert, active girl is expected to inspect critically the cinch on her saddle or the tightness of the girdle. She is expected to be able to mount and dismount without the aid of a specially constructed mounting block, and without the aid of a groom at the horse's flanks to keep him standing close against a specially constructed mounting block, and another at the bridle to prevent him from stepping forward or backward. In this way she learns to know horses in the same sense as her big brother. There is the same feeling of natural ease and understanding between horse and rider which adds to the comfort and satisfaction of both whenever they are together. The unexpected is unlikely to happen and there is much less danger of injury than would be otherwise possible, as our records in the past, in which we take just pride, prove. As a precautionary measure to guard against emergencies and to insure the proper protection of horses and girls, we have a strict rule whereby the horse-back councilor accompanies the girls on every ride.

Perhaps it is because of an inborn fondness for horses and the fact that I have several sisters that the peculiar situation of teaching horse-back riding at a girls' camp has been a pleasure. Surely a great many humorous incidents and anecdotes could be related. I remember one girl who was as helpless with the reins as if her grasping appendages had been handcuffed behind her back. It was her first ride and I had virtually to ride her horse for her. The difficulty was due to an over-sympathetic nature, for she was afraid of stretching the horse's mouth by pulling

A HALT ON THE ROAD

on the reins. The same girl let out a piercing yell—although in no danger whatever herself. My inquiries brought out the fact that she thought that the horse alongside of her was going to step on her horse's foot. One day while out for a short ride, following a heavy rain which had swelled the brooks somewhat, I was suddenly addressed in an inquiring tone by a very stout young lady who was bouncing in a merciless fashion on the back of her unfortunate steed. As I reined my horse to her side and looked at her in a serious manner, she burst forth, "Do horses test bridges like elephants?"

As we approach the close of the season, the horse-back honors come up for active discussion. Speculation is rife as to who will win the coveted "A" which is as much sought for in camp as the college letter for which brother John plays nine weeks of football on the college team in the fall. But here there is only one "A" to be given out and the award means that Miss ——— excels all others in horsemanship. In order to overcome the natural advantages in strength and size which are possessed by the elder girls, we divided the competitors last year into Juniors and Seniors. The little girls under fifteen were thus more evenly pitted against each other. A Junior and Senior "A" was awarded in each class. Outside assistance is secured to help judge the tests and the event is witnessed by an eager crowd which sits on the grandstand seats—on the roof edge of the wagon shed. Seriousness is written on the faces of the competitors as their names are called and they are sent to the barn to saddle Tilly, Blanco, Kam or Kelpie. In the haste and excitement sometimes the front of the saddle becomes the back, straps and buckles refuse to slide into their accustomed places and even the horses refuse to open their mouth and push their heads into the bridles in the usual way. One girl last season momentarily forgot which end of the horse belonged in front and consequently faced the animal in the wrong direction behind the stall. The

audience had the opportunity for a good laugh as Daisy's long black tail was the first to appear at the barn door, and the young lady came last pushing at the confused horse's head instead of leading her as she had always done before.

As related above, the first event of the horse-back test requires that each girl must enter the stall, unhalter, bridle and saddle her horse and lead him out of the barn; following this she is required to unharness and unhalter him. Time and correct saddling are the points considered by the judges. This is followed by demonstrations of mounting and dismounting. Figure eights and circles are described within a confined space, neck reining being used entirely to guide the horse. The judges then mount and accompany the competitors who have been divided into convenient squads in rides on the road. Horses are changed frequently along the road and gaits altered according to the command given. Each girl, therefore, rides every horse used in the test under the same conditions. Saddles are then discarded and blankets substituted on the backs of the horses for the second ride on the road. The test is concluded by a quiz on the management and care of the horse. By the close of the camp season an apt pupil should be able to manage a horse on the road unaided, and to have a knowledge of such matters as feeding, watering, etc., and to understand the correct procedure in most cases of emergency.

ALOHA TROOPERS

Trips

By Don King

THE long-suffering saw has made its way through the last knot; the camp hammer has driven the last nail; and the box of provisions for the "Washington trip" is on the broad veranda, waiting to be sent ahead by train, so that it may greet the trampers as they reach the Tip Top House. Much planning has preceded the appearance of this box, but it is the first tangible result, and so we start with it.

Some two days before, announcement of the trip was made at prayers: maps of the mountains were produced: and old campers explained to new campers the delights of real mountain climbing. A paper was posted and many signed for the trip. Some signed in haste; repented at leisure; and drew a line through their names. Others who thought, at first, that camp was too good a place to leave for even three days, caught the enthusiasm and signed: and the nurse was responsible for a line drawn through the names of some who needed a practice climb on Mt. Cube, before attempting the longer trip. But finally the number had ceased to waver and stopped at thirteen or twenty-three, or some equally lucky spot between; and the housekeeper could plan the lunches; and the box could be packed. Such is the explanation of the box on the porch.

Next come long distance phone calls to Madison Hut and the Tip Top House on Mt. Washington, in order that sleeping accommodations may be assured.

The "night before," the girls who are to compose the party meet in solemn conclave and are warned against high heels and loose soles and such other things as past experience has shown to be a hindrance. Then, in truth, does the spirit of a mountain trip begin to pervade the camp.

Down in the kitchen, Mamie (God bless her!) is getting ready an early breakfast; for the train is an early train, and the walk to the station long. In the dining-room a group of camp spirited helpers are tying up the sandwiches for the first day's lunch, and getting out the indispensable tin cups. Out in the tents the trampers-to-be are borrowing rain capes or white hats, and are getting out the extra pair of stockings and the tooth-brush which make the bulk of a tramper's outfit. The bugle blows for crackers and milk—taps sounds—Aloha sleeps.

A TRAMPING PARTY

But in front of the big fireplace our Camp Mother and the lieutenant who is to lead her troop off, on the morrow, stop for a minute to talk over their hopes for the days ahead. Naturally there are many different temperaments represented among the girls who will answer the roll call in the morning. And there are friends and "near-friends" and "almost-strangers." Somehow all these temperaments will learn to work together for the common good; and friends and strangers will come to know each other as comrades of the trail.

Camp wakes with the white-throated sparrow. "Cal" is omitted. Soon the trampers gather at the steps. They are dressed uniformly, in green bloomers, white jumpers (they won't stay white long) and white hats. Quickly (theoretically speaking) the start is made, while the camp sings its farewell.

You have ridden on the Boston and Maine before, but you never really appreciated its junction changes, until to-day, when each change of trains bears a new audience to sing to, and to impress with your camp spirit. "Appalachia Station" is your dismounting point, and there at the foot of the "A. M. C." "Air Line Trail," you have your first taste of the sandwiches and sweet chocolate. You will meet those friends many times in the days ahead.

Soon the climb starts. Can't you see it all as you think back over that day? Up ahead are the seasoned walkers and the would-be-firsts. Then there's the happy medium. And finally the famous rear guard. We hope that some time during your mountain experience you have been in each of those three positions. Otherwise you have missed much that is vital. You may prefer the front rank with its chance to learn something of the "law of the trail," which asks you, when you have missed the right path and finally found it, to mark it plainly so that he who climbs may read. And here is your chance, too, to help move a newly fallen log or obstructing stone. But you will have to admit that for real character building there is no place like the rear. If you were not a born climber and if you naturally fall into step in the rear, give thanks, for great is your opportunity to build character. And it is real training to have to pull one weary foot after the other, for one mile after another, and to still keep cheerful: to want to drink all the water in the spring, and to limit yourself to half a cup: to crave that half lemon as your very life, and to pass it on to relieve some other parched throat: to pass each half-mile sign without counting up to see how many more you will have to pass before you reach the top: to joke your way along and keep thinking of things you can do to make the climb easier for someone else. You don't do *all* of those things in any one day, but if you catch the spirit and do *one* of them, you are a true victor.

Before long you raise your eyes from the stony path and take in some pictures of that beautiful trail, that will stay by you ever after. And, finally, whether you are first or last, you emerge from the woods onto the bare rocks

THE CONNECTICUT RIVER TRIP

and get your first view of the big world below you. Will you ever forget your first mountain-top view? There is the great ravine immediately below you: the clear-cut lines of the fields in the valley into which the ravine opens: the thread-like roads, and trains so small you can scarcely see them: the spots of water: the mountains all around, stretching on and on to the horizon.

But the sun is low and you must make the hut in time to see the sunset, from Mt. Madison. You feel new life in every muscle, and the rest of the trip is easy: and—there is the stone hut of which you have dreamed dreams so often.

A drink of the ice cold water from the spring takes away the last trace of fatigue, and with one eye on the sunset you are doing your part in getting supper. On earth you learned to say little about your delight in food, but here on the great mountain, you feel perfectly justified in growing more enthusiastic over each cup of cocoa. But another party of trampers is waiting to use the one stove and the one table which the hut affords, and you pick up hurriedly. After that you go to see whether you are to "bunk" with one of your comrades or with two, in one of those little bunks. You almost hope it will be two, and the chances are that your hopes will be fulfilled, for the hut is popular. By this time you need your sweater and your neighbor's sweater, too. But you content yourself with one sweater and a warm heart, and climb up Madison's great stony sides, to see the moon as it lights up the valley below.

It is good to be alive and with friends. You start a camp song, and it sounds so well that more songs follow. And that night goes down in your memory as one never to be forgotten. Can't you feel it yet? I mean that sharp stone at your back, as you sit there and watch the great clouds drift across the face of the moon.

A SLEEPING-OUT PARTY

But that balsam couch is waiting for you, "and you must go." I trust you remember every minute of that night. No—not *every* minute—for, just before daylight, I flash my "bug light" and see that you have dozed off—and—how I envy you! But you have time that night to think of all you have learned that day of the beauty of nature and of friendship. Every member of that group seems a good friend of yours, now. One day on the mountain, is worth six years ("roughly speaking") in society, as a friendship builder.

Next morning you are perhaps lucky enough to see a real mountain sunrise: if you do not see it here you may perhaps see one on Washington to-morrow. And if you do see it, you will remember its thrills and chills as well as I.

Around Mt. Adams, beside the Great Gulf, around Jefferson, over Clay, and up along the cog railway to the top of the great Father of the White Mountains, Mt. Washington; this is your second day's trip. And that day, too, ends with its mountain song.

Perhaps you are one of a small party to stay over Sunday on that mountain top. And the calm and peace of such a Sunday is rarely equaled. But more likely you start out next morning in the fog with the larger crowd, following the white print marks on the great rocks. Every once in a while the line "counts back," each member shouting her number, and your "thirteen" goes echoing down the mountain. This day brings the first mountain breath of the season. Every tramper you meet, tells you that it is so. You can't bear to leave those fascinating views and plunge into the woods at the lower part of the trail. But the beauty of the Edmund's Trail through the woods leaves little to be desired.

THE START ON FRANCONIA TRIP

By the Mt. Washington Hotel, you hurry for your train. You have gained a devotion for the great mountains and a new love for friends but in spite of that you are longing now for your summer home. It seems ages since you left that happy spot.

The welcome-back fairly overpowers you. And as you sit there in the dining-room (decorated as it is especially for your homecoming) with your letters of the last three days beside your plate, you feel that "life is real" and "earnest" and good.

So when the canoe trip is announced you determine to try that, too. Here you find a new struggle with nature and yourself, and you make new friends. Perhaps yours is the good fortune to be chosen for the annual ducking at that famous ducking spot by the spring. If so you can once more give thanks, for I'll venture to assert that that river water washed many a black spot from your disposition. Your surroundings are entirely different on that trip from what they were on the mountain trip; but in the end you have gained the same things: a better knowledge of nature, human and divine; truer friendships; some progress in unselfish living; and a sense of the worthiness of life. It's a good world, and you who have ever once caught the spirit of an Aloha trip, can never doubt that possibility.

THE KANAKA TAKES A TRIP

Thetford Pageant, 1911

By Nellie Oiesen

DO YOU remember, "Ye River Spirits and Mountain Nymphs," the debilitating hot weather that Miss Virginia Tanner brought to Fairlee, through which we whirled and splashed imaginary water into dry air and danced mischievously away to Mr. James Sleeper's beguiling music which dripped hourly fresh from his pen?

Will you ever forget the sudden congestions and collisions on the spacious dining-room floor, when eagerly we rushed back at a given turn of the music to beckon dramatically, imperatively to our timid, invisible playmates, supposedly lurking behind the pile of dining-room benches? Or the playful runs forward on tip-toe which often cost us our equilibrium, the unexpected scattering, splashing each other, the air, anything, as we went, or the final rythmic undulating movement of our arms, which was sharply interrupted by a bugle call, signalling the approach of Humans? And we, startled out of our harmless all-absorbing fun, fled headlong through the low windows into the tennis court, our temporary river-bed.

'Twas strange how we were allured away from the daily swim, the canoe, the ride, the crafts by the enthusiasm of Mr. Langdon and Miss Tanner for the Thetford Pageant, and by their artistic and creative moulding together of the scattered talents!

We were fairly rejoiced at the generous hospitality extended to us by Prof. and Mrs. Farnsworth and Camp Hanoum. We, too, were to take part, to taste fully of this unique and revealing experience.

What with daily rehearsals, cutting and shaping garments, changing black slippers into silver in an atmosphere heavy with the smell of banana oil, the week soon came when forty of us migrated into a strange land and dwelt in a strange house full of hay. The regret of leaving camp in full swing, and of missing some of the fun, was outbalanced by the thrill of adventure and the hospitable attentions shown us by Camp Hanoum.

PAGEANT DANCE

Do you remember, those of you who slept in shacks up on Thetford Hill, how delicious was the feeling of stealing down in the early morning through dew-soaked grass for that plunge in the pool hidden from sight by tall trees and climbing vines?

Then came the open-air rehearsing, the unforgettable chats while waiting behind scenes for "our act," with village carpenter, rural mail deliverer, and farmers from round about. They had speaking parts, many of them. Some were in dead earnest, others chuckled amusedly at their own rôles and disguises. "What will this Pageant do for our town?" was the live topic of discussion. It took some a long while to speculate.

Finally came the great eventful days when crowds filled the bleachers, crowded the grassy banks, and with them came rows of green bloomers who sat sympathetically witnessing a dramatic presentation of historic events which marked the evolution of that countryside. That grassy stage was a lovely spot by which flowed the Connecticut River and over its banks we Water Nymphs stole furtively to peek through the foliage, then to rush like a shimmery wave of green blue from the river to dance our water frolic on the grass. Across the field ran a cloud of harvest colors. The lowland spirits with their scarfs and garments shading from dry cornstalk and saffron to flame with touches of orange and crimson points. These are our friends from Camp Hanoum, whose approach, whose movements suggested grain fields waving in the wind, sweeping before them the little fluttering butterflies from the village with irridescent wings. And to complete the dance of the elements came the slow zig-zag rythmic advance down the slope of our Mountain Spirits, silhouetted majestically against the sky.

Three gorgeous August days they were! Then a heavy shower drove us all home!

Like tired exiles we fairly fell on the necks of our camp comrades, who had missed us, we secretly hoped. It was good to see them, to draw out of them all the news of camp.

Were we glad to get back? Did we pounce on our mail? Had we missed our lake, the singing together of camp songs, the guiding hand at the rudder? Could we spend any more days away from our camp friends? Just ask the "Nature Spirits" of 1911.

PASS BALL

The Inter-Camp Frolic

At Aloha, 1913

By Mrs. Gulick

AMONG the many happy days of Aloha's mid-season of camping, the day of the Inter-camp Frolic, August 15th, will stand out as one of the happiest. The camps that met for this Frolic were Hanoum, Quinibeck, Farwell and the two Alohas and represented somewhat over four hundred girls. The aim was quite distinctly to avoid the intense feeling and rivalry roused in ordinary athletic meets among boys and men; consequently something quite feminine was planned with no individual star performances. It was distinctly social and friendly,—a frolic with enough rivalry among visiting teams to give snap and zest to the games and the inter-camp cheering and singing.

The first camp to arrive in the bright sunshine was Hanoum from Thetford, coming across our shining lake in the Gipsy, waving their many brilliant red banners and singing their songs of greeting. The Aloha girls stood, a few on the pier, and the rest massed on the wide porch of the Halle to receive their guests. After a few welcome songs the marshals took the girls to that quarter of the camp to which Hanoum was assigned.

Before long the steamer returned bringing our sister camp Aloha Club, and later the girls of Farwell Camp. Then we flew back to the road to welcome Quinibeck's delegation of 70 girls that came down the road marching and singing in fine style.

The rest of the morning was given up to water sports, ending with a general swim and frolic in the water for all the hundreds of visiting girls. The chute, the spring-board and our big raft were in great service that day. After lunch and a little time for loafing, the inter-camp activities began with a contest among five of the camps in cleaning and putting into beautiful order five tents. This test was quite unique and roused much fun and rivalry.

The judges were from Campanoosuc and therefore were perfectly impartial. The winning team was from Aloha Club. They did excellent and rapid work, but especially good team work.

A small nature test was carried out resulting in a tie between Hanoum and Aloha. The majority of the guests flocked to the Halle where for over an hour the camps entertained each other with folk dancing and singing. The best dancing was that of Farwell. Many quaint old English folk songs were sung by Hanoum. Even camps that had not planned for folk dancing were fired by the pretty dances to rise and do their share.

Meanwhile games of tennis were going on at the two courts and the last of the water sports was finished with a tilting match.

Supper was enjoyed on the grass back of the midway tents.

The day ended with dancing in our brightly lighted Halle, while the full moon shed its beautiful light over the lake.

Tired but happy, the hostesses tumbled into their little beds, satisfied with the fun of the day's Frolic and caring little which camp had most credits as long as all did well and all the guests went home happy.

A CLOSE FINISH IN THE SPRINT

ALOHA CLUB
INTERCAMP WINNERS 1914

Inter-Camp Frolic

At Thetford 1914

Camp Hanoum Entertains Her Sister Camps

With a steady tramp, tramp, Aloha Camp swung into line behind her sisters from Aloha Club. Far ahead marched Wynona's brown line. Hokomoko's red banners were a bright spot in the distance. Farwell and Quinibeck faded into one blue. Down the road, over the field, up a long hill to the Thetford pageant ground, the campers moved on in one line.

Here and there marshals from Hanoum met and guided us, on and up, and through the pine woods, singing and waving our banners. At the edge of the field, the Club girls left their white flags while we put down our green. Single file we marched into the field, where all the camps joined in a dance around the totem pole. One by one, we sang our songs to the festival music. When we took our places around the field, Mrs. Farnsworth of Hanoum stepped out to explain the totem pole that rose high in the center.

From the tip of the pole, there waved a banner with a dragon emblazoned on it. This dragon, the emblem of the sun and all nature, which binds us together,

ALOHA ARRIVES AT THE PAGEANT GROUNDS

was to be awarded to that camp whose performance was most suitable and the best, according to the judges. The totem pole itself was made of the emblems of the various camps, so built that at the end of the day, each camp might carry away with her, her own insignia as souvenirs.

At the top stood Hokomoko, the smallest, the camp of the "speaking tongue." Wynona, "by the lake," was represented by the water, the tadpole and the canoe. Ken-jocketee came next with her far-famed horses, Ken-jocketee, the camp of famous riding. Farwell's insignia were representative of her dancing. The pine tree stood for Hanoum, the pine tree of work, of health, of love. For them, too, glowed the camp fire. The sports of Quinibeck told their tale, in baseball, bow and arrow, tennis and in water sports. A great beast guarded our Aloha Club, a beast of many crafts for it was built of scissors and of saws, of files and hammers. Behind it glowed the rainbow, lending color—beside it grew a flower for beauty. Last and largest and supporting them all, was Camp Aloha, the oldest and greatest. For it, the singing bird sent forth sweet music while the great dragon spread its protecting coils around.

Now the bugle sounded and those who were to take part in the various entertainments followed their marshals back to the woods, while Aloha loosed her singing bird. Two by two, we stepped "onward and up." Out from the

trees, came a great sail and around it the campers quickly formed a boat. Down the field it came, while a hundred and fifty voices gaily sang—

"Sit down, sit down!
Sit down! You're rocking the boat!"

Sure enough, it rocked and tipped upon its way, Aloha's boat of green and white. Amid the cheers of the spectators, the camp marched back to their places, and sang song after song, till another bugle sounded.

Out of the forest, there rode a herald all in blue and white, the colors of Camp Quinibeck. From the plumes on his hat to the trapings of his horse, the picture was complete. Carefully he unrolled his parchment and read to us his message,—a few words of welcome, then one by one he introduced us to the women of the centuries. First there came dancing towards us a group of Greek maidens and they played a game of ball. Scarcely had they disappeared when a band of Norse women came charging forth, brave and courageous, women who stood and fought beside their men in battle line. Then came the soft and tender creature of the days of chivalry, then the gay and frivolous beauties that danced the minuet. A band of pioneers toiled across the way and the women walked beside the men, shoulder to shoulder. The dainty maiden with her bit of embroidery and her modest pantalettes walked sedately by the side of her Mamma. Suddenly, there galloped out from behind the trees a band of horsewomen, gay girls in bloomers, happy healthy campers. So the review of the centuries passed before us. Quinibeck had set us an example that would be hard to follow.

Farwell entertained us with a gipsy Spanish dance. Hokomoko sent us greetings. Wynona danced the sun dance, dressed in Indian costumes. Kenjock-etee in her turn played a cornet solo, "Une Peu d'amour" followed by a Greek dance.

Aloha Club came next with a playlet, Real Camp Life. Two homesick Club girls bemoaned their lot for they had "nothing to do," till a real Club girl appeared. Nothing to do? Just watch! A chorus of bathing girls and gay canoers caused them to open their eyes. A class in nature study, and then off came their hats. They *would* stay. Tennis enthusiasts and golfers, crafts and dancing classes, till with sudden decision the homesick girls shed silks and satins, and dressed in blouse and bloomers joined the Club, and sang with the best of them

"Away from the mad social whirl."

A masque by Camp Aloha finished the afternoon's performance. Two "cityites," tired of hotels and parties fell asleep to the music of Aloha's choir while around them the spirits of Fire, Water and of the Woods weave a spell. Then the wood nymph calls a chorus of sprites, Aloha's Kanakas. Around and around they dance till the maidens awake with a start to find the Kanakas offering them

Aloha's costume of green and white. Gladly, they take it and all together they frolic away.

What a happy time there was then, what visiting back and forth of all the camps, what jolly camp songs! A picnic supper and a bonfire, songs from Farwell, Hanoum—with now and then a cheer from Campanoosuc or from Dartmouth. Down came the totem pole and each camp became the proud possessor of her own particular part. The decision—we held our breath, then what a cheer for Aloha Club, our sisters, took the banner. Yes—all in the family and we smiled and "Mother" Gulick smiled and Mamie—why, she just smiled out loud, she was that glad.

It had been a happy day. Indeed, we "count with pleasure all the hours" till we shall meet again. Through the woods down hill, across the field we marched with always one more cheer and one last song and many, many goodbyes to Hanoum. Let us draw a red ring around the day on our calendar and ever remember Hanoum.

ALOHA'S HORSEBACK RIDERS AT INTERCAMP PAGEANT, 1914

THE RIVER TRIP

ALOHA *VS.* QUINIBECK

Tennis with Quinibeck

"For no matter what the weather
When Aloha's out together——"

will probably always be extended in our minds to include Quinibeck, for the weather certainly was—well—*no matter what* and we as certainly did have "one jolly time" on that memorable occasion of "tennis with Quinibeck." We were just arriving at Quinibeck when the dear rain began. On the way over in the hayracks we had been too busy being foolish to remember Miss Allchin's prediction, "Sun woke me up this morning, sure sign of rain!" But while we were in the act of forming for an impressive entrance into Quinibeck, came a familiar patter, patter, and we were forced to disguise our loveliness under bald diving caps and slinky raincoats. Our greeting to Quinibeck, "Oh, whom do we see to-day, to-day!" might better have been directed at ourselves.

It took more than rain of course to stop our singing and we had a good old song just with the girls in blue grouped to meet us in front of the little orchard. But what about tennis? We were wild to begin, but couldn't exactly ask the teams to spoil their racquets. Hadn't we better step into the bungalow a few minutes till it cleared up? Certainly in we stepped, and in the bungalow we stayed the rest of the day—except those who went swimming. We danced and danced and then about five o'clock both camps squatted on the floor in a big square and let various gifted ones furnish entertainment. Quinibeck (who must have been distraught at having this dripping white and green elephant on its hand indoors, but didn't show it) had two little marvels from New Orleans who did "story" dances, and a girl sang with rare sweetness of tone. Aloha proved that she's "got style," too: Stella played, Kay Judd won everybody with her little poses and steps to the "Wild Rose," and Agnes sang, "My Laddie," and "I hear you

calling me," at her very best. All this time, we had quite forgotten the rain, but it was far from forgetting us. The tennis courts had been drowned for hours, and our talk now was of how soon it would clear enough to get home.

Supper over (and oh, you hot Quinibeck cocoa!) we danced some more and peered at the rain, and danced again. Then as a preparation for parting we bunched up at opposite ends of the room and exchanged songs. Quinibeck had some splendid new songs and ran through them with snap as they always do. We loved their singing and they very generously applauded us, even to the point of encores.

When we were thoroughly hoarse, and our numbers thinned by those who insisted on pushing home by horse or car, we hopped up again and after a last despairing look at the weather, began to one-step. Suddenly Miss Dodge mounted a chair and announced that we were to spend the night! Quinibeck must vacate five shacks and Aloha sleep two in a bed.

Well, bless their hearts, they did vacate, and all as if it were an everyday occurrence to have fifty guests drop in over night. Out came towels, spiffy nightgowns, invitations to "help ourselves" in the shacks. It was a great lark for us and it's a good thing the horn didn't make us stop talking till nine-thirty. They have wonderful wide beds and we slept like tops.

Next morning they served us a dandy breakfast, all with the same manner that never for a moment let us feel in the way and wrote *Quinibeck* in big capitals in our hearts.

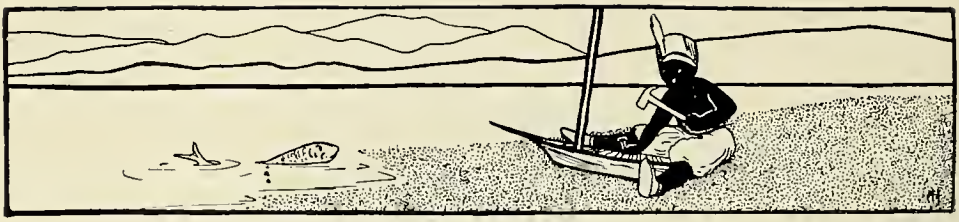
As we rattled down the road in the hayrack we gave a "Rah, rah, rah, *Team!!*" for the girls who stayed behind to play off the tennis matches. It must have helped, for the seniors with the Hauselts and Mary Green won both singles and doubles, and though the juniors lost, we heard that Louise McConway played a game that was beautiful to behold.

We reached camp with no adventure except an accident that left us our Laddie alive by nothing short of a miracle. While he was laughing and leaping up to one of the wagons an automobile with a farmer and children stole up on us, and before Laddie caught sight of it, swept him along for thirty or forty feet between the front wheels. We all screamed and some hid their faces and the farmer raced on, looking back to see what child had been run over. After some seconds Laddie and the right wheel, between them, bounced our dog out into the road, a little dazed but his ninth life perfectly safe. When we met other automobiles on the road he tucked his head sadly but wisely under the hay.

Well, it hadn't been an afternoon of tennis as we had expected but it had been a grand old time, and whenever we think of it we echo the song that Kaufie had produced from her blessed little workshop for us to sing as we left.

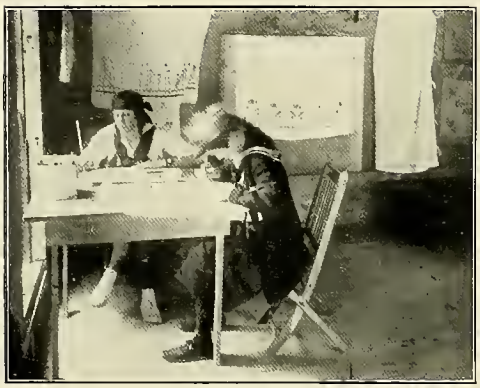
"Camp Quinibeck, Aloha thanks you all,
Aloha ranks you all among the best,
For with a smile you gave your beds
That we might rest our weary heads.
And still we crave one last boon,
Come and visit us soon,
And in the meantime take our thanks
In one rousing tune,
Camp Quinibeck, Aloha thanks you girls
And bids you all a fond farewell!"

B. C.



Crafts

By Grace Vincent



STENCILING

CARPENTRY, let me tell you, is a very wondrous art.

And is so very easy if you once can get a start," etc.

So sang Helen Gulick and Elsie Page to their teacher one morning while trying to make the pieces of a book-rack fit together.

This song is typical of the fun as well as work that the girls get from their crafts.

At nine-thirty, after prayers and the "sing," the girls divide into groups, each going for two hours to work at the craft she has chosen.

Aloha has the largest range of craft work of any camp I know. A girl can surely find something that will interest her in jewelry, leather work, stenciling, embroidery, bookbinding and carpentry. The jewelry class has always had the largest attendance; for what girl is not attracted by a pretty necklace, ring, or buckles for her dancing pumps? The girls become so enthusiastic that the teacher is often importuned for an afternoon class.

In the leather and stenciling departments, many beautiful bags, card-cases, book-covers, table-covers, runners, curtains, etc., are turned out, and are not only souvenirs of camp life, but make pretty Christmas gifts.

It may seem strange to some to have carpentry in a girls' camp, but one is surprised to see the number of girls who seem to enjoy it. Many a time when we worked in the dining-room before the new Halle was built, the girls had to be "shooed" out so that the tables could be set for dinner. All sorts of things are made, from inkstands to bookcases and tables. The shop is beautifully located at the edge of the lake, and is as well, if not better, equipped than many a manual training shop.

One of the most interesting of camp days is the general exhibition day. Early in the morning the girls and councilors begin to decorate, and place as artistically as possible the exhibits from the different departments. Each article is designated by a number, which corresponds to the owner's name, but is not revealed until the fateful decisions are over.

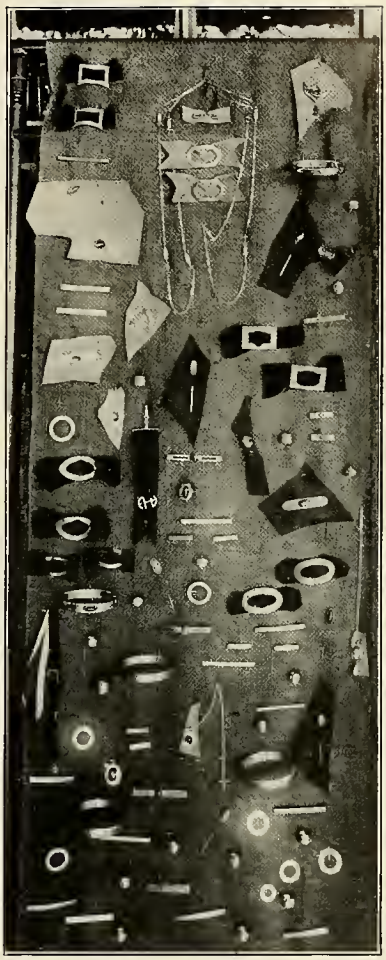
Three judges are usually chosen from people outside the camp, and if possible some one who has a knowledge of the technique of the work, so that the fairest possible decision is given.

All the time the judges are examining one article after another the girls are standing in groups with bated breath wondering who will get the coveted A for jewelry, leather, etc. It is all right whoever gets it, as that is the spirit of the camp.

I have never seen better work done outside of a craft school than one finds at Aloha. Mr. and Mrs. Gulick have spared no expense in equipping their camps with everything necessary for doing good work.

The girls appreciate this, and look forward with delight to the following season to meet their old friends and councilors, and to tell the many new ones of the pleasures that await them.

Aloha for aye! Aloha for aye!
Aloha, Aloha, Aloha, Banzai.



JEWELRY EXHIBIT

Nature Study

By Isabel Church

AT ALOHA CLUB nature has spread her gifts with a lavish hand; not only do things grow in profusion, but with a perfection of form rarely excelled. Under the tents and around them, along every woodsy path, are beautiful, graceful ferns, all kinds from the regal Osmundas to the clinging Polypody and lovely Maidenhair. Mingled with them are flowers and shrubs innumerable, which together with shining bunch-berries, and the deep blue Clintonia borealis, make truly wonderful pictures.

To awake in the morning with the sun burnishing the yellow birches, till they shine like satin pillars among the more somber beeches and spruce, to find a cheerful little warbler hunting his breakfast so close to your hand that you can almost touch him, and to feel the sweet freshness of a new-made day, is indeed a recreation.

And who can fail to respond to the many calls of nature? Surely not the girls of Aloha Club. Some have come to camp with a love for all living things, and a desire to know intimately the wonders about them; their spirit is contagious. Soon their tent-mates and friends take an interest, and instead of passing by with unseeing eyes, they stop to ask, What flower is this? What bird is that deep orange and black one? What stars do we see shining through the tree-tops when lights are out?

With an aroused interest, and persevering observation, it is not an arduous task to win the cross upon the chart which stands for work accomplished. To be sure, one may give a reluctant groan at being shaken out of pleasant dreams, and a warm bed, at five-thirty on a chilly morning, but when five or six of us have crept quietly away from camp, and have found, for the first time in our lives, a black-throated blue warbler or a yellow-breasted chat, and have perhaps ten to add to our list of known birds, as we return with ravenous appetites for breakfast, we have no feeling of envy for the fortunate sleepers. Four or five such walks and a record made of the birds right about our tents, have given us the desired twenty-five.

Although credit is given for a certain amount of work, knowing twenty trees, ten ferns, twenty-five flowers and twenty-five birds, twelve constellations and their stories, we by no means stop at that number. One need go only from the bungalow to the tennis court to find twelve ferns, and a little farther to get the number of trees. The girl who had the most flowers last year found over one hundred. As for the stars, how can they help seeming more friendly when you can call the brightest by name, and think of the tales connected with them through all the ages! And where can they be seen better than right out in the middle of the lake, where we have watched them slowly peeping out while we have been having a jolly sing!

So although the time seems full to overflowing with many activities, swimming, tennis, reading and tramping, nevertheless over half the girls of Aloha Club leave with some lessons learned from nature's store, which, let us hope, may bring them much pleasure in succeeding years.

Crackers and Milk

By "Crumpie"

Onct there wuz a great big camp, beside a great big bluff,
And crowds of little girls come there, with all queer sorts of stuff:
They wore green bloomers 'stead of skirts, white middies inside out,
And on their heads were small white caps, once new, without a doubt.

II.

These children gay would romp and play throughout the live-long day,
And all of them grew big and strong, their cheeks grew red, their limbs grew long,
For swimming, diving, running, tramping, 'neath that summer sun,
Most surely made those youngsters stronger when each day was done.

III.

Perhaps you think those rosy cheeks, bright smiles and voices gay,
All come to those small children 'cause they played outdoors all day;
Not so at all, you listen hard, and you'll be 'sprised to death—
(In fact what I'm to tell you may quite take away yer breath.)

IV.

Before each child went off to bed, a bugle sounded clear,
And sech a rush of hurried feet you never 'fore did hear.
They scampered toward the dining-room, as fast as they could run,
And there! oh, my! came shouts of joy, another chance for fun.

V.

Upon the kitchen table there were pails all foaming white,
And piles of krispy crackers, too, 'twas oh! a tempting sight;
Those youngsters ate and drank and drank, and laughed and talked and sung
Of how they'd be awaitin' there when each new day was done.

VI.

And when these tiny tots were tucked all quiet in their beds,
Then loving thoughts and lively dreams went dancing through their heads
Of jolly times, and merry sport, but always one same happy thought,
They all were growing big and strong, their cheeks were red, their limbs grew long,
Their little insides sang a song, 'cause friends and fun and loads of play,
And crackers and Milk crowned every day.

CAMP VIEW

PANORAMA FROM

(1)

Splendid mountain weather
With a fair western breeze,
Best of friends together,
Shade from off the trees,
So we'll all climb together,
For who says we're weak in the knees?
And we'll all climb together,
For who says we're weak in the knees?

(2)

Hillcrest may be more clever,
Wildmere may make more row,
But naught from our hearts shall sever
The ties that unite us now.

THE CAMP

So we'll all climb together,
For we're none of us weak in the knees;
And we'll all climb together,
For we're none of us weak in the knees.

(3)

Forty years hence such weather
Will draw us from hearth and home,
We'll break every bond and tether
And over the mountains roam.
And we'll all climb together,
Though we may be weak in the knees;
And we'll all climb together,
Though we may be weak in the knees.

MOTHER IS SNAPPING THE CAMERA

FOURTEEN YEARS LATER

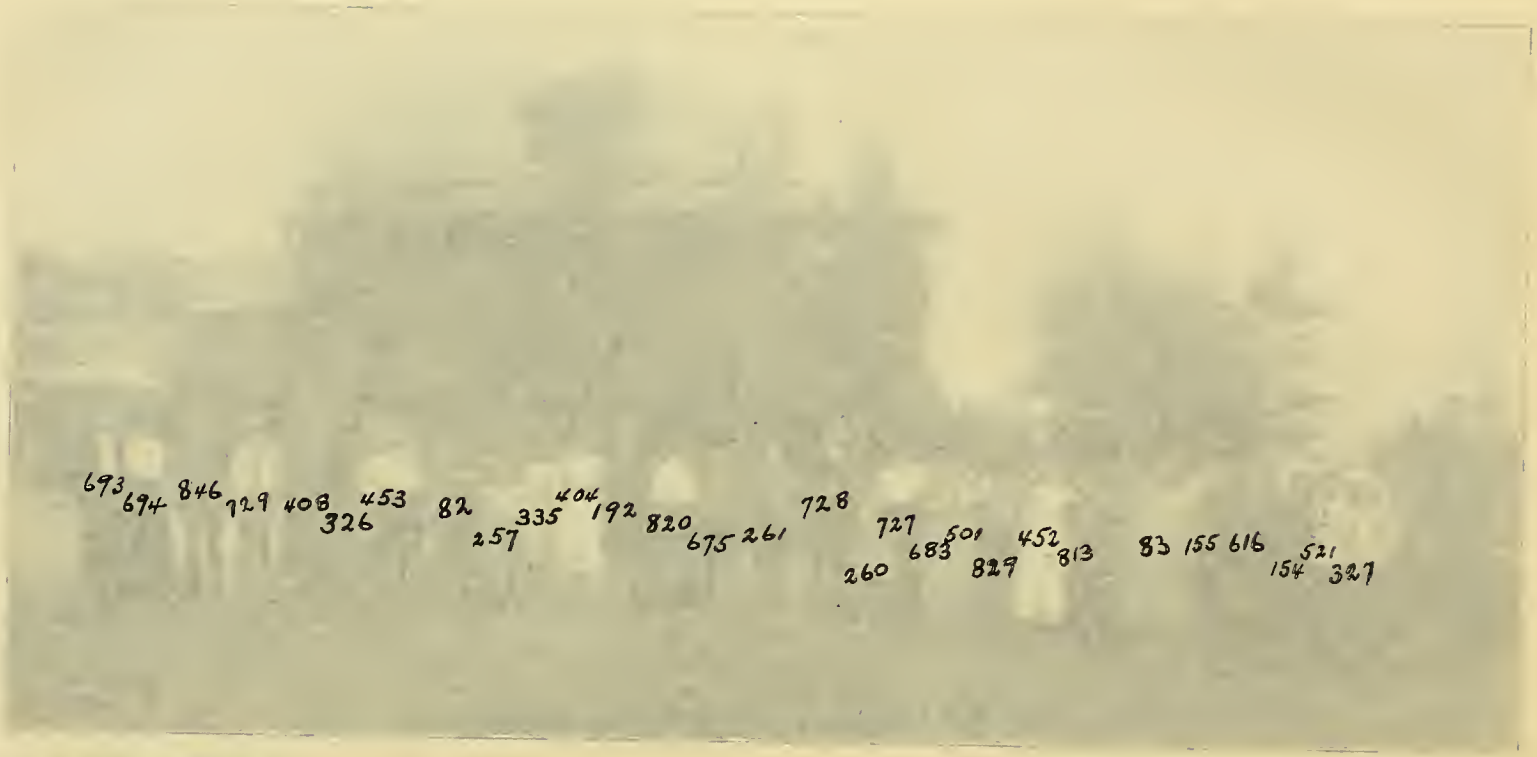
MRS. GULICK
ALOHA'S CAMP MOTHER

Ain't she neat, ha ha, sweet, ha ha, handsome and fair,
She is a daisy the girls all declare,
She's a high, rolling, rollicking swell,
Here comes Mrs. Gulick, say,—don't she look well?

For index to key, see page 189

THE FIRST SEASON OF CAMP, 1905

The "Little Aloha" of 1905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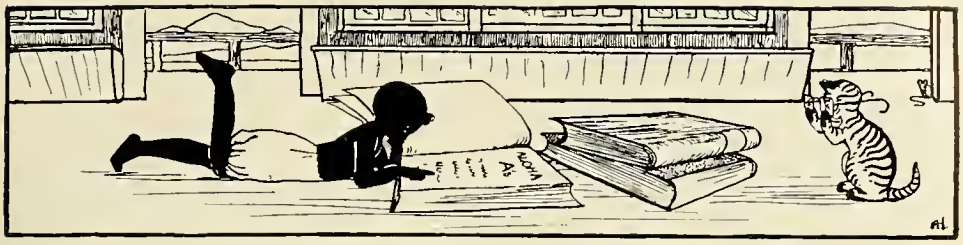

The "Little Aloha" of 1905

By Mary P. Cunningham

WE WHO belonged to that "Little Aloha" of 1905 feel very proud of her now that she has grown up and has reached her tenth birthday with all the promise of beautiful maidenhood fulfilled. Seeing Aloha so good and so true and beautiful now you may like to know what she was like at first.

First of all, there were her Father and Mother, without whom you know she never could have been Aloha. They chose certain fairy god-mothers to preside at her birth and send their influence into her life. Aloha herself was quite different from the big organization she is today, but most of the elements were there then. We followed the same routine that begins with calisthenics and ends with a go-to-bed romp at night, only we followed it more closely and there were fewer diversions. There were only twenty-three girls and six councilors and we did things together like one big family. There was one tent on the hillside and two on the lake, besides the main house.

We had prayers in the office, which was more than an office then, with a piano and rug and all of Mrs. Gulick's pretty Turkish things about. I have a distinct picture of little Roger—the youngest camper—balancing himself in an upside down position on a cushion in an attitude at least meant to be reverent, and of Miss Zerbe in a red dress at the piano, and Mrs. Gulick leading. The rest were all singing from that mine of undiscovered treasures, the "Academy Song Book." We had four original songs and a cheer at the end of the summer.

Handicrafts were not as professional as now but none the less engrossing. We had fencing, too, and horse-back riding and lake rides in the little steamer with Capt. Lucas, with all the young ones inside and the big girls in the bow. There was one canoe—the tan one—and swimming, of course. No one thought of swimming the lake, but every one learned to swim and some to dive and Mr. and Mrs. Gulick always went in, too. In fact, Mr. and Mrs. Gulick did everything then,—they walked and they rode and they swam and they dived and went on picnics and the two mountain trips—because, you see, at first they were the only ones who knew how. But Aloha was little then.

Then we had Mamie, the real and original fairy god-mother of the dining-room. There cannot be a camp girl who doesn't know Mamie and all that she means, but I want you to know that she came on Aloha's first birthday. We ate in the living-room, with a big dining-table before the fireplace for the councilors and narrow tables down the sides for the girls. There were real table doilies and napkins—and food—well, the kind Mamie makes!

THE CUNNINGHAM TWINS
1905-6-12-13

Our costumes were fairly variegated in form, color and texture. Some were brown and some blue and some green. The god-mothers Health and Beauty did their best and definitely reached the stage of bloomers, but Aloha dresses better now, which is, after all, as it should be.

Those important camp appendages known then as the "little Gulicks" must not be left out. Carol and Harriet were two tiny rosebuds, and Helen, already a "Mother's little helper," a "flapper" in long yellow braids. Leeds was still a little fellow and they were all just a nice family of children who grew and flourished as did the other campers in health of body and wealth of spirits and happiness of heart, for these were the gifts the god-mothers brought to the birth of the little Aloha.

For a long time Aloha's whole charm and distinction lay in her parents. There were other things, too, the lake, the hills, helpers and all the things I have told of, but all these were chosen and planned and made possible by Mr. and Mrs. Gulick—the camp was Mr. and Mrs. Gulick. And all this is still the same. During these ten years Aloha has developed and now, though she depends on her girls and her guardian and her hills and lakes and most of all on her Camp Father and Camp Mother, she has become herself a real and living organism that can stand alone. The "little Aloha" has grown up.

Memories of 1905

By Mrs. Elmer Berry

TRAMPERS OF 1905

ON THE green sloping foot of a great Vermont hill, right beside beautiful little Lake Morey, was the Gulick summer home. This, with a few extensions and a half dozen tents, was made in the summer of 1905, the first "Camp Aloha."

I am told now of the wonderful growth of the Gulick girls' camp, of commodious buildings, a fleet of boats and canoes, barns and saddle horses, so much enjoyed by the many, many girls of recent years. But it is not possible that they have any better times, nor carry home more added pounds and tan per girl than we did with our "twenty-three girls, including Roger."

While morning calisthenics, led by Mr. Berry, were not insisted upon, most of the girls reached the tennis court in their bathing suits in time at least to warm

up for the plunge off the pier into clear, cool Lake Morey. Then didn't we have appetites for Mamie's hot biscuits and honey! Then the hustling by girls and councilors to put tents and camp in order before the bugle sounded for morning prayers. We from the tents by the lakeside weren't always last, either, though Dorothy McCoul *would* stop to lecture that blarsted pup for getting into her bed! With Miss Zerbe at the piano, several girls with violins and Mrs. Gulick leading, how everybody sang! The "Pilgrim's Chorus" was our greatest achievement and delight. Mr. Gulick always chose the most beautiful chapters to read —we didn't know before that there was so much nature appreciation in the Bible.

THE BUCHANAN SISTERS

Then came the rush for that fine big upper verandah, where we could watch Lake Morey sparkling in the sunshine with the green hills beyond, at the same time fashioning, under Miss Wahlberg's eye, wonderful reed or raphia baskets, or corners for a desk pad in Swedish leather. We had some real treasures to carry home, even though Miss Wahlberg thought we chattered too much to do really artistic work! Sometimes when we were in a most exciting place in "Lorna Doone" or "The Cloister and the Hearth," Mr. Gulick cocked a sympathetic ear when we begged for a few extra chapters at "Arts and Crafts" period, though the reading was usually reserved for the period following rest hour.

If we swam before dinner, or in the late afternoon, I don't remember, but it was a hilarious half hour. Maud Jaretzkie won the camp emblem for swimming. No one swam across the lake—not by half—but Elsie Orne gave us excitement enough when she tried! For an all-round camper Bertha Esterbrook won the first A. And Delpha Coolidge received one for doing the longest tramp, sixteen miles, in good condition.

The reading of the camp log, written by all in turn, came Saturday night. Usually it was after a good hike, while we picnicked and rested by our camp fire in some beautiful spot. Small tragedies were not so tragic and funny things were funnier still after the reading of that log.

Sundays stand out clearly, in a glance back at that delightful summer. Sometimes we walked to services at the village church but oftener we had long, quiet walks to Glen Falls or some other place of interest and beauty, with Mr. Gulick as guide and interpreter of God in Nature. Back to one of Mamie's famous chicken dinners and a long rest hour under the big butternut where we watched the blue sky and fluffy white clouds far up past the leaves, and listened to wonderful little talks and prayers by Mr. Gulick. We learned to love such poems as Van Dyke's "God of the Open Air." After he had read that twice we couldn't rest till we learned it by heart.

With great enthusiasm we did hikes and tramps and climbs in training for the harder trips such as Cube and Moosilauke. Who had the most fun—those who climbed Mooselauke or the bunch who devoured Mamie's consolation of extra good "eats," decorated the office and big dining-room with ferns, golden rod and hydrangias, made a roaring log fire in the fireplace and composed songs and cheers—even the present "Aloha for Aye"—to welcome home the happy party? Both groups vowed "*We* had the most fun!" And so we did!

THE ALOHA FAMILY OF 1906

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A Rhyme of 1906

By Elizabeth Chesebrough, Alice Day, Ruth Wallace

1

'Tis of 1906 we're singing,
Of the stunts we used to do;
Still at camp our songs are ringing,
Ne'er will cease the ages through.

2

Forty-nine the season found us,
Gathered on Lake Morey's shore,
With ten councilors around us,
As we made the echoes roar.

3

Though our many wild adventures,
May sound tame related here,
Passed by later daring ventures,—
Our's the rôle of pioneer.

4

Hearty was the Gulick's greeting,—
"Uncle Ed," so slim and tall,
Leeds a stripling at our meeting,
Harriet, the babe of all.

5

Into walks we all went swinging,
With the hope of climbing soon,
Swimming in the lake and singing,
Even paddling by the moon.

6

Mamie, at a moment's warning,
With her ever willing hand,
Starts us early in the morning
With a luncheon truly grand.

7

Cube and Bald Top soon we're scaling
With the lunch packs on our backs,
Hubert with a mirror trailing,
Many jokes our "Bunny" cracks.

8

First were we on Mooselauke,
To its summit bravely dashed,
'Gan the Cairn with boulders bulky,
Signal fires with camp we flashed.

9

Meeting us,—deep dusk descending,—
White-garbed maidens greet our throng,
Paper lanterns softly blending
In a stream of light and song.

10

Nine there were who started coaching,
Horses four, with Patch to drive,
Handy Andy and Miss Ramage
Deftly kept us all alive.

11

Underneath, a tent we carry,
And the stove clanks on behind,
Stern New England souls we harry
When our bloomered hand they find.

12

Warren Summit first we tackle,
Hotel guests throng round to see, see,
Libby with the aged cackle,
Happy shouts aloud in glee.

13

With a supper date before us
At a rugged lumber camp
(Oh, the flies that buzzed in chorus!)
To Lost River next we tramp.

14

Sleepy, Aunty, bent on damage,
In its depths to sink feels free.
("If Miss Batty should get ramage,
We can tie her to a tree!")

VIRGINIA AND JOHNNIE

15

Baked beans at the mess-hall nourish (?)
Tripe, which Bunny ate with zest,
For she told us with a flourish,
Fish from mountain streams was best!

16

Near to Lafayette we nested
'Neath the stars a night we spent,
Ne'er before our bones had *rested*
On the ground, without a tent.

17

From North Woodstock home we hustled,
And arrived in spirits gay;
Into camp quite late we bustled,
Turning night-time into day.

18

Many mingled recollections
Haunt our mem'ries of those days,—
Living deep in our affections
Fill our hearts with songs of praise.

19

Milk in glasses? Surely never!
(When our Bunny's there to see)
So from cups we meekly ever
Gulp our portion cheerfully.

20

Captain Lucas' launch with trailers
Twice a week took all to ride;
Through the night we lusty sailors
Echoes waked from mountainside.

21

Then the show we gave was famous,
And the concert truly grand,
E'en the "bluff" climb could not tame us,
And our smile was ever bland.

22

Up Mount Washington a party
Made its way by might and main
(Reached the summit hale and hearty,
Though the trip was made by train!)

MISS E. BURCHENAL

23

"Ever Weary" led the trio
Of distinguished horseflesh tribe;
On its back progressed *con brio*
She to whom we this inscribe.

24

All-night camping trips unnumbered
We enjoyed to points nearby,
With our packs most sore encumbered
O'er the heights our hosts would hie.

25

Hubert's flapjacks, long remembered
By our dusty caravan
Corn and "hot-dogs" soon dismembered
And much mischief new we plan.

26

From Aloha none would wander,
When the last week came around,
Not a moment would we squander,
Distant from the hallowed ground.

27

Given by our Summer Mother
Round a bonfire 'cross the lake
While we cheer for one another,
"A's" our hearts triumphant make.

29

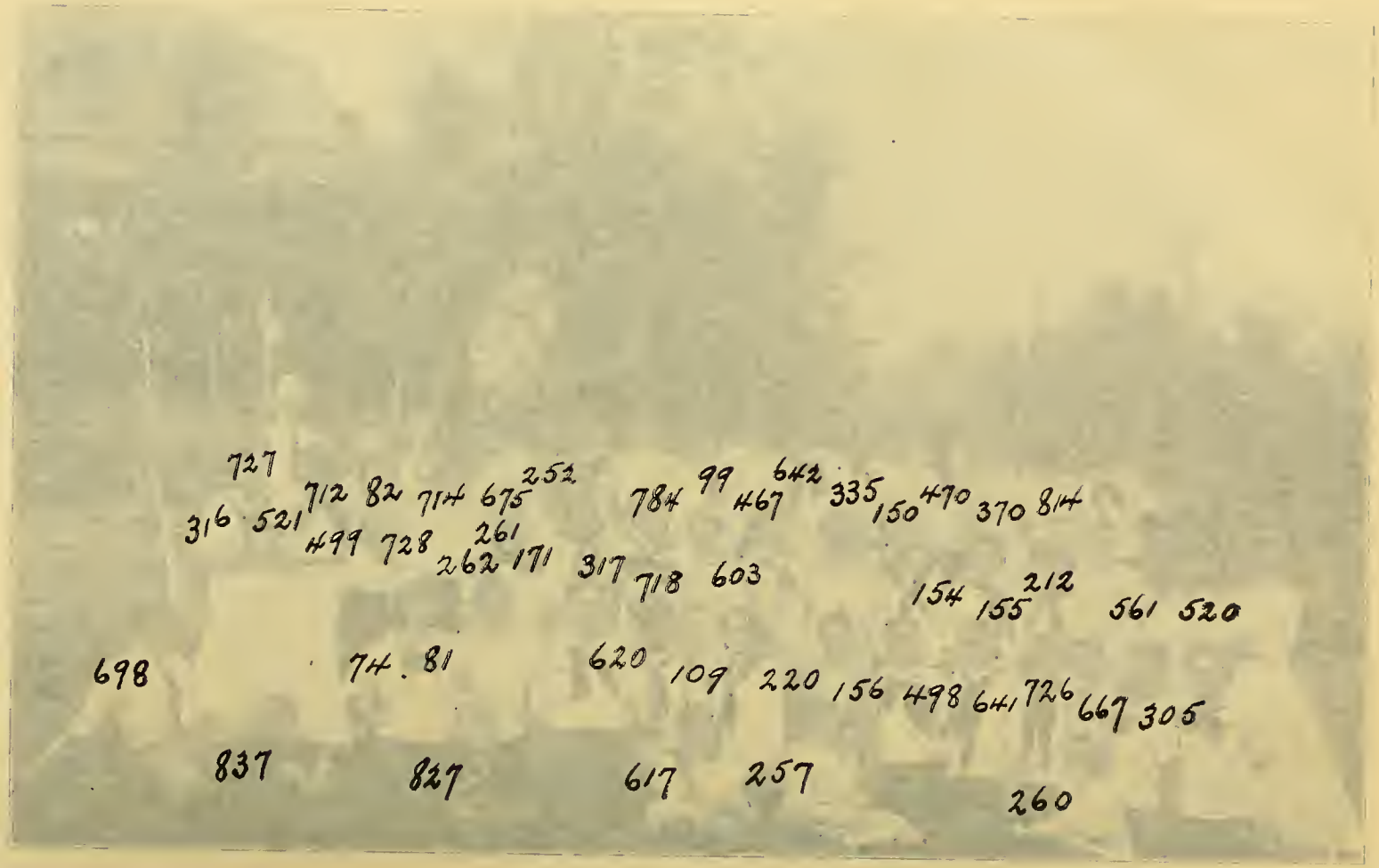
Dear "Camp Mother" ever after,
All the summer's joy and grace,
Frolic fun, contagious laughter,
To thy radiant heart we trace.

ALOHA CAMP IN 1907

The Summer of 1907

By [illegible]

W[illegible]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The Summer of 1907

By M. Arabella Coale

WITH the help of Mr. Gulick, innumerable fond parents and the porters of the New York, New Haven and Hartford, Central Vermont and Boston and Maine Railroads, on June 27th, 1907, we arrived. The excavation hopefully begun by the whisk-brooms of said porters and persisted in for a day or two at the brook and lake, left us with shining faces to embrace the new girls and our trunks. The trunks and contents had once been new, too; but in the course of separation from us had, since we last saw them, become very, very old.

The first week was devoted to answering the new girls' questions. We told what the C. A. on our sweaters stood for, and explained that if you stayed through reading hour till three-thirty, and were scheduled to ride at three-forty-five, you couldn't conveniently walk to the village and back in between. (You must remember this was long ago.)

After that, none could ever suspect that Aloha had once been new. We were a camp with a past. We old contingent guided the newcomers to the village with a royal step and impressed them with tales of "the good old days." We spurned the lodge as a residence—the while we deplored the crowding of the hillside *with three tents*—and to display our familiarity with the water, posed for the camera man en masse in the canoes, an expression of fine unconcern on every face. From Europe came longing letters from Ray Keator, one of them ending with a Suwanee River couplet; "Give me a whip and Ever-Weary, Let me make camp my home."

We longed for new achievements, too. It was that summer that "Ever-Weary" and the three other horses were ridden to Thetford and back—and all on the same day!

THE DICKINSON TWINS
1907, 8, 9, 10

It was fashionable to deprecate our number. Thirty-five was a good camp—but fifty—! Secretly, though, we compared our fattened group with the attenuated tennis court picture of the year before and were vain of the increase. The night of Lake Morey Day, we selected the swampiest portion of the Winship's pasture, formed a human A of splendid size, illuminated it with lanterns and sang "Up above Lake Morey's Waters" and "Star-Spangled Banner." Each girl waved her lantern stick into her neighbor's eye and rejoiced in the goodly number on exhibition. It was jolting to be asked by the Lake people next day why we hadn't celebrated.

About mid-summer, a blueberry party fired our imaginations. Armed to the teeth with pails and tin-cups, we set forth at early morning. In the evening, the expectant Mamie went out to

meet the cavalcade of horsemen and hayricks. Alas! Empty-handed she returned. Berries? Yes; but still in the fields, where the pickers had suffered them to rest in peace, while themselves slumbered. But there had been an adventure that lives in our memory. A shocked but spirited cow, on crossing our path, had hurdled a fence into the nearest field. The farmer and Bunny Crawford and Mr. Brown had endeavored to reason with the cow, and for fifteen minutes they four played what looked like a mingling of cats cradle and pussy wants a corner over the hilly field. In the end we moved off, leaving the farmer to his epithets (which generously included us and the cow) on the summit of the slope, *invictus*.

Mr. Brown was the famous teacher of the Irish Lilt. His other duties were making jokes; timing canoe tests; occasionally leading the horse-back column, and answering questions. In short, he was the forerunner of the Monastery. He had two devoted and mutually jealous admirers in Halsey Gulick, aged six, and Raymonde Vigoureaux, a bit of Parisian bric-a-brac aged seven. We all spoiled Raymonde to distraction, but "Meestair Br-r-own" was heeled from morning to night. Only at the water's edge did her devotion stop. And there Halsey won out: for he could follow into deep water, while Raymonde, true kitten that she was, declined to wet her lovely "hairs." Raymonde cherished her fine appearance. Once in a romp she was bowled over and her soft skin marred by a semblance of a scratch. She blazed up to Mrs. Gulick in a righteous quiver: "Mees Goolick, eet ees not that I come to Camp Aloha to be br-r-oke in peezes, that ees all!"

HALA

One afternoon Raymonde and Harriet were ruled too little for a Bald Top trip. They flew with tears into Mamie's lap. Someone passing the kitchen door heard a soothing voice: "You don't want to go, darlins. You goin' to have you supper on the lawn. And you know what you goin' to have"—mysteriously—"bananas *an' milk!*" And the tears dried.

The joy of 1907 was camping parties. Not that they were startling in essentials. We always had one aesthetic soul to rise at midnight in search of the sunrise and such dialogue as the following about the breakfast fire was not deemed ill-natured:

"I dreamed last night that I was lying on——"
"Don't believe it. You have to be asleep to dream."

But our distinction was twofold. In the first place the whole game was to keep the camping spot a secret; and our capacity for toil in that direction deserves to be chronicled. It was nothing to lug blankets elaborately to the top of Winship's, only to circle down the hill to a canoe dragged up the bank a few rods below our pier, whence the blankets were shot across the lake, while we dodged and crawled around by the road to the spot chosen with vast secrecy far removed from Winship's. Nor was any manoeuver too troublesome to scout through the camp lines and back, for extra loaves. In the second place, we would have scorned to return within forty-eight hours. Like the Lotus Eaters we lay

down under the trees and planned to pass our lives under their enchantment. But bye and bye Mrs. Gulick was sure to appear to remind us that we had been there three days and to lure us back with thoughts of camp and kindred.

On the rare rainy days we popped corn around the living-room fire or held a circus in the dining-room. Who will ever forget Miss Griswold as Mr. Frog? And the dining-room tables, to whatever use they've since been perverted, were unquestionably designed for toboggan slides. For other amusements we had musicals, with (hand)-printed programs, and bugle readings in the ravine. At the bugle readings the camp sat waiting about the fire while down at the house Miss Curtis and Miss Coale were furiously composing the bugle.

The ravine of those days was the pasture back of the first row of tents on the north hillside. To reach it we crawled over the barb-wire fence. There, before the invasion of the new tents, our fires blazed, and Tent Thirty-seven now sits serenely on the grave of many a cremated marshmallow. The lower part of the ravine, where the Lanai now stands, was one night transformed into a fragrant and twinkling bower and a dress-up party—with ice cream—was given there by Ruth Wallace in honor of the return of Libbie Chesborough.

In those days we had never heard the word banquet. But at the close of the season, we had a final bugle reading in the living-room, at which the honors were awarded. About half the camp were decorated with A's, among them Mamie, for "good cooking and camp spirit." Marjorie Wilson, the winner in Nature Study, had identified seventy-five flowers in one morning, a feat which doubtless holds the record to this day.

After camp closed we had some glorious times. Many girls stayed over and Mr. Janeway from Hanover and the Cunningham twins visited us for a few days. We had cold swims, a trip to Bald Top, and talks around the fire. We were joined often by our friends up the lake, the Tookers and Leonards. The last night before the departure of many of us, these friends gave us a charming party. We wore city clothes, and in at least one tent, left our trunk trays spread about ready to receive the finery again before the trunks should be locked. A proper Alohaite would have lowered her tent flaps and made them tight. Alas! We were not proper. In the midst of the party a storm came up, and when we returned it was to a rain-swept tent and thoroughly sprayed clothing.

Which all goes to show that 1907, though in the Dark Ages, was after all not so different. In fact, if you were back in 1907, you up-to-date Alohaite, you'd feel quite at home. For you would find there all the treasured things you talk the least about, but that spell Aloha the best: the hard-earned views of gleaming hills and meadows; the glamor of a canoe at twilight; the sings by the moon and the fire; the quick, breathless days and the lounging, lingering ones; the flutter of new thoughts and new desires; the friends, who were being made and tested every hour of the day. True we had no quiet hour, to speak of, (though Mrs. Gulick did speak of it) and no Honor Girls—in name—and no tents on the south hillside, and only three on the north, and no patent ice-box, and no jewelry and no chute-the-chutes and no Halle, and no—heaps of things. But we had Mrs. Gulick and Mr. Gulick—and if you want to know whom else, just look in the dining-room for the paneled list of *the best summer.*

NOTE—E. W., so branded on his back, was the natural predecessor of Blanco.

1907

By Nan Von Harten

Jolly mountain weather
With a fair western breeze,
Best of friends together,
Shade from off the trees.

NAN

THOSE were the days when Mrs. Gulick's family of step-children was comparatively small—some forty odd. Rufus and Clare Dickinson, "Benjamin" Patton, Elizabeth Wessen and Marjorie Wilson, chaperoned by Miss Ramage, dwelt in rustic peace, in their tents by the water's edge, little dreaming that a modern palace with a hard-wood floor, would one day grace the spot. But no gayer tumult ever rang through the countryside than that which resounded from the floor of our dear old dining-room, as we rendered that spirited "Russian Dance," taught us by Miss Betty Burchenal. We danced a great deal that summer, because we had Louise Gulick, too,—and Mr. Brown used to make us do the "Irish Lilt," at a most unearthly hour every morning.

In addition to supervising the athletics generally, Mr. Brown organized a French coterie, which had its meetings at meal times, at the end table. Our vocabulary, however, seemed to consist of one word only, "haricots-verts," and this epithet was applied impartially to all vegetables. And it was in the dining-room, too, after the heavy work of the day was over, such as Miss Curtis's class in wood-carving, that we cleared away the tables and benches and had "parties." Fancy dress parties were our especial delight. I wonder if dignified Leeds remembers the time he appeared as a colored nurse, accompanying two little infants in long clothes, who happened to be "Bunny" Crawford and Ruth Wallace! Then there was a presentation of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." Here we had a glimpse of Mary Worthen's incipient genius (in the light of subsequent events, i. e., Senior Dramatics at Smith), when she did "Chris Hazy" in a wheelbarrow. And we shall never quite forget the dainty picture Mildred Tilden made when she played the part of "Lucy," with Alice Carlson as "Mr. Bob." (Alice Carlson was awarded the A for camp spirit. It is too bad to lose track of a girl like that! Alice, where art thou?)

One of the most notable events of the summer was Dr. Silver's housewarming, to which the camp went "en masse." Most of us felt as if it were Sunday because we had to wear dresses. On that occasion our camp orchestra under Miss Coale's leadership, covered itself with glory. Helen Buchannan "blew her horn" at a great rate, while Jessie, and Ruth Cunningham played violins. Sometimes the orchestra would entertain us all with a "recital," and on these occasions we

always looked to Frances Chapin for artistic programs. It was Frances, too, who wrote so many clever little articles for the *Bugle*.

But what we all loved most about camp life was that we all lived for a while a little closer to nature than one generally gets, in this age of "progress." We roamed the country with Miss Ramage, learning where the "Quaker ladies" and the wild Clematis grew. During quiet hour Mr. Gulick's reading of the Black Arrow was all the more delightful because it was given with the shade from the butternut trees, *"sub tegmine fagi."* Then those never-to-be-forgotten horse-back rides—punctuated with a college ice—and the water sports, at which Helen Gulick out-stripped us all. Once, a little party, Helen Chapin, Cornelia Mossman, the two Mildreds and one or two others spent two nights camping in a pine wood beyond Mr. Winship's farm.

And the mountain trips! This was the year that the Mt. Washington trip was made for the first time. Mr. Gulick and Miss Curtis were with us,—and Mr. Lowe, whom we discovered to be a good cook, as well as a good guide. Five days were spent exploring the mysteries of the Presidential Range—five days in the perfect mountain air, with new beauties on every side, with peaks and valleys stretching away in the sunshine to meet the sky. The more I think of it, the more I feel perfectly sure that

"Forty years hence such weather
Will draw us from hearth and home;
We'll break every bond and tether,
And over the mountains roam!"

ALOHA CAMP FAMILY, 1908

720 797

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59 173 240 309 212

753 666 266 620 697 160 101 710 31 604 714 339 194

662 580 661 631 479 42 257 156 711 660 488 523 567 260 98

843 842 305 155 154 60 121 441 252 306 94

840

History of 1908

By Helen V. Tooker

YOU luxurious Alohaites of recent years, who are transported from Boston or New York to Fairlee in special cars, you who know the modern eager, rushing, oscilating crowd frantically seeking a greenly beribboned councilor, that congregates in the stations the morning that Aloha opens, would not have recognized as campers, the shy couples that slipped through the Grand Central gates to the White Mountain Express that June morning in the summer of 1908. Only six Alohaites took the express that year and the journey was stupid, quiet and uneventful; there were no enthusiastic old girls hurrying around, telling joy tales of camp experiences to wide-eyed new girls. Many things have changed, but not all, and a kind fate, acting on the theory "that all things come to him who waits," has left us one old landmark,—White River Junction.

But once Aloha was reached, the six New York delegates mingled with the rest of the newly arrived crowd, and camp began, with the usual swift discarding of the bothersome which for two long months would reappear only on Sundays, and after supper when the new girls remembered that the family at home would just be getting up from dinner, and their eyes were beginning to blur, everybody gathered in the sitting-room, and sitting close together in wonderfully chummy positions on the benches and the floor, sang and sang and sang camp songs until every one was enthusiastically chatting with her neighbor and new and old girls were firmly convinced that there was a fine time ahead of them that summer.

And there *was*. Camp was going 'way back in 1908, and camp was small, but camp was a splendid, jolly place to be in. We swam and paddled, and danced and rode, and wood-carved, and wove baskets, and made friends all through a long, delightful summer.

There were, of course, camping parties with salmon stew at night, and flapjacks in the morning, and there was the usual ensuing crop of songs. Camping parties in those pioneer days were exciting affairs. One wild night on the hills behind camp after being chased from a comfortable spot by the vociferations of an irate farmer, we trailed across barb-wire fences into another field, and built another fire, hoping for a peaceful sleep, but in vain, for at midnight there was a rumble of flying hoofs, and a panic-stricken group huddled out of the way of a ghostly white creature that thundered by with heroic old Laddie "chasing after," as the song says. We discovered the next day that the frightful monster was only poor old Blanco, but anyway we had fine material for a song, and after composing it, we tramped gaily and proudly homeward to spend the rest of the summer harassing Miss Coale with all too frequent demands, "oh, let's sing, 'We are on a camping party.'"

ELEANOR

Yes, we were true pioneers that year, for we discovered Pike, although it might be more correct to say that Pike discovered

us, for our visit there was made at the invitation of Mr. Pike. Half the camp went on that trip. We stopped at the Pikes' home for luncheon and enjoyed ourselves tremendously running through the gardens, and the stables and the town. Later we went out to the lake and spent three delightful rainy days let loose in a half-wild country. We made the little camp on the shore of the lake our headquarters, and there we cooked our meals, and, when it rained, sat round the fire reading aloud: and when it was clear we tramped around the country, and swam and picked blueberries in the overgrown fields.

When we reached camp again the half of camp that had stayed behind told us in song that

"Although you've been enjoying Pike,
We hope that you will always like
To come back, back to us once more."

In plain prose they told us that they wished we had stayed longer, for they had been having a very cozy time with only thirty at home.

But even with sixty campers we had many cozy parties on the hill. There were only five tents there that year, two double, two larger ones, and "Hades on the River Styx," hidden among the trees. So there was plenty of extra room. And we used to build a big fire in one of the hollows, and then sit around it, and roast marshmallows and listen to the "Bugle." This "Bugle" was not musical like the one which roused us in the mornings. It was literary, oh, very literary. It came out orally every two weeks, and contained a sort of Aloha current events and numerous witty skits and local illusions.

But the "Bugle" has served its day and is gone, and new things, clubs and Halles, and automobiles have come in, for camp changes quickly. However, you moderns must allow us ancients to pretend once in a while that we are our own grandmothers, and to talk about the things that were "in *our* time," for as soon as we have talked a little about "camp as it was" we will join hands with you, and enthusiastically play any game you suggest, and I think you will soon hear us singing:

"Well, camp is just the same after all, the spirit is here."

689 293 62 728 727 161 784

306 801 121

726 724 655 317 230 541 16 428 53 429 430 537 467 578 303 105 104 328 797 714 753

235 533 441 2 632 548 83 81 315

728 193 57 351 491 338 71 156 257 567 415 627 343 119 350 642 82 498 309

470 650 271 260 422

ALOHA CAMP GROUP, 1909

Memories of 1909

By Marie Graff

WELL, Helen Gulick, it certainly seems good to see you again. I do so want to talk over old camp days."

"My dear, you haven't been back since 1909, have you? Why, that was before the Club was started. And I had never even heard of Don then! It must have been the summer of the 'Five Plagues.' "

"Yes, it was. The first week you, Harriet, Carol, Eleanor Fowle, Louisa Clark and Leeds were quarantined because a friend of Leed's came down with mumps after he left Fairlee."

"So we were! Aunt Nellie was with us, too. We had the nicest time."

"Yes, and kept Mary Arabella Coale from her old tent—it was the only one with a porch then—they called it 'Hades on the River Styx.' But the hospital has that site now, I hear."

"Let's see, what were the five 'plagues'? The mumps was the first."

"Sylvia was the next. You remember colored Sylvia, who selected our Sunday best clothes from the laundry and stored them away in her trunk, don't you?"

"I had almost forgotten her. Mother had to send her off right away, didn't she? Oh, do you remember our song, 'K-e-r-o-s-e-n-e?' "

"Spells Kerosene—indeed I do."

"I shall never forget that funny procession down to the pier that morning. We looked like a band of Turks."

"The 'Whoopers' must have been the fourth plague, Helen. You, Elsie Page, Dorothy Thayer, Mary Lodge and Leeds used to have so many good times that we quite envied your whoops—especially when you made delicious fudge, just out of our reach."

"The tent next to ours had to be moved, I remember. It was set up in the pasture and the cows ate all their soap!"

"Oh, Helen! Do you remember the night that Kathleen Page, dressed as a man, as she had been in the councilors' play, scared the 'cow-pasture tent,' so that one of the girls simply flew over the stile?"

"And do you remember the night the 'Whoopers' ' tent burned? That was the fifth plague, I guess."

CHARLOTTE

"Goodness! With all those plagues, it sounds as if 1909 must have been an unpleasant summer. But it was really wonderful—so much camp spirit. Do you remember, we gave 'Rufus' the 'A' for 'camp spirit' at the end of the first half, because she was leaving then? She deserved it, too—nice old Rufus."

"Who won the 'A' for camp spirit in August, Charlotte Werner?"

"Oh, were you on the camping party when Hubert awakened us all by snoring? We presented him with a big card-board 'A' for best snorer."

"And do you remember Hubert and was it Rufus, as Gold Dust Twins at the masquerade?"

"And 'Ben' Patton's red bathing suit?"

"And how we called Anita Pocahontas, because she looked so much like an Indian—slim and straight? She was not slim by September though—was it twenty-eight pounds she gained?"

"My, doesn't it seem long ago!"

"I suppose camp is the same old place, the same and different. Do you take the same wonderful mountain trips; still come back through Lost River? You still gather on the lake, at sunset, and sing? You take canoe trips down the Connecticut; have riding, swimming, tennis, 'rest hour,' camping parties and all the things that make camp such a healthy, happy place and supply material for years of happy reminiscences? Our Chinese maiden, Ping Hsia Hu, summed it all up at the banquet that year, as a 'Home of Joy.' It *was* that in 1909, in spite of the Plagues."

A SAMPLE LINE

ALOHA CAMP—1910

Aleha Camp, 1910

By Helen F. Gulick

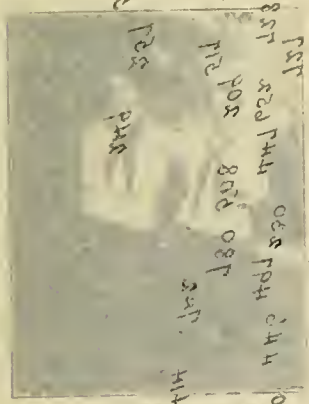
W[illegible] those [illegible] suggest? Oh, that was the summer we had our [illegible] nutrition party. The new girls rode the wooden horses and practiced swimming on the dining-room floor and our bashful young Ober in councilor described his "ideal girl." Then there was the annual Fourth of July picnic on Bald Top—and soon after, the Cube trip. And don't you remember the play we gave that beautiful moonlight night up [illegible] pasture overlooking the lake? The New [illegible] was called, and Nell[illegible] Kathleen and Elsie Page, "Sammy" [illegible] Tessie, Loky, Mary [illegible] up the cast. How Kate Page [illegible] the [illegible] on the [illegible] about that night in her man's [illegible]!

Oh, the M[illegible] Kneeland wrote the famous [illegible]

[illegible] Heigh, O!
Here [illegible] the place for me!
Have [illegible]
[illegible]

[illegible] party during [illegible] by clinging [illegible] home [illegible]

And that was the [illegible] August [illegible] day party and [illegible] down at the Casino. The whole camp was there, including [illegible] who brought the ice cream and birthday cake with them.

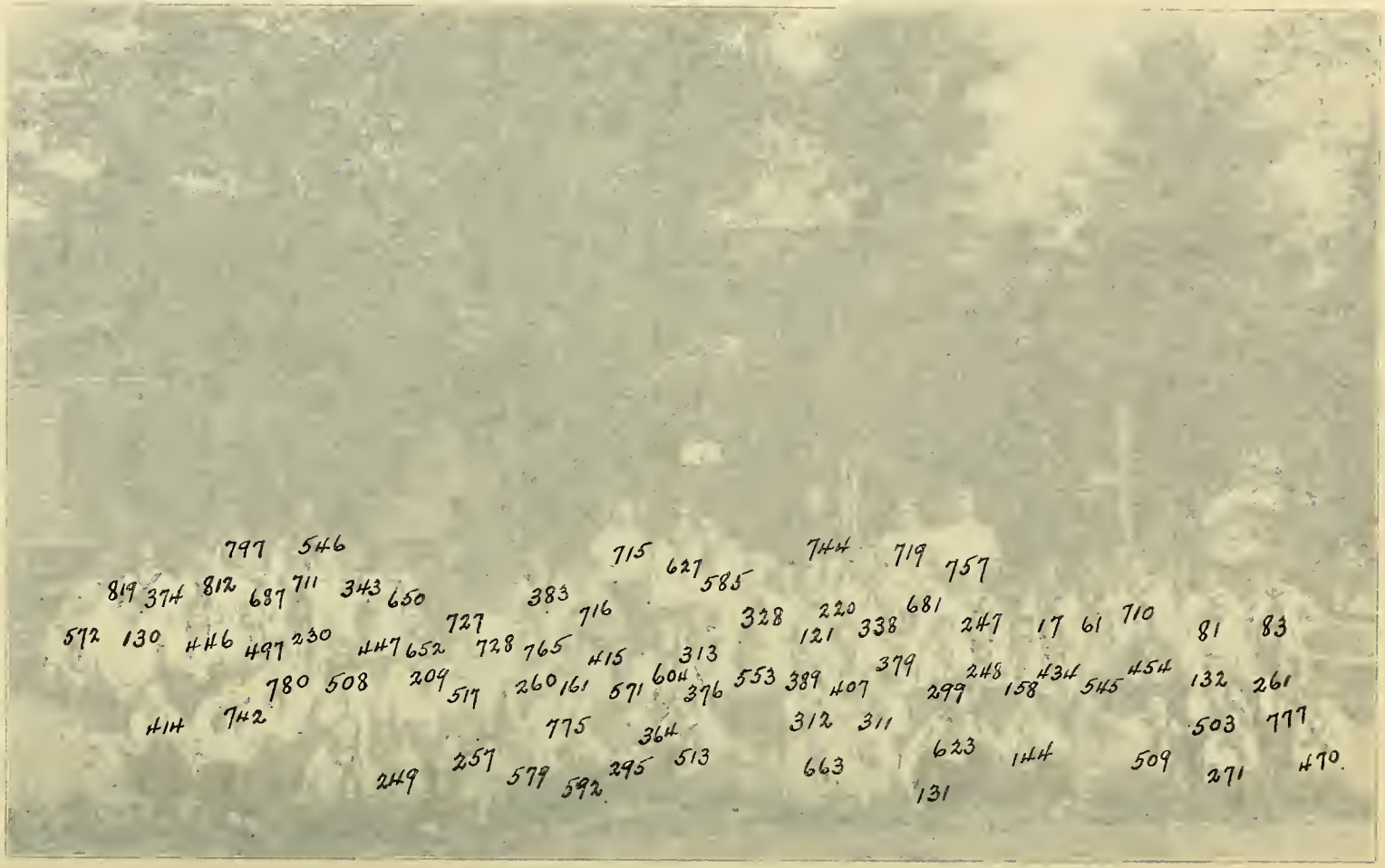


STALL[illegible] 1909. [illegible]

I hope you've not forgotten dear old "Laddie" even though your most vivid recollection of him may be when he encountered a small white-jack animal. Wasn't that the time we had the debate? Resolved, [illegible] to say with her southern [illegible] [illegible]?"

Surely you haven't [illegible] Mor[illegible] "Da[illegible] [illegible] else. [illegible] and [illegible] of Cobalt with[illegible] [illegible] Young, and all their wild [illegible]?

Remember the [illegible] moom! The part I remember best is [illegible] up Thetford [illegible] green paper banners and singing, "On[illegible] and up we tramp to-day." [illegible] of that strenuous climb, we beat them in basketball.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780 508 209 517 260 161 571 604 376 553 389 407 379 299 248 158 434 545 454 132 261
414 742
775 364 312 311 503 777
257 579 592 295 513 663 623 144 509 271 470
249
131

ALOHA CAMP

Aloha Camp, 1910

By Helen F. Gulick

WHAT do those words suggest? Oh, that was the summer we had our first initiation party. The new girls rode the wooden horses and practiced swimming on the dining-room floor and our bashful young Oberlin councilor described his "ideal girl." Then there was the annual Fourth of July picnic on Bald Top—and, soon after, the Cube trip. And don't you remember the play we gave that beautiful moonlight night up in the pasture overlooking the lake? "The New System," it was called, and Nellie Oiesen, Kathleen and Elsie Page, "Sammie" Shumway, Tookie, Poky, Mary Hiss and I made up the cast. How Kate Page frightened the girls on the hillside when she roamed about that night in her man's costume!

Oh, the Moosilauke trip! That was the time Nat Kneeland wrote the famous song:

"Heigh O! Heigh O!
Here's the place for me!
Had we a hundred miles to go
We'd still climb up, we love it so," etc.

And don't you remember, "Out in the hallway there was a box so firm and strong," in which Hubert and Don put Miss Kathan and me—and then the maids came out and asked, "Where are your councilors to-night?"

It was on the canoe trip of that year that the Page sisters entertained the party during lunch by ducking each other in the Connecticut. Father just escaped by clinging tenaciously to a stout tree. Six sturdy campers paddled the war canoe home from the manor the next day in the rain.

And that was the 10th of August when we had that beautiful surprise birthday party and dance down at the Casino. The whole camp was there, including "Father and Mother Byrd," who brought the ice cream and birthday cake with them.

STALLMAN TWINS
1909, 10, 11, 12

I hope you've not forgotten dear old "Laddie" even though your most vivid recollection of him may be when he encountered a small white-black animal. Wasn't that the time we had the debate: Resolved, that it's easier to catch a skunk in a barrel than in a mouse-trap? Remember how Isabel Daniels used to say with her southern delicacy, "There's something *about?*"

Surely you haven't forgotten the stable boy, Gil Morse, who took "Daddy Moore's" place when he broke his arm. How solicitous he was for those horses! It was too bad he never had time for anything else. One of the horses was the famous and unruly Cobalt. Could one ever think of Cobalt without his mistress, Rosamund Young, and all their wild escapades together?

Remember the day we visited Camp Hanoum! The part I remember best is marching up Thetford Hill, carrying our green paper banners and singing, "Onward and up we tramp to-day." In spite of that strenuous climb, we beat them in basketball.

But the finest of 1910's trips in my memory was the Mt. Washington trip in August. I shall never forget the night when there were fifty-eight in the Madison Hut, which was built for twenty-eight. One, two, three, roll over! We had to sleep in "The Stage House" on top of Washington, we "Yama Yama" girls, and do you remember that "one baked bean cost thirty-five cents?" In our absence the camp had a very jolly early morning straw ride.

Oh, I can't resist recalling "the battery" in the attic, which consisted of Mrs. Ames, Miss Vincent, Mrs. Page and the bats; and doesn't Miss Vincent remind you of how we used to "hammer nails and saw till nearly dead," as Elsie said, "with one eye on the teacher and the other on the clock?"

There are so many other things I'd like to speak of: Kate Page's class in the Boston, charades, the circus, the "Bugle," camping parties, Sunday evening sings on the steps, walks to "the Birches" and "around the lake," sings on the lake, and the daily morning prayers. But when I recall the banquet and mothers' giving out the honors—you'll know I've come to the end of the summer. The A for water sports was won by Alison McEldowney, the A for handicrafts by Mamie Oiesen, the A for tennis by Elsie Page, and the camp spirit A by Murray (Marie) Graff. Here's long life to the memories of 1910 and longer life to its friendships!

POCAHONTAS

804
306
485
484
714
82
99
603
302
316
173
101
362
784
55
338
556
210
220
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770
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486
15

HISTORIES OF THE YEARS

[illegible] 1910's trips in [illegible] memory was the Mt. Washington trip [illegible] never forget the night when there were fifty-eight in the [illegible] which was built [illegible] eight [illegible] one two, three roll over. We [illegible] the Page House [illegible] of Washington we "Yama Yama" girls, [illegible] remember that [illegible] "[illegible]" [illegible] our absence [illegible] had a very [illegible]

[illegible] can't resist recalling [illegible] the attic, which consisted of Mrs. [illegible] Miss Vincent, Mrs. Page [illegible] doesn't [illegible] Vincent remind [illegible] of how we used to "hammer [illegible] nearly [illegible] said, "[illegible] one eye on the teacher [illegible] the other [illegible]"

[illegible] many other things I'd like to speak [illegible] Kate Page's [illegible] in [illegible] the circus, the "Bugs," camping parties, Sunday evening [illegible] "the Birches" and "around the lake," sing on the [illegible] prayers. But when I recall the banquet and mothers' [illegible] you'd know I welcome to the [illegible] the summer. The A [illegible] by Alison McEldowney, [illegible] handicrafts by [illegible] by Elsie Page, and the [illegible] by Murray Marie [illegible] life to the memories of 1910 and [illegible] friendship.

POCAHONTAS

ALOHA CLUB—1910—FIRST YEAR

Birth of Aloha Club, 1910

By Irene Tufts

LIFE at Aloha Club that first year was more primitive than it has been since, but those of us who were there had with us, I think, something of the pioneer spirit and the life held for us a deep and enduring charm.

We arrived at Lake Katharine about eight o'clock one June night, after a star-lit ten-mile drive from Connicut. We were rowed across the dark water, and guided by lantern bearers up the steep hill to the bungalow. We hastened almost at once to the dining-room and just as we were sitting down, in dashed "Lib" Johnson, in bloomers, middy and pig-tails. It was the first glimpse that most of us had had of the Aloha costume, and the "praises ringing" which the "old" girls raised were our initiation into Aloha song. Mamie beamed upon us, and the food disappeared with its accustomed Aloha completeness. It was not long before we found our respective tents and settled down to dream of joys to come.

They began to come the next morning with the shout of mirth which greeted the rising bugle. In after years the Club bugle became strictly conventional in tone and utterance, but that first year one never knew when it began what sounds would come forth. Arrayed in bloomers and middies, with soap and towel in hand, we were soon on our way to the lake. Our wash-bowls and pitchers did not come for two weeks, so the path to the dock was soon well worn. We climbed that hill so many times the first year that although we knew nothing of the joys of "cal," we were certainly well exercised.

There were barely three tables full of us at breakfast—not more than twenty-five people were there at any one time that first summer—and as our chairs had not yet arrived, we procured boxes and perched gingerly upon them. From that moment the regular Aloha life began. We put our tents in order and went to prayers as if we had been doing it for weeks. The new girls watched the old girls carefully, and soon picked up Aloha ways and customs. Mrs. Gulick told us of the Camp ideals, and we resolved that so far as in us lay, they should be also Club ideals.

Perhaps the most important tradition which was started that first year was self-government. When we had become somewhat acquainted with each other, and used to camp, we decided to be a self-governing body instead of one directed by councilors. We elected Ruth Dickinson as our president, and adapting the Wellesley system, as told us by Miss Curtis, we made our rules about observing quiet hour, the last bugle, etc. We were few in number and rather older than the Camp girls, so that there was no difficulty in keeping the rules. The system worked excellently from the first, and the tradition became so well established that it has been successfully continued ever since.

BIRDIE

Perhaps the most distinctive things about the Club life that first year were its simplicity and its freedom. There were practically no people in the vicinity—the Lake Tarleton Club was little more than a plan, and as there were almost no automobiles about, even Pike was

rather inaccessible. We seemed to have the whole countryside to ourselves, and we roamed about on countless exploring expeditions. The girls who were of the party that attempted to walk around Lake Tarleton one afternoon will not have forgotten the disasters of the baffled four. Fortunately most of our trips were of a more successful nature, and the excitement of exploring unknown country was a delight which we shall long remember.

One might go on almost endlessly to tell of "Gillie" and the bugle, Agatha's knee, "Babe's" coiffures, Agnes' wit—but though the joys of that year are but half told or merely hinted at here, they will live long in the memories of those who experienced them. That first year was in every way a worthy forerunner of the happy years that have followed, and more need not be said.

Camp Aloha, 1911

By Janet Adriance

OYEZ! Oyez! Oyez! Three times the clear call of the trumpet sounded. The Aloha maiden of 1911 stepped from the circle of her sister years and began her tale.

" 'Twas a goodly summer that season. We were borne swiftly northward by the iron horse on June 28th, and until the frost painted the leaves in September, all was youth and gaiety.

Twice was the ascent of Mount Washington made and twice the intrepid climbers scaled the rocks of Moosilauke. On the first of the Moosilauke excursions, the girls started the custom of sliding down those smooth, water-covered rocks at the Flume. A few brave spirits extended the trip for another day and came back to camp with tales of their marvelous adventures, chief of which was the famous five-mile run. Has no one ever had their weary footsteps cheered onward by that inspiring song, "How many miles have we got to go?" That chant was, you might say, the slogan of the merry party.

The love of sport seemed to increase as time went on and the days were all too short for the fulfilment of many plans. Not a week went by but without some picnic or camping party, either to Mt. Cube, Bald Top or the Orford Falls, that delightful spot discovered by Miss Crump and Rosamond Reed. The "gipsying" trips were commenced that summer, often lasting for three and four days, while the campers wandered whither they had a mind.

Thrice the waters of the Connecticut River were mightily disturbed by the merry maids, as they wended their way toward the Manor, and once the camp on Morey's Lake seemed deserted; for the Spirits of Mirth and Revelry had summoned the girls to join them in their Pageant at Thetford. It was a unique sight to see the frolicksome campers appear as stately Mountain Spirits or graceful Water Nymphs.

Two honored guests claimed our hospitality for a time. Dr. and Mrs. Luther Gulick, who gave us many talks on the true meaning of camp life. Mrs. Gulick also told a little of the Camp-Fire Girls' movement which had just started and which so many of us joined the following summer. Dr. Gulick was responsible for the division of the swimmers into the A, B, C and D classes.

1911 marked two slight changes in the camp costume; the use of the "crave-netted cape-skirt" on the mountain trips and the substitution of the natty white sailor "dips" so successfully introduced by Martha Reed.

On August 25th came the camp banquet with its speeches and the distribution of the honors. This really ended the camp year and by September 1st the Alohaites had scattered to their homes.

Every girl claims that the last summer she spent at Camp Aloha was the best, but to those who were there in 1911 it seems impossible that any summer could have been a more delightful one or more fraught with happy memories.

The tale is almost done, but before I close let me give "Honors to whom those honors are due."

Rosamond Young is studying for the opera in New York City this winter.

Hope Butler is doing Red Cross work in England.

Eleanor Butler is studying art in Philadelphia.

On August 29th, 1914, Martha Reed was married to Robert Wing, of Piedmont, Cal.

On September 9th, 1914, Bernice Wellington was married to Fitzwilliam Sargent of Ardmore, Penn.

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ALOHA CLUB—1911

History of Club, 1911

By Agatha Boyd

ALL during the winter of 1910-11, the mountain by Lake Katherine tried to recover from the shock of surprise that the preceding summer had brought. It flung its trees to the winds, and gave up its glades to be swept by storms, as if to free them from the cantaminating human presence which had come and gone so noisily. Through the quiet winter nights the mountain lay still with something like a sigh of relief, trying to forget the shouts that had made it ring. All winter long Lake Katherine took into itself rain and hail and snow, purifying itself in glad freedom from the unwonted presence of human bodies. And the wild children of the mountain crept down closer to the lake, sniffing fearlessly now at the strange human dwellings which had sprung up in their old path to the water's edge; there was even a lynx who boasted that he, by his weird threats, had driven the noisy beings away forever. For a while there was deep peace, as of old, upon mountain and lake.

But then there came a day in early spring when the mountain felt a stir of life through slope and ravine, and the lake moved gently in amber sunlight. Summer came, slowly at first, then with a great rush and flood of returning leaf and flower. Suddenly the mountain found itself remembering, almost wistfully, the songs and cries and footsteps it had known the summer before, and Lake Katherine began to think that it was rather pleasant after all, to have happy living things splashing and gliding and playing through its waters. A woodchuck openly confessed to his taciturn friend, the owl, that he would really like to see again the funny man who had chased him round and round the tents one night; he wanted to see that man run some more. And so it was half in dread, half in gladness, that the mountain and the lake received in July their guests of the summer before.

The second summer of Aloha Club saw several improvements in the camp that hid among the trees by Lake Katherine. On the water there was a fine tall float, high enough to satisfy the most ambitious diver, and yet with lower stopping places from which the more timid could learn boldness. There were some new canoes and row boats; the tennis courts and basket-ball fields were in fine trim; rumor had it that Mr. Gulick owned a new automobile, and would run up from Fairlee frequently. One regret—Mamie, the best of cooks and the kindliest of beings, who the summer before had charmed the camp with her hot biscuits and other Southern good things, was replaced by an Irish Katherine, whom, however, before the summer was over, we learned to admire for her real skill. Best of all, most of the good old things were there, just as we had left them the year before—the tents perched high up on the slope, almost in the tree-tops, the bungalow with its broad veranda and comfortable swings, the beloved wide fire-place in the living room, very centre and symbol of "camp spirit," and beyond the lakes, Mount Moosilauke in purple state, challenging us to future climbs. In such dear and familiar surroundings it was no hard matter for the Aloha spirit to manifest itself, and we felt the warmth and glow of it the very first night we came, driving up the long road from Pike. Although many new girls had come, there were enough old ones to hand down and recreate the traditions of Aloha and the Gulicks; "Gillie" was there, Nat and Sylvia, Corene, Louisa, "Baby" Landers, Irene, "Curtie," and several others, and before long everything and everybody was moving joyfully in true "Aloha style." Those of us who had been at the Club

the year before missed Luther Fowle, who forsook us in 1911 for Camp Hanoum, and Miss Ramage, who had been our camp head; but Ted Fowle and Helen Curtis quickly proved themselves able and enthusiastic leaders.

In remembering it all, one summer melts into another, and when the months were compounded of so many happy days, it is hard for memory to select just those happiest days which ought to be chronicled, for it would be impossible to recount all the joyful things that happen when one camps at Aloha Club. Each day went by wholesomely, quickly, gaily; the cold dip in the morning, the shivering run up to the tents from the lake; breakfast with appetites most ravenous; prayers in the living room, combined with much singing; and how we did love to sing, and how lustily we shouted everything from "Ein Feste Burg" to "He was a Little Tin Soldier;" then handicrafts, swimming at eleven, quiet hour with its time for sleeping or reading or letter writing; in the afternoon, tennis or basket-ball or canoeing, or perhaps a long tramp; and after supper the gathering around the glowing fire-place, to talk and tell jokes and sing, until the bugle, that always came too soon, sounded "taps."

Some of the best good times were those that were unplanned, the long walks, the drives to Pike, the little picnics over on Lake Tarleton, or high upon the mountain behind camp, where we would cook supper, (is there anything better than bacon fried over a fire in the open?) and then turn our oven into a blazing bonfire, around which we would lie and tell jokes or ghost stories, while the stars came out and the darkness crept up through the pines; then home through the black woods, with what shrieks of joy or fear at tree-trunk bears, or the slide and fall of a comrade!

One of the first innovations of the summer of 1911 was the installation of the *"Bugle,"* with Irene Tafts as its editor-in-chief. This literary gem, somewhat hasty and heterogeneous, it must be confessed, in its make-up, yet none the less interesting, was read around the fire one evening every week. We listened with eagerness to the tales of things that we had ourselves done—stories of picnics, tramps, trips—written by the survivors and always hailed with delight. We loved that "Bugle" with somewhat the same fervor, I fancy, that the knights of old loved the troubadours, who sang their doughty feats of arms. Irene was a most successful editor; we hope that if she ever undertakes more serious literary ventures she will meet with the same unstinted enthusiasm.

Though I can never hope to vie with the "Bugle," there are some of the trips we took in the summer of 1911, which I would attempt to describe. Of course, there was the traditional trip to our old friend, Mt. Moosilauke, taken that year by only a few, who, however, came back with many new songs and tales of adventures on the heights. Then there was the always delightful canoe trip down the Connecticut River to the Gulick Manor at Hanover. We had a real adventure that time, for somewhere between Connecticut and Fairlee we found the river full of logs, a most unusual event in August, and we had to take to dry land and carry our canoes for quite a distance. None of us will ever forget when Dorothy Scribner, leaning gracefully over the logs, slipped in between and had to be rescued from a watery grave. Her dismay at her dripping garments was pathetic—on a canoe trip one does not carry a suitcase—but Dorinda rose to the occasion splendidly, saying that she herself had on two pairs of bloomers—we never understood why—and therefore she could easily supply Scribe with dryness. Those days on the river were beautiful; one remembers especially paddling on the quiet water at sunset, when the rosy clouds were under the canoe as well as over head, and the paddle dipped into the sky. The trip ended in a jolly night spent at the hospitable

Gulick Manor on the bank of the river near Hanover, and home again the next day by train.

Most unprecedented and exciting was the trip, a little later in the summer, to Camp Moosilauke on Baker's Pond, where we had been invited to a dance. Dancing among ourselves in the living room was a thing well-known to us, but dancing with boys—that had heretofore been unheard of in camp. We walked ten miles to do it, but the good time we had was worth the walk. Camp Moosilauke was as excited upon our arrival as we were, but they tried not to show it. They divided us up and alloted us to various hosts, and took us out on the lake to see the sunset. Later we danced, and danced, and feasted on ice cream and doughnuts—who could ever forget those doughnuts? That night we slept down on Moosilauke's athletic field, in a tent pitched for the purpose of sheltering us, a circular affair, in which we put all our feet in the middle, and spread ourselves out as radii, with our heads in the open; one learned that night how it feels to be the spoke of a wheel. Breakfast the next morning was great fun! We cooked it down on the edge of the lake, with a coffee pot hung from crossed sticks, and our hosts sent hot oatmeal and muffins for our delectation. Afterwards there was a baseball game for us to watch, and then with grateful good-byes we started back to our own Lake Katherine, some of us stopping to climb Cube Mountain on the way. Moosilauke is of course the great mountain, but there were others we climbed that summer which were just as alluring and memorable in their own way, especially Cube, and Black Mountain, and Peaked Mountain. There is a most delightful barn at the foot of Cube, where one can sleep all night on fragrant hay, and there are tawny meadows that sweep half way up the mountain, and a glorious climb through aromatic pine woods for the rest of the way. Black Mountain is a steep pile of rocks, a fine place for a scramble, and offering from its isolated boulder of a summit the most wonderful sensation of height and freedom, with a splendid view of the surrounding mountains and lakes and the wanderings of the Connecticut. Peaked Mountain juts up from the fields like a half-furled umbrella; it is so steep that part of the way we had to go almost on hands and knees, but at the top we found our reward—the lovliest glimpse of the wine-colored sunset glow resting over all the near-by mountains. They become our real friends, these mountains that we climbed at camp, and in remembering them the individuality of each stands out as something familiar, heart-warming, never-to-be-forgotten, in the passage of years becoming even more real than human friends.

We climb mountains every summer at Aloha, but there is one event of the summer of 1911 which is to be distinguished and remembered above all other happenings of all other summers, the trip to the pageant at Thetford, Vermont. We went in a big hay-wagon, at least the hay-rick went along with us to carry our provisions, blankets, and those of us who might fall by the wayside, but most of us walked. In Thetford Village we met the girls from Camp Aloha, many of them in a flurry of costuming themselves, for they were to take part in the pageant. We lunched that day in a field hard by the road that led to the pageant grounds, and while we pretended to keep quiet hour, in reality we watched the many vehicles and quaint-costumed folk who were wending they way past us. At the pageant, Aloha Camp and Aloha Club sat together, and it made us happy to have our beloved Mr. and Mrs. Gulick there too, the father and mother of some hundred children. The pageant itself was lovely beyond words. It has been written of and described in so many magazines and newspapers, that any further mention of it seems unnecessary, and yet it is a pleasure to recall those phases of it that appealed

to one especially. That meadow, edged with trees through which the Connecticut shone, and rising towards the back in a gentle slope crested with pines, was an ideal place for an out-door pageant, and the fairies, the spirits of wood and air, water and mountain, were so well in tune with the setting that we felt as if we had surprised these shy creatures in their native haunts, and might at any moment be turned into stone for daring to watch them.

After the pageant was over we took our blanket-roles on our shoulders and set out in quest of a place where we could cook supper and spend the night. We pitched camp at last by a most charming brown brook which ran through an orchard of low-boughed apple trees, and there we cooked our supper of baked beans, dried beef, toast and coffee, with delicious fresh raspberries for dessert. When bedtime came we spread our blankets high up on a hill-top above the orchard, and there we watched the round, yellow moon slip up from the grasp of the trees on a neighboring hill, and heard the clock far away in the village striking the hours. In the morning when we woke up a ring of sheep stood around us with a look of surprise and dismay on their placid faces, and we realized that we had been sleeping in somebody's sheep pasture.

After the Thetford pageant the August days grew shorter, until before we knew it we were preparing for the farewell banquet, and Aloha's second summer was nearing its close. Those last days were tinged with something like sadness at the regret of leaving the scenes and comrades of two months' happiness, and real sadness too at saying good-bye to the one who had done everything to make those months happy, Helen Curtis, our camp leader, who was to sail for Turkey early in September. At the camp banquet held on the last night of camp, the honors won during the summer were awarded, and the most coveted of all these, the A for camp spirit was given to Irene Tufts. On the next day, with trunks strapped on the wagons, and skirts clinging strangely about our heels, we set out for the world, school, college, city and what not.

Again Lake Katherine and the Mountain settled into deep quiet. But this time the touch of that quiet was almost irksome and they longed for the gay camp noises. For during the summer a subtle and delicate kinship had grown up between them and the beings who once had so harrassed them. The lake touched gently the dock that at first had been to it as a yoke, and the mountain treasured deep in its heart the foot-prints that had scarred it. And through the long winter nights their dreams were full of reminiscences of the summer before, full of hopes for the summers to come when they would give the future campers some of their own sure happiness and strength and peace.

PALS

CAMP ALOHA—1912

History of Camp, 1912

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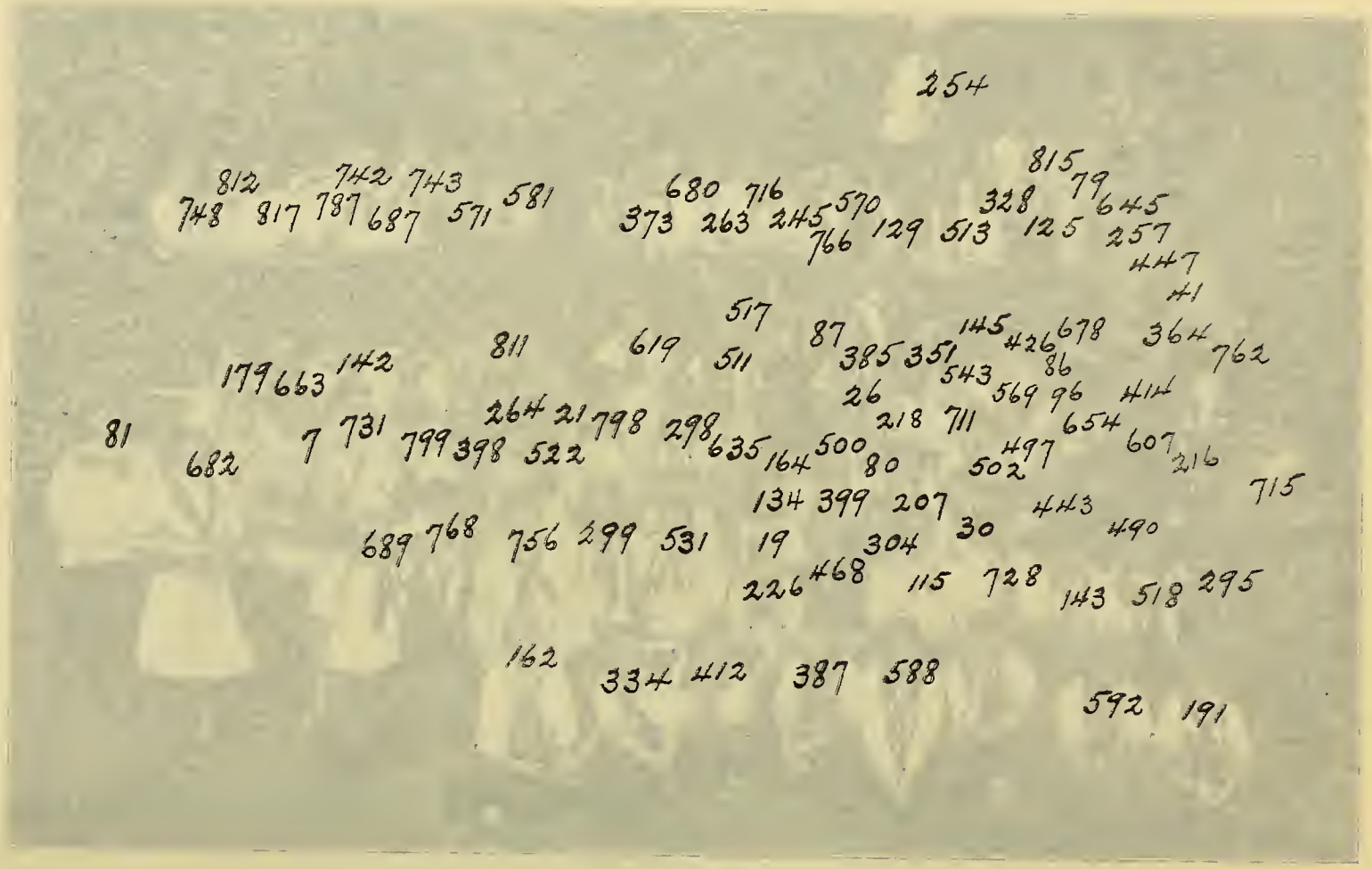
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History of Camp, 1912

By Marjorie Taylor

IT WAS a very modest and shrinking group of new girls and a confident we-know-it-all band of old campers who crowded the "special" on that hot twenty-eighth of June, nineteen-twelve. Marg. Moore and Miss Kathan introduced us all around, and Rox started Camp songs, so we new girls soon felt at home. In the afternoon "Sh." Foster, followed by the rest of the Troy bunch, boarded the train, looked us over critically and chatted with the old girls.

The first event was initiation, then we new girls were a bit nervous. Certainly "Sh-Fos.," "Teddy" and Helen Searight haven't forgotten our excitement over the "Bugle," how we as reporters wore huge tags with our official titles and "Admit to all functions" printed in red ink. And also how we sported yellow pads and pencils tied around our necks with stout ropes. We interviewed everyone and

LILY BELLE AND MIRRIAM

wrote up everything from Mr. Coburn's opinion on the suffrage question to Mrs. Kerr's murder of a bat in the attic, not to mention glowing accounts of all the trips, including Helen Searight's trip when she skinned her nose and ruined her "fatal beauty." We "blew" that "Bugle" in the traditional ravine by the light of that traditional camp fire. Speaking of bugles—this was the year we took pity on that old battered brass bugle and laid it tenderly away to rest "Down among the dead men." Remember it? Then we presented Mrs. Gulick with a shining new substitute.

Our two Japs, Agnes and Belle Allchin, were a source of never failing entertainment, especially on Sunday afternoons when their tent was filled with eager listeners, Eleanor Coverly always demanding "Sticky, Sticky Stambo," etc., others merely desiring lessons in the Japanese language.

The last of July we new girls gave the old girls a real dance in the Casino,

where we were allowed no more modern dances than the waltz and two-step. We were conveyed to and from the affair by Captain Lucas in his private yacht the "Gipsy."

One fine day the whole camp piled into wagons and drove to Quinibeck, each carrying a white banner with an "A" on it, and making quite an imposing regiment as we marched into Quinibeck's precincts singing our songs. We had a great day ending up with a moonlight drive home.

There were also two Cube trips; the lakesiders went one day and the hillsiders another. Prudy, what was the book you all were reading as you rattled over the country? A few enterprising Alohaites rode the fiery steeds, Lilly Belle proudly mounted on lively Blanco's expansive back.

We had several River trips—on one memorable occasion the younger generation of Alohaites spent the night communing with the hay and fleeing from omnipresent rats in the barn.

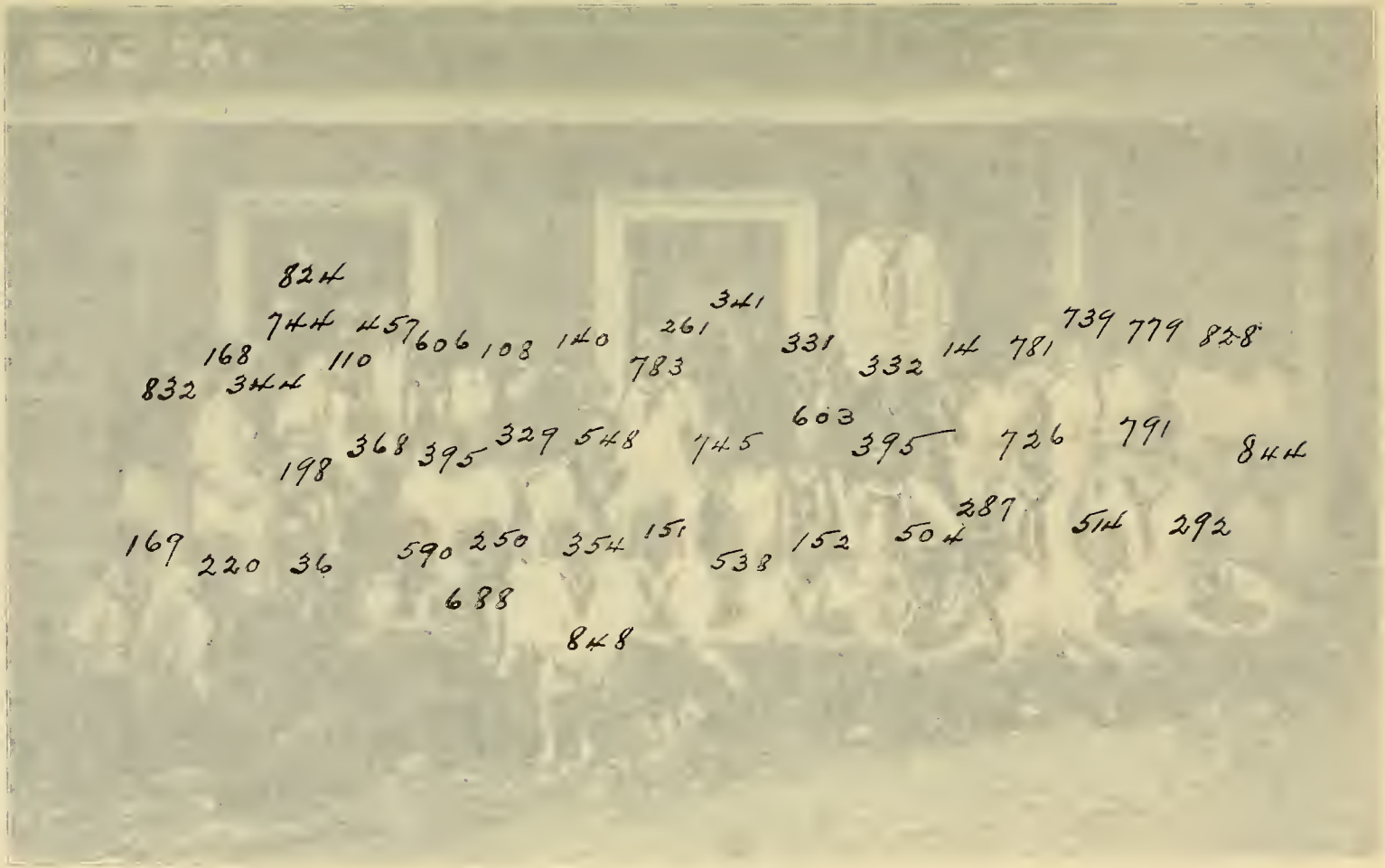
Among the biggest times that summer was the play, when "Nat" was such an adorable widow, and Marmaduke Craft made such successful love to her, and "Rox" and Eline were such attractive young men. Will you ever forget the rehearsals and the uninvited fearful cow?

If the banquet had not been the grand finale of our camp season it would have been the very best of all. Mr. and Mrs. Byrd did themselves proud, there never was such roast turkey. The decorations were a great success and the after dinner speeches were very bright and clever. "Teddy" Williams was announced as the winner of the Camp Spirit A and we were all mighty well pleased.

The next night we had a corn roast in the ravine; there was an endless supply of corn, and abundant fun and good humor. The following morning we were struggling to put up our hair and looking under the tent floor for hair pins. Then we had to get into our city clothes and we bulged out of their tightness in healthy Aloha style. We Bostonians and New Yorkers said good-bye all around and parted reluctantly, envying the Philadelphia girls who could remain in camp seven whole hours longer.

And so 1912 became one of the delightful memories of past summers in Camp Aloha.

MOTHER BYRD AND MRS. GULICK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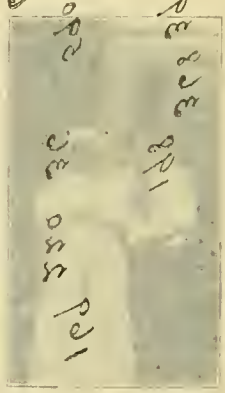

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ALOHA CLUB—1912

Recollections of Club, 1912

By Mary Ellis

THE world wags along so fast that when one sits down to remember the nice things that happened a little while ago, it is as though a traveller were sitting by a dusty road thinking about the cool green spots he passed hundreds of miles back. My Aloha days are like that, only however far back they get they are never less green. What a large amount of fun was packed into that summer of 1912! I remember so well how Irene Tufts and I dropped into the midst of the gay bustle on August 1st, and how heartwarming it was to feel that we weren't strangers—that we knew Aloha then, and Aloha would know us to-morrow. Then Miss Grisswold brought "Chape" to exchange greetings with her new tent-mates—and that was the beginning of Hilarity Hall. That haunt of wild jubilations materialized soon after when "Babe" Landers reinforced our ranks, and forth-

HELEN AND DON

SOPHIA

with we celebrated the glory of our tent with quaint melodious lays, lustily screeched just before the rising-bell o' mornings. I might superfluously state that there was no councilor in our tent, for "Chape's" superior dignity, and "Tuftie's" camp spirit "A" should have held the teeter-board of our animal spirits at a proper angle. Did they? I wonder!

Lots can be accomplished in a month, as we soon proved. There was the trip to our faithful "Moosilauke, mighty mountain," under Arthur Baker's able guidance, and a joyful trip it was. We slept, the first night, in the Woodstock barn which has housed, or rather barned, so many Aloha delegations and, before retiring to rest, we attended an edifying circus. When we returned to camp that circus was most ably reproduced, with its bears which drank milk out of bottles, its Rough Riders who couldn't ride, its trick-dogs without tricks—and in short, all its original charm.

Yet the circus was only an item of our trip. We peeped at the "Old Man," stalked in majestic, dusty, bloomer array past the elegant Profile House, skurried

up the Flume, and at length began our climb. It was a toilsome, glorious journey through the woods. Water never tasted so refreshing as that of the cool, gurgling, mountain streams. Each step was an accomplishment, and when we reached the level summit, our march toward the solitary house standing amid its chain moorings was triumphant. From our perch above the clouds, we plunged down into Lost River, and so home, vowing it the best trip ever.

The Mount Washington trip followed, and the memorable gipsy hike, where the Blister Bounce was so successfully developed, with Nancy Cooper heading the halting, lamed procession, be-stockinged, staff in hand. We loved that trip, even though we raised such flourishing blister crops.

Crime was rife amongst us in 1912. Burglars created a temporary diversion, although the Lyons were forced to admit that most of the stolen property was under the bed in a suitcase all the time.

Between these moments of exertion, we slept, swam, ate, paddled, rode, and lived. We were never idle and never weary, we did continual stunts and had continual larks, yet through it all, what we really loved was the little corner of the world "by Katherine's shore," with the warming glow of the camp-fire, and the warmer, brighter glow of our friendships and of the presence of our camp-mother. That's what we cannot find when we go larking elsewhere, and that's what makes us warm inside when we hear "Aloha banzai."

CAMP ALOHA—1913

Camp Meadows of 1913

[illegible] September 19, 1913.

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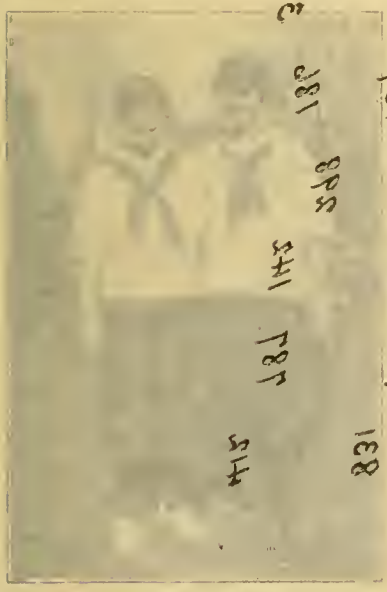
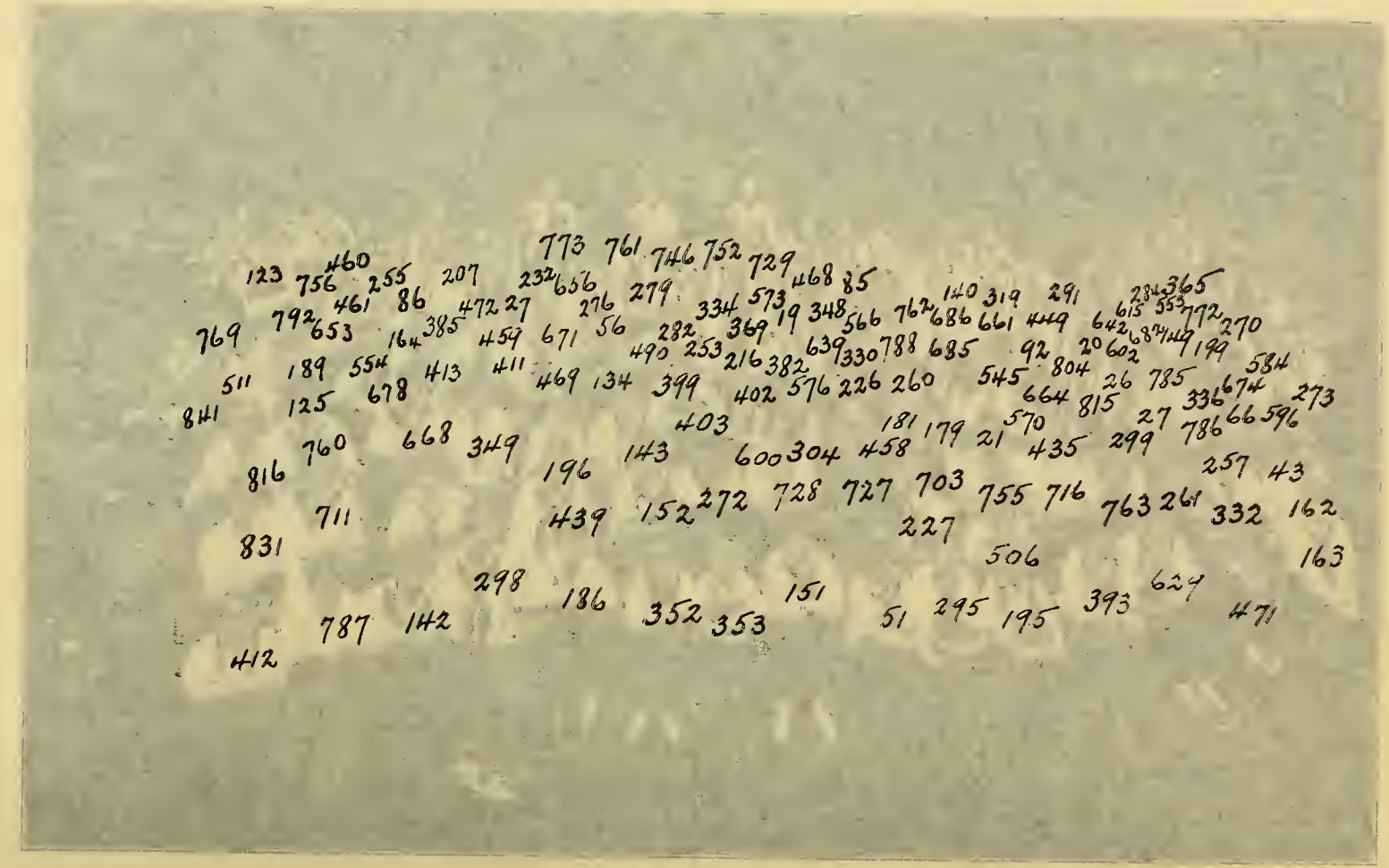
[illegible] honestly [illegible] true, [illegible] longed for you, and we're strong [illegible] fully strong for you.



STEVENS [illegible]
1913-1914

A great many of the festivities of the [illegible] centered around the Halle, which became so vital a part of [illegible] that [illegible] to see why we can go along [illegible] it! Here we had [illegible] chapel every morning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CAMP ALOHA

Camp Memories of 1913

September 10, 1913.

Dear Nell:

I'VE been having such a busy, glorious time this summer that I haven't written you a single word since I left, the last of June. You know, of course, that I've been camping it again this year, up at dear old Aloha, where I was five years ago. Only this time I've been bravely trying to uphold the name of "councilor," which fact in itself has made this season very different from the one "when I was a girl!"

But aside from that, camp has changed a lot since I was there before. Many more tents are snuggled down beside Lake Morey, where their inmates can hear the watter lapping gently on the rocks; or are perched up on the hillside, from which the girls can get wonderful views of the sun rising on the further side of the quiet lake. The cottage itself hasn't been altered, save to enlarge the dining-room, which is now so spacious and airy that it is just the next best thing to picnicing outdoors for every meal—except that I can't imagine having such delicious things to eat on picnics!

Up on the side of the hill, beside the brook, stands a cozy little hospital, christened "The Lanai," which means "covered porch," for there is one of the daintiest of birch-trees you ever saw shading its wide, comfortable porch.

The thing we prize most, however, is our beautiful new Halle, just the loveliest big bungalow you can imagine. With its large fireplace, its seats with many cushions all around the wall, its broad veranda with the south side elevated to form a stage, its simple finish, and fine dancing floor—what more could we ask? It fills a long-felt need—for assembly-room, dance-hall, theatre, and reception-room—as Miss Bella Coale has aptly expressed it in one of the most popular songs of the season.

STEVENS TWINS
1913-1914

Honestly, dear bungalow, we're strong for you;
When we had no place to dance we longed for you.
Won't you say you'll let us own you all the summer through?
Doo—oo! Do—oo! —Do!
We know that we had missed you, but we hardly knew how much,
And now that you are with us we are sure there isn't such
A place as you, yes, honestly and true,
Oh, we've longed for you, and we're strong for you,
Yes, we're awfully strong for you.

A great many of the festivities of the summer centered around the Halle, which became so vital a part of camp that it was hard to see how we ever got along without it! Here we had our Sunday services, and chapel every morning.

Here we had our own minstrel show, and were entertained once by the boys from Moosilauke. Here we gave a very realistic performance of "Mice and Men," with Miss Bella Coale and Miss Bausch as the planets in our "all-star caste."

But the ravine just back of the camp also played a big part in our life there. We loved to gather around a blazing camp fire on mellow summer evenings and toast marshmallows for ourselves and our neighbors to the music of the crickets and the katy-dids. Often we joined in the chorus ourselves and "made the hills and valleys echo with our shouts and cries." Sometimes we had regular "Camp Fire Girl" talks and ceremonials, and I shall never forget the impressiveness of those scenes—as two or three of the girls, in full ceremonial costume, stood in the light of the glowing fire and chanted the motion songs which are so suggestive and significant. Mrs. Gulick makes an ideal Guardian, as you can easily imagine; and many of the girls belonged to her Camp Fire.

Our Sundays were always beautiful; in the morning we donned our light dresses and attended service, either in our own Halle or in the little boat-house at the end of the lake. And how easy it was to worship there the God of the out-of-doors. The afternoon was devoted to reading, writing and strolling by the lake or on the hillside. In the evening we often sang hymns together in the Halle or on the lake or had some reading aloud. But one moonlight night we had a little praise service on the lake, which was unusually lovely. Mr. Hadley gave a very simple talk from our little raft to a reverent assembly gathered about in boats and canoes. Many were campers, of course, but a goodly number had come from cottages far and near to join in the service. And the singing which followed the talk sounded very beautiful and inspiring there on the stilled lake, with the stars shining overhead.

I must tell you of one of the river-trips I went on, for they were some of the most enjoyable experiences of the summer. We left camp fairly early in the morning, carrying a generous lunch and our "necessaries" for the night, and walked all or part of the way down to the Connecticut River at Fairlee. We carried our canoes—no light weight!—from the lower end of Lake Morey, and were pretty glad to slide them down the bank into the river. When we were fairly embarked, the real fun began. Some paddled, while others sewed and told all the funny stories in their repertoire or read aloud from a good story book or a dime novel—yes, one canoe-load did actually come to that! As we wound in and out among the various windings of the lazy river, sometimes merely floating in a leisurely fashion, sometimes hurrying forward in exciting races with each other or with time, we seemed very far from the bustle and distractions of civilization. When the sun was near the zenith, we began looking about for a suitable place to eat and soon found just the spot. We were really glad enough to stretch our limbs and exercise a bit, and while some prepared our bountiful meal, others wandered off in search of drinking water or table decorations. After lunch we tried hard to observe "quiet hour"; but it was a pretty difficult task, and now and then a smothered giggle from this group would echo a burst of unrestrained laughter from that. In a little while, however, we were all up and off again, continuing our journey in hilarious spirits. The last part of the trip was much the longer

CAROL

and the sun had given place to the twinkling stars before we reached the sand bank on which we finally drew up and left our canoes. Scrambling up the steep bank,—and bringing away a good deal of the sand in the process!—we made our way through corn-fields and meadows up to Aloha Manor, one of the dearest, roomiest houses you could imagine. Soon a glorious fire was crackling away in the fireplace, while we regaled ourselves with bread and honey, cookies, milk, and all sorts of good things that grow on a farm. It was no small task to get everyone fixed for the night, but soon everyone settled down for a good night's rest in preparation for a day of sight-seeing around Hanover and Dartmouth on the morrow. It had truly been one of the most delightful experiences I have ever enjoyed.

You'll be interested, too, in hearing about the Inter-Camp Frolic we had on August fifteenth. We had invited the Club girls and the girls from Quinibeck, Hanoum, and Farwell Camps to accept our hospitality and join us in a friendly meet. The affair was distinctly social, with just enough rivalry among the various teams to give snap and zest to the games and the inter-camp cheering and singing. The Halle was beautifully decorated to welcome our guests. The marshals of the day escorted them to the quarters assigned them, and every girl considered herself on the committee to welcome the three or four hundred girls who came. The morning was given up to water contests which were great fun, ending with a general swim and frolic in the water. Our big raft, the fine springboard, and our new "shoot-the-chutes" into the water were very popular, you may be sure. After lunch we had a contest among the camps as to housekeeping! Teams of four girls from each camp were to put into spick and span order five tents which had been made *very* disorderly for the purpose, and the test caused much fun and good-natured rivalry. The winners were from Aloha Club, and they did fine, rapid work, and especially good team work. The latter part of the afternoon was spent in the Halle, where the different camps entertained each other with folk dancing and singing. We had a delightful picnic supper on the grassy slope back of the Midway tents; and the day ended with dancing in the brilliantly lighted Halle, while the full moon shed its soft radiance over the lake and the camp. Everyone pronounced the Frolic a great success, and the day has been remembered by all as one of the happiest days of the summer.

The last few days at camp are always memorable. This year we had an unusually beautiful craft exhibition in the Halle. I wish you could have seen that large room as it was full of all sorts of dainty things that the girls had made. There were neatly stenciled curtains, doilies, and table-covers; finely embroidered doilies and various other articles; shining silver rings and pins of all kinds; and good specimens of book-binding and carpentry. It was surely a collection of which Mrs. Gulick, the councilors, and the girls themselves might well be proud.

The closing banquet was a very impressive and delightful occasion. The dining-room was hardly recognizable in its gorgeous decorations, with candle-lit tables arranged in fancy figures across the room. The "eats" themselves were by no means to be despised, but the greatest interest centered around the presentation of the camp honors for the year. There was an especially loud burst of applause when Anna Hiss was given the A for Camp Spirit, for she was the one whom many of the girls themselves had singled out for that honor.

The toasts at the banquet were all very appropriate and interesting, varying in subject and degree of seriousness from Ruth Field's "Sleeping on Winship's" to Miss Searight's "Your Aloha Self." The banquet is always just the very best thing to end up the camp season with, for it seems to embody in itself all the

"DAFFY"

LOOKING FOR A SHADY SPOT

"ROX"

"SH FOSTER"

things for which we most love Aloha—the striving after excellence in everything we do, the forgetting ourselves in service for others, and above all, the forming of strong, true friendships to last for many years to come.

One of the best things I can wish for you, Nell dear, is that you may spend a summer some time at dear old Camp Aloha, where Mrs. Gulick spreads her motherly wing over every one of her "brood" and inspires them all to make the very most of themselves in this glorious world of ours.

Lovingly your friend,

HARRIET L. BARSTOW.

HISS OF ALOHA

ALOHA CLUB—1913

Aloha Club, 1913

By Esther Sanas

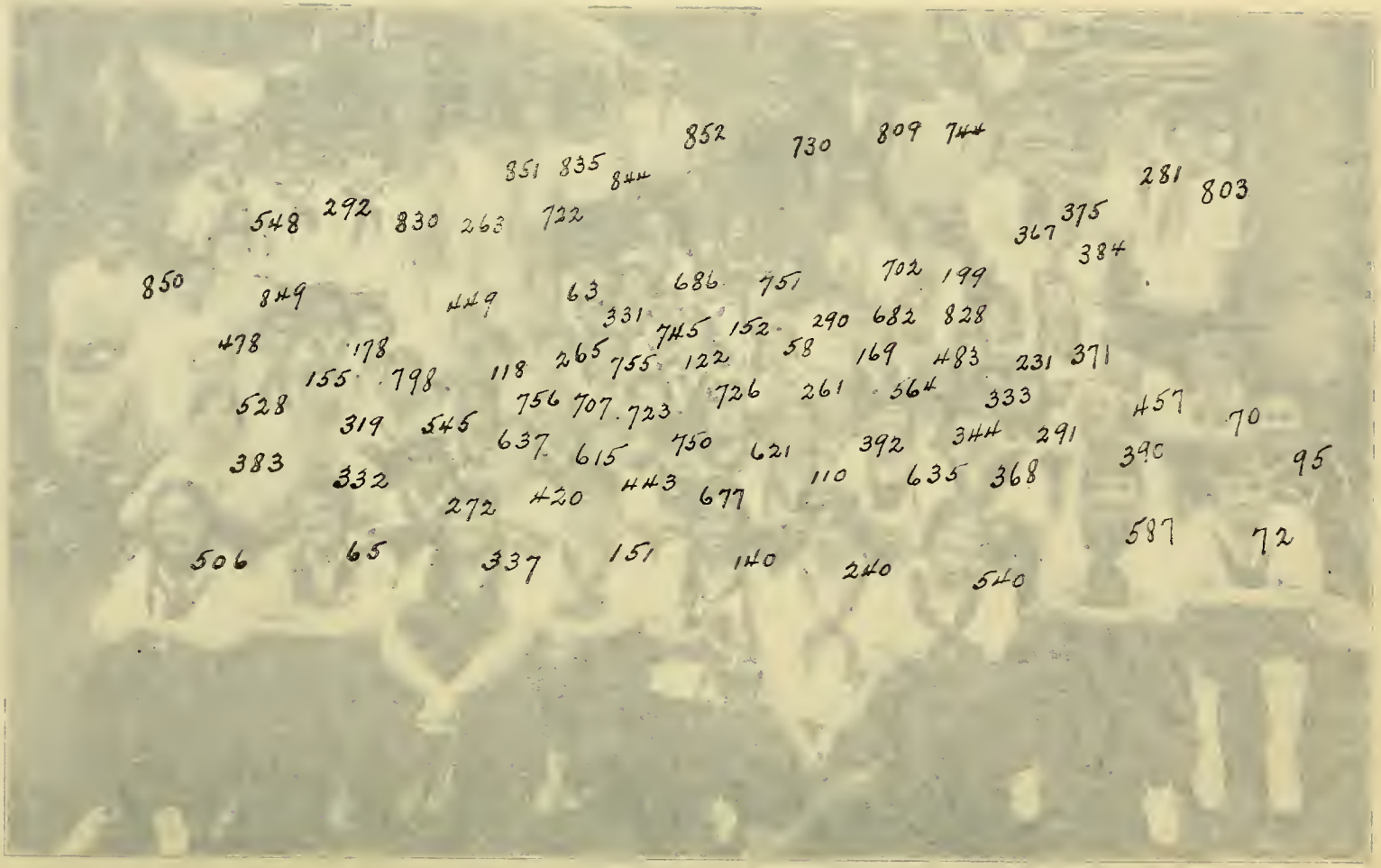
L[illegible] the [illegible] pleasant of all. From the first sight of camp [illegible] lying in the woods in the [illegible] whole summer [illegible]

How [illegible] girls [illegible] the first [illegible] prime [illegible] Church; and [illegible]

Very soon there was [illegible] started for [illegible] the earth [illegible] and the [illegible] rock. Next morning [illegible] white tents [illegible] mountains, glistening in the [illegible] we came down—some at an [illegible] Old [illegible] Lamme's famous [illegible] the air was full of stories [illegible] another trip [illegible] to Moosilauke, so [illegible] sixteen [illegible] Woodstock we [illegible] on to the [illegible] then to the Old Man of the Mountain and Profile House, where we boarded [illegible] for home and some hours later, tired [illegible] happy we marched into camp singing.

"We started out Aloha girls, to climb [illegible] Moosilauke, old Moosilauke."

[illegible] AND [illegible]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Aloha Club, 1913

By Esther Sands

LOOKING back on my summer at Aloha Club in 1913, there looms up in my mind a host of things, which make my rememberance of that year the most pleasant of all. From the first sight of camp, that of Lake Katherine quietly lying in the woods, in the rays of the sun, to that same sight when camp closed, the whole summer was filled with one joy after another.

How kind the girls of former years were those designated as "old girls," and how we hoped to attain that cherished name, we who had come for the first time and knew not what our fate was to be for the next two months in that primeval spot, but we too were soon called "old girls" after we had sung and danced and obeyed the orders of our camp sisters to win that name.

Our days were now kept busy with crafts, under faithful Shummy and Miss Taylor; horseback riding with Tucker; and swimming with Luther who wished to impress it upon us that "the water is wet;" not to mention nature study with Miss Church; and our vain attempts to become champions in baseball.

Very soon there was a trip, the first of the season, and on Monday we started for Cube—twelve miles away, and arrived there in time to get supper before it became dark. Such a supper, you all know what camping out meals are at Aloha—and then a jolly sing around a merry bonfire and we were ready for bed. To some this was the first experience in sleeping out-of-doors and as Stevenson said, "No one ever knew the joys of nature until he had slept with the earth as a bed and the starry sky as a roof," but I wonder if he ever slept on a rock. Next morning we climbed the mountain and from there we saw the white tents of our sister camp in the distance, and the surrounding hills and mountains, glistening in the rays of the bright sun. After playing some time we came down—some at an awful (?) rate, but we all got there nevertheless, and then we started for home. Did we not know what was waiting for us at club? one of Mamie's famous chicken dinners.

"DEE" AND "BOB"

For two days the air was full of stories of the Mt. Cube trip, when another trip was announced, the annual trip to Moosilauke, so on Thursday off we started again, sixteen in all. After much puffing and climbing we finally reached the Tip-Top House, supposedly famous for "tomato soup," but we found in its stead, ham and eggs. Next morning we started down Moosilauke, slipping and sliding into the lumber camp. Of course we went through Lost River, and everyone of us experienced thrills which we will never forget. After spending a memorable night at North Woodstock we trudged on to the Flume, then to the Old Man of the Mountain, and Profile House, where we boarded a train for home and some hours later, tired but happy we marched into camp singing.

"We started out Aloha girls, to climb old Moosilauke, old Moosilauke."

Not long after we got back, Club challenged Camp in baseball, they accepted, and in the last part of July Camp came up, one and all, to cheer their team on to victory. We fought hard but try as we might we couldn't beat them and they went home rejoicing, for they had won 12-2. Soon there were several camping parties on Tarleton, which were enjoyed by all, and then a big event took place, the first issue of the "Wash" came out and as it was so interesting it was decided to edit another to appear near the close of camp .

As is the usual custom, a reunion of all the neighboring camps was held this year at Aloha Camp and Farwell, Hanoum, Quinibeck, Aloha Camp and Club came together for a day of frolic. Tennis matches, water sports, folk dancing, etc., made the day pass all too quickly, and before we realized it we were back again at dear old Club. From that time the days sped by, filled full with all the joys of camp life, occasionally a play, charades, a dance—sing on the lake and athletic meets and soon the end of the summer was in sight. It was then that the water-sports, horseback trials and crafts exhibit must be held to see what girl deserved the A, given for the best of each activity, and then all hands turned to, to make that year's banquet the best of all, and it was, for with the best that Mamie and Mrs. Burgess could make and the witty toasts and speeches, and the awarding of the A's for best in nature, crafts, swimming, horseback, honor and that big white A for Camp spirit, it was a night which will be always remembered with great joy, by at least those to whom this was the first camp banquet.

At last camp closed, and each girl going in her respective way carried a heart ful of joy and loyalty to Aloha Club, and love for our dear "Camp Mother," to help us through the coming winter months.

Club, 1913

By Sophia Smith

IT IS always a skittish thing to change from Fairlee to Pike. In the dusty corners of one's mind there is sure to be the firm belief that nothing could possibly equal camp. But the Club burst upon me gradually as I arrived there several days before anybody else except Mamie. Nobody needs to be told what kind of an impression Mamie created and the view from the upstairs porch suited me equally well. "If only" thought I, as I lay in my lonely tent up in the woods the night before the crowd blew in, "the human inhabitants of this place come up to the scenery, the Club must be quite an institution." They arrived, sadly be-draggled and full of cinders and hideously hungry. But next morning they were much cleaner and more attractive and we soon decided they were real campers after all.

That very night some altruistic persons conducted a Welcome Party up the mountain behind us, and though most of the time was spent in being lost in three separate groups, it proved an excellent method of getting acquainted. We had a fine series of overnight camping parties, invitations to which were issued on a systematic basis and I soon decided that the Club was a hustling place. With a gay initiation party, a circus *with clowns,* an opera, two high-brow plays, a gym-khana and countless little parties, we were thoroughly entertained.

As for trips, they were many and glorious. The Cube trip of that year was a thing to dream of, not to tell. The only blot on the horizon was the incorrigible noisiness of Nancy, the Detroit bunch, and my little sister, whom no amount of family discipline could quell. It was not a night of uninterrupted slumber. But the great event was the Washington trip, when "fourteen girls and two men, see how they climb! see how they climb! They all climbed up Mt. Washington" and such a time! To be sure, absolutely nothing could be seen from the summit, but fog doesn't interfere with Katy's vaudeville or the burial services for little Rebecca's tooth. It always caused deep bitterness in the hearts of those climbers that our classy song was not adopted as a permanent camp lyric; therefore I shall inflict it on my readers now.

Oh the mountain winds may blow,
And the golden sun will set,
And we'll leave the rolling clouds below
When on the top we're met.

CHORUS

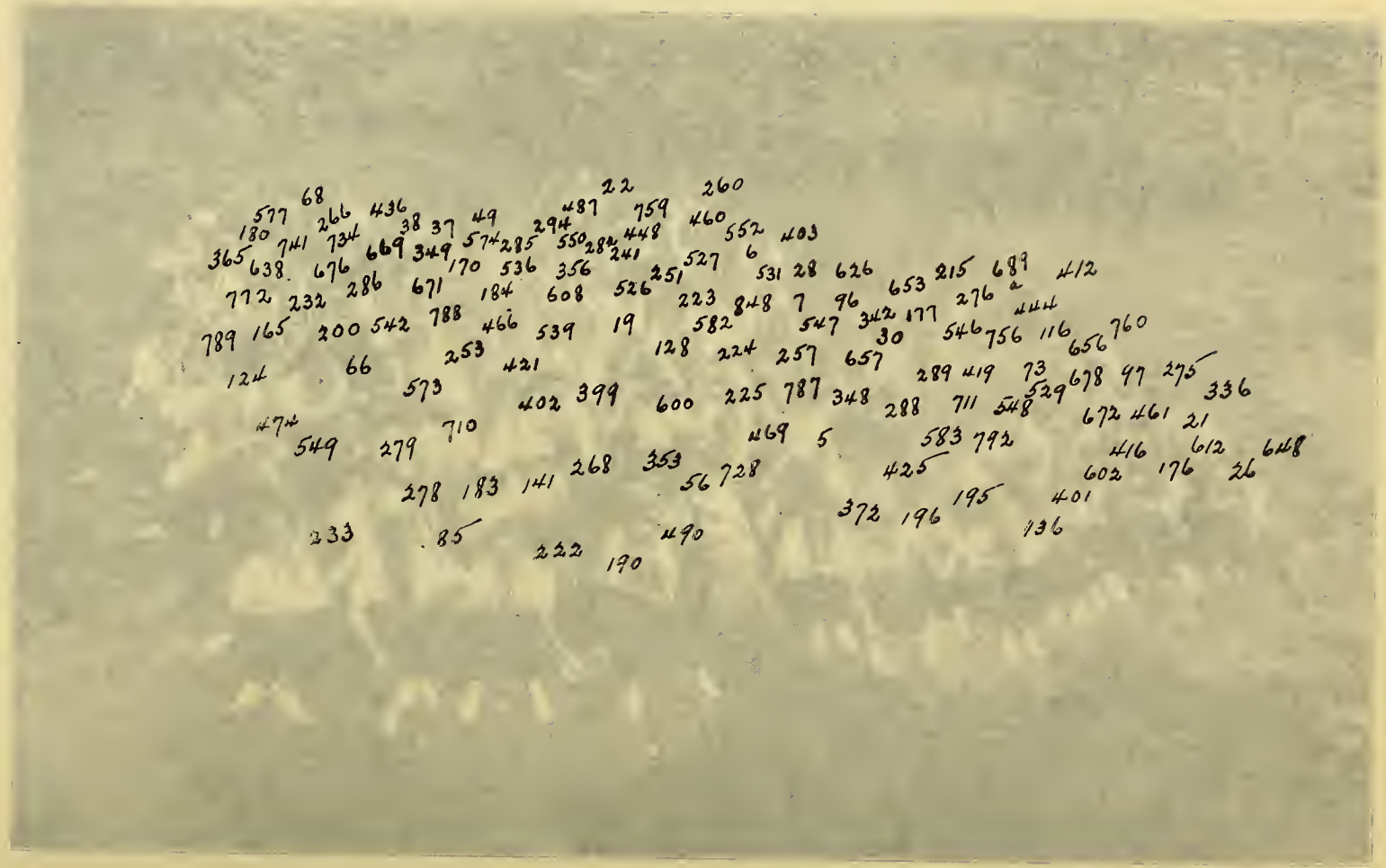
Here's to you, my mountain maids
Here's to you with all my heart,
And now I'm in your company
I'll sing before we part,
Here's to you, Aloha maids!

Oh, 'tis not the path of ease,
But the rocky trail we take,
For nearer stars and purer breeze
Beside the mountain lake.

When we're sitting safe at home
In the cozy inglenook,
We'll dream that 'mong the stars we roam
And from the mountains look.

And the banquet of that year, with Helen crowned as queen of Don's heart, and Clara singing "Ma Laddie," and a tear of joy in everybody's eye was a triumphant end to the happiest summer yet.

ALOHA CAMP—1914



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Camp, 1914

By "Kaufie"

Dear Dorothy:

FROM other years, you know what busy summers mean. These weeks have been the shortest since I've "took to wearin' o' the green"! You've heard me rave so much about the stunts we've done in other years—Aloha's institions have been drummed into your patient ears! So I'll just write about the things that nineteen-thirteen couldn't boast!

Let's see what happened first night out—oh! rain—and Mrs. Gulick's toast! The Byrds were back and in between those bully bites of chicken 'g'oo," the loving cup was broken in. (Remember, Dot, I wrote to you about this year's reunion—how we gave the ten-year silver cup to Mrs. Gulick at Montclair.) Well, that first night she filled it up, and gave a toast to camp's success; we all drank, too. And then—it rained!! Poor tender little tenderfeet—all tuckered out and travel-stained—they had their first night in a tent with raindrops as a lullaby! they got accustomed to it, though! The next two weeks it wasn't dry for one whole day. Oh! I forgot—we had a new Victrola—great—down in the Halle, where we danced almost each evening, till late. (That's half-past eight, at camp, and then the bugle blows for milk and bed.) And speaking of the Bugle, we'd a sure-'nough printed page instead, this year; we had it published and 'twas really mighty good for camp. We kept a Log and printed all about each play and game and tramp. "Scamp Spirit" was its name. We had another institution, new this year—Kanakas stenciled on the middies of the precious few with A-1 tents, no stocking-holes and punctuality throughout, for one whole week! Oh! I forgot about our guests! They're *some* to write about, so I'll just mention famous ones—Anne Fellows Johnston—authoress of all those "Little Colonel" books; Miss Edmundson: (You've read, I guess, she's Mrs. Croker now) well, she was at Aloha for a week—she told us Injun legends and she showed us how they dance and speak. She helped us with a pantomime of "Hiawatha," played outdoors, with camp-girl Indian squaws and braves, to shock staid Morey's peaceful shores — with bareback horses, dances, songs and all the trimmings. Honest, though,

BRIDAL COUPLE, TOM THUMB WEDDING

EMILY

FREEMAN TWINS
1914

MISCHIEF MAKERS

ANNA

that pantomime was picturesque. Almost each week we had a show—a Weshudwurree vaudeville, a Tom-Thumb wedding by the ten-year-olds (another novelty), a lot of splendid music when the Dartmouth Glee Club joined the camps; we'd "Alice," too "In Wonderland;" the girls from Club came down and gave a wonderful small play called "Luck;" we'd Rostand's "Romancers"—so well produced it left us wonderstruck. Wynona Camp invited us to witness their début in plays; that camp most "sure did" show its pluck in lots and lots of dandy ways—they lost to us *most* gracefully in tennis and in basketball, but for a first-year camp, 'twas great they had the nerve to play at all. Athletics, on the whole, were most successful from our point of view. (We cleaned up almost everything.) Our boating test was something new—full twenty minutes; then we had a swimming relay team this year and made a start on track work, too. Our baseball had a brief career but tennis and old basketball upheld our honor in the frays. Besides the "favorites of old," we had one new trip, three whole days, with heavy packs and all the grub; "Franconia" was braved by few. Oh! I've forgotten all about the year's "big blowout"—that was new! We went to Thetford—all the camps—Hanoum, Farwell, Kenjocketee, Wynona, Quinibeck and Club, and little Hokomoko; we, one hundred sixty strong, I think, all scrupulously neat and clean. Hanoum was hostess and each camp gave stunts upon the Thetford Green. The best—Aloha Club, received the Inter-Camp Reunion flag. We all sang to each other and though I don't want to seem to brag—our singing was the best by far; the day itself was simply fine—about six hundred campers all a marchin' round and round in line! I find that I've forgotten half the very bestest times of all, but you'll excuse me, Dot, I'm sure and please don't be too critical! Each time I write one small thing down, my thoughts run off to dwell on things I'd love to write about—but then—it is late and I'm just—ah—going to quit trying to rhyme and talk straight! I'd have to be a Homer to do justice to it all—the last week for instance! The excitement of finishing work for the Crafts' Exhibit and trying to keep one's best middy clean for the Banquet is turrible! Each year's "closing exercises" are the "best ever!" Nineteen Fourteen certainly was. We had toasts from girls representing each of the ten seasons, the loving cup passed around among the Honor Girls, and as a climax, the Ten-Year Camp Spirit A presented to Mrs. Gulick. That's putting it mildly and briefly, but if I keep on reminiscing I'll never get to bed. In ALOHA—lingo, it was a peach of a summer, fourteen was. That's just all.

Kindly excuse slang and poor punctuation.

ALOHA CLUB—1914

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1914 at Aloha Club

Dearest Katherine:

AT LAST my promised letter! I know you are crazy to hear about 1914 at Club, for you longed so to be with us again. Well, as usual, it was ideal! To be sure, Mr. Weather was a bit skittish at first—but that wasn't the Gulicks' fault! Besides, he soon tamed down and behaved admirably.

The new Alohaites were prize campers, not new for long, I can tell you! I wish there were time to describe them all, Perkie, the elocutionist, Evlyn, the prima donna, "Wissy," our master pianist (accompanied by her dog), and the many others, who kept camp humming. And oh, you should have known our *silent* club-mates; Perkins, the irresistible toy cat (an exact image of its owner); Lulu, the old rag doll, cuddled and loved so long she was almost worn out from affection—(Lulu *needed* the bracing camp life!); then Fritz Leopold, Tecumseh, Bob chabadee, kewpies; Mike, the mongrel; Rameses, the wise duck; and even more, all as winsome as their names!

I've given our pets more space than our girls, but you can picture us anyway, a camp full of wide-awake, typical Alohaites. So now come, in spirit at least, and live our good times with us!

Our many outdoor sports you can well imagine from past experiences, except that this year they had more "pep" than ever. In swimming there were stars without end! Even "Miss Mac" managed to swim the lake—in spirit, of course—and before the end of summer D. Yates swam *five* strokes without sinking! Riding, too, was most popular. Every day there were trips even to distant points like Warren, or as "Ponder" said, "inny place the girls want to go" (Tipperary excepted). As for baseball, well, you should have seen our games, in costume, against the male constituents of Aloha, "the Invincibles," most winsome in their becoming camp costume! They had to hustle some against our all-star pajama team!

MISS GRISWOLD, HEAD OF CLUB

Our picnics and camping-out parties, too, were a joy. Oh, is there anything more fun, after all, than these, with our camp-fire suppers, our stories and wild games? All nature seems happy too, giving us the most gorgeous sunsets and "moon-rises" in her power! But she played a different game with one camping-out party, threatening them with a terrific thunder-storm. And what do you think our campers did? They composed a song, so cute, that the elements calmed down, enraptured! (I have this first hand!) Here followeth what greeted us stay-at-homes the morning after:

(Sung and realistically acted)

"We set out on Tarleton, our paddles we plied,
Swish-swash, we glide,
Swish-swash, we glide,
We set out on Tarleton our paddles we plied,
Swish-swash, we glide!

"We heard thunder and lightning as zig-zag we spied,

Zig-zag, we spied,
Zig-zag, we spied,
We heard thunder and lightning as zig-zag we spied,
Zig-zag we spied!
"We looked for a place where we could abide,
||:We could abide, etc.:||
"Mosquitoes buzzed round us, but smick-smack, they died,
||:Smick-smack, they died, etc:||
"We told wierd ghost stories as 'Ah-oo' we cried,
||:'Ah-oo,' we cried:||
"Skinny slept on a hillock and slip-slop she'd slide,
||:Slip-slop, she'd slide, etc.:||
"Next morn we heard Luther as milkward he hied,
||:Milkward he hied, etc.:||
"H'm —— —— —— —— —— —— —— ——,
||:H'm —— —— ——, etc.:||
"We sat round the fire and sizzle, we fried,
||:Sizzle, we fried, etc.:||
"The toast it got toasted and flip-flop, it flied,
||:Flip-flop, it flied, etc.:||
"To be back at camp we never once sighed,
||:Never once sighed, etc.:||"

"PERKIE"

And now, as a contrast to outdoor fun, join us in our bungalow revels!
First come to the Glee Club; doors open to all,
To voices of any description!
And if the right notes you neglect to recall,
And the audience has a conniption,
"Rave on, brave Macduff!" others do the same thing,
For some of it's lost in the crowd!
And really it matters not *what* we all sing,
Most any old sound is allowed!
Miss Singleton worked with most diligent care,
That harmony might succeed chaos;
And the concert we gave was quite an affair,
No false notes appeared to betray us!
Yes, a concert at Pike crowned the season of song,
And all of us had a great time.
(No joking, the Glee Club was fun all along,
It even inspired me to rhyme!)

(Don't faint, but I had to *sing* about Glee Club!)

Another new feature this summer was the dancing. Miss "Sammy" was a wonderful teacher. The lessons were a treat, not only for graceful damsels, but even for us strugglers, including—well, I hesitate to go one step farther! The

above-mentioned graceful nymphs gave an exhibition at the end of summer, but I mustn't tell that yet. You'd be packing your trunk!

I know you'll enjoy hearing about our entertainments. The first was a cracker-jack; a complete surprise, too, for us old girls who had planned a wierd and impressive initiation that night! Our awe-impelling

"You've come to-night to receive initiation,
And 'tis a grave and dangerous occasion,
Now you must make us due propitiation,
For your grievous sins and gruesome crimes since your invasion, etc."

seemed, strange to say, not to awe our new Alohaites in the least, and after the solemn rites (solemn to *us,* I insist), they gave a very clever stunt, "The Joys of Camp." There were several groups, tennis and golf girls, swimmers, riders, "arts and craft-ers," canoe-ers, etc., all in cute costumes and with a catchy song about their particular "joy." Why, it rivaled the Hippodrome, the spectacle produced by these gala groups! And to cap the climax came this song (*the* song of the summer):

"To Aloha Club we've come at last
The simple life to lead;
And rumors of its quitude
Have spread abroad indeed.
And most of us have all been taught
Simplicity is sweet;
We want no chance to frivel,
We want a quiet retreat.

PALS

CHORUS

"So we have come up here to Aloha so dear,
Come away from the mad social whirl,
Where men are abundant, and found by the hundred
Alive to the charms of a girl.
Oh, we will have a chance both to swim and to dance
And perhaps we will cook or will scrub,
So we have come up here to Aloha so dear,
Our own dear Aloha Club."

"Now, Katherine, can you stand the strain,
If I narrate in rhyme
The other entertainments rare,
Which followed in due time?
First, moving pictures—Luther starred
With Alice, Muse and Willie;
(Bluebeard, his wife, and "Sister Anne");
And next a dance by Gillie.
A vaudeville soon followed this
With "Sisters Muse" appearing,
Girls old and new they typified
And earned no end of cheering.
Then followed true Grand Opera,
Caruso was the hero,
While Schumann-Heink tho' rich in voice
Was fatter than old Nero!
Our "Wissy" led the orchestra,
Her players were *most* active;
The instruments gave forth no sound!

TENTMATES

(But really 'twas attractive!)
And last—*The Play*—our pride and joy,
(Admission cost a quarter)
Willie made love in faultless style,
Though Perkie ne'er had taught her;
And Marion as Evelyn
Excelled e'en Annie Russell;
As for the reverend Millicent—
My hat! What useless bustle!
Quite a contrast Dr. Wilson
With his psychologic mind;
And a better one for Nora
Than our Stan one ne'er could find.
Another "entertainment," tho'
Of very different sort,
Was afforded to us campers by
Some girls who bravely fought
'Gainst the villain, "excess tissue."
List, what it forced them to!
(They'd gained so fast they were alarmed,
And counseled what to do.)
'Twas clear to see they must maintain
A very stringent diet,
So solemnly each girl agreed
That she at least would try it:
No bread, no butter, milk or cream,
Or corn, or peas, or beans,
(Just try this once, you pampered ones,
And you'll know what it means!)
But bravely Helen Brimblecom,
Dee Yates and poor Miss Sing
Sat through each meal with tight-closed lips,
They couldn't eat a thing!
Meanwhile the campers who received
Egg-noggs (gifts from Miss Mac),
Katie, the frail, and Perkie,
With Wilkie and poor Jack
Just tantalized those dieters
By eating all in sight!
'Twas an entertainment rich, to see
The dieters' sad plight!

You have some idea now of the summer at Club, but I haven't mentioned the fun we had beyond the vast limits of Pike, especially the unique Inter-Camp Meet at Thetford, in July. Seven camps were guests of Hanoum for an afternoon, and such fun as we had! It would take a volume to tell it all. After an impressive entry of all the camps into the Thetford "arena," each camp gave a stunt, and, Katherine, our Aloha Club won the banner! Our "act" was modeled after the clever initiation stunt, mentioned earlier in my letter. "The Joys of Aloha Club," we called it. There were six "joys," each group with an appropriate costume and song. Here are snatches of our "joys":

1

"Riders we, gay and free,
Off we trot most merrily,
Watch us run, my 'tis fun,
Try it too, and see!
Thru the lane, o'er the plain,
Over hill and lea;
Giddy-ap! Giddy-ap!—Whoa!
Riders are we!"

2

"Golf and tennis girls are we," etc.

3

"Oh, the joy of happy music at Aloha Club,
Join the swing,
Join the swing, etc.
"Now comes along the hour for the dancing class,
Come and dance,
Come and dance;
Join the tango, the maxixe and all the other steps,
Come and dance,
Come and dance."

4

"I never heard of anybody
Dying of swimming, did you?
I've often heard a pretty maiden sighing,
At missing a trip or two;
But if she should upset
And the water's awfully wet,
Would she shriek and holler 'Oh,'
Is she frightened? Oh, *no!*
For I never heard of anybody
Dying of paddling, did you?"

5

"What with sewing and weaving baskets,
The minutes do fly so fast,
We scarce have time to take a stitch
Before craft hour is past!"

6

"When the birds at early dawn
Begin their morning song,
Hark! Then we listen,
And steal forth without a sound,
While still upon the ground
The dew doth glisten.
For we try each bird to see
As we go silently
Thru shady bowers,
And in leisure hours we learn
The trees, the dainty ferns
And graceful flowers.

HELEN L

CHORUS

For we are the out-of-door girls,
Jolly out-of-door girls, etc."

Maybe we weren't proud campers as we journeyed home from the meet that night!

And now for the closing week of camp! Three special events will interest you, the arts and crafts and dancing exhibitions, and the banquet. Our crafts this year were more varied than ever, so the exhibition was a fine one. A night-gown of Becky's workmanship impressed me most of all, that silent, triumphant witness of an entire summer's battle against the inevitable! Poor Becky, she deserves a Carnegie medal!

The exhibition of modern dances, too, was a great success. About fifteen couples competed for a new Aloha A, the A for dancing. There were some graceful competitors, I can tell you. The A went to—well, you must wait and see the whole list of A's!

Last and best of all, the banquet! An attempt to describe it seems sacrilege, it was so wonderful. The dining-room was a veritable bower of foliage. Dainty birch-bark canoes, with ferns, white flowers and countless candles adorned the one "festive board" at which all the Club, with our beloved Mr. and Mrs. Gulick, *Don* and Helen, were seated. The sumptuous repast (Mrs. Burgess and Mamie were angel guardians thereof!) and the clever toasts that followed were a joy to be remembered, but most impressive of all was the spirit of the banquet—that subtle indefinable mingling of friendship, jollity, anticipation, of joy at honors won and of regret that the summer was ending. Well, 'twas just a typical Aloha banquet, you know what that means!

And now, when you receive this, shout a cheer with me for our beloved Miss Griswold and for the dearest Alohaite in the world, Mother Gulick!

GLADYS LATIMER (LYMAN).

A MT. CUBE PARTY

TH

The Aloha Hive

FIVE YEARS after the beginning of the camp, the Club became a necessity. Five years later still we are starting the *Hive,* a branch of the Aloha camps specially adapted for younger daughters, between the ages of eight and thirteen.

The location is on Fairlee Lake about seven miles from the camp on Lake Morey. The site is very well adapted to the purposes of a camp, having a fine

VE

level point for buildings and playgrounds, besides woods and hills. A series of three buildings connected by pergolas has been planned for, one of which is to be built this spring. It is our purpose to build an ideal equipment on this ideal spot.

A special booklet has been prepared with a full statement of our plans. Since we own the whole farm there will be plenty of room for all the things that we want to do. There will be animal pets, swings and hammocks, under the sugar maple trees. We expect the older girls to envy their younger sisters their location and equipment.

In Memoriam

Charlotte Gulick, of New York
Died, February, 1909

Winnifred Fairchild, of Glen Ridge, N. J.
Died, 1911

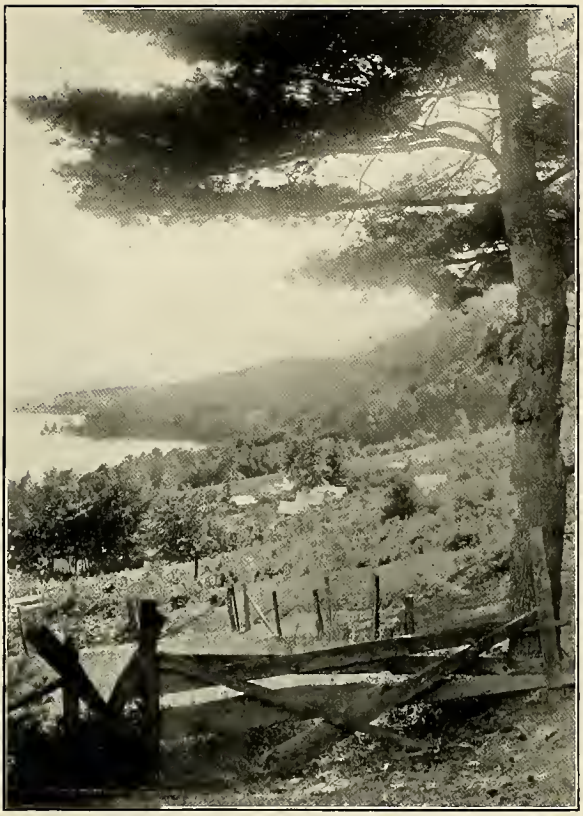
Minerva Saunders, of Philadelphia
Died, February, 1913

Eleanor Farrington, of West Roxbury, Mass.
Died, November, 1914

Miss Annie Chase, of Salem, Mass.
Died, November, 1914

Miss Emma Hough, of Smyrna, Delaware
Died, December, 1914

Mr. Harry Holbrook
Died, 1913
Killed After Two Years' Missionary Work in Turkey



Where Vermont Comes In

Up where the north winds blow just a little keener,
Up where the grasses grow a little greener,
Up where the mountain peaks rise a little higher,
Up where the human kind draws a little nigher,
That's where Vermont comes in.

Up where the snows of winter last a little longer,
Up where the heart beats a little stronger,
Up where the handclasp is just a little warmer,
That's where Vermont comes in.

Up where the lonesome pine its mighty requiem sighs,
Up where the unpolluted waters take their rise,
Up where the sons of toil have fought for freedom's sod,
Up where all nature's mood is a little nearer God,
That's where Vermont comes in.

Where our manhood fights for honor
And where woman shrinks at sin,
Where health is man's best riches,
That's where Vermont comes in.

CHARLES H. DARLING.

Captain Morey

By E.L.G.

IF THE ghost of old Captain Morey, that sometimes may be seen on misty moonlight nights walking the waters of his lake, could be questioned concerning his life and especially about the chief moral lesson to be drawn therefrom, he would say:

"My chief fault in life was procrastination. If it hadn't been for that, I might now be as famous as that Robert Fulton that everybody knows. I was ahead of him by five years in making a boat go by steam-power, and yet because he went ahead and got that idea patented he is famous and I am only a local ghost.

"You may not think that I really existed, but come with me and I will show you the ditch running along the road from the river. That is all that is left of my canal for conveying logs from the lake to the Connecticut. That, too, is a frustrated ghost of what it might have been."

But if you should detain him in conversation till morning, he would not, being a magnanimous ghost, breathe a whisper of suspicion that Robert Fulton appropriated any of his ideas about steamboat construction. Nor would he probably think it worth while to inform you of the futile attempts to dredge the lake for his boat which he had sunk, engine and all, in bitter disappointment. The desire was to exhibit that primitive engine at the Chicago Exposition.

The traditions concerning Captain Morey are well grounded in history. When we first went to Fairlee there was an old lady named Kibby, who was of his family, and who had a model of his engine. Her words were to be believed for she had read her Bible through fifty-seven times.

We were also told of another old lady who had died the year before, of whom it was said that she had taken her wedding journey in Captain Morey's boat, a single trip around the lake. If you think of that sentimental journey when Capt. Lucas blows his whistle for the echoes, closing your eyes and crossing your arms on your breast, it will bring good matrimonial fortune; I have never known it to fail.

LAKESIDE AT CAMP

ALTAMONT SHACK
BUILT BY ALOHA GIRLS

Camp Altamont

MUCH to the credit of the Aloha girls is their desire to help those less fortunate than themselves. Various needy causes have been aided by the gifts that are made every Sunday, but none has awakened more interest or elicited more generous giving than the building and equipping of a shack at Camp Altamont. This is a vacation camp maintained by the Young Woman's Christian Association, to which about two hundred and fifty girls can go at one time, from the neighborhood of New York to secure two weeks of much needed rest from their factory work.

It is located on the slopes of Mount Altamont, commanding wonderful views of the Hudson River Valley to the west and north. One of our girls has visited the Aloha shack at Camp Altamont, and reports that she saw it occupied by six New Jersey girls who were all "very crazy about Aloha and Aloha's shack."

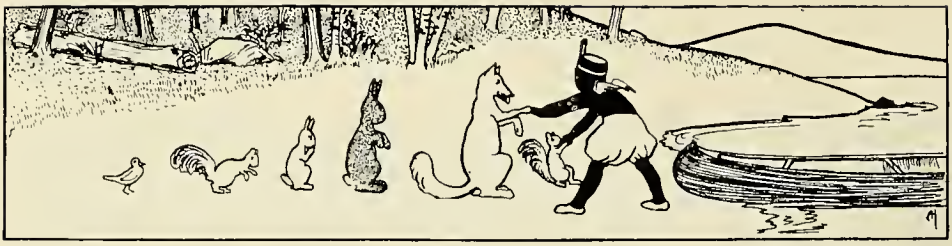
A much needed hospital shack bids for our gifts in the future.

"WITH A LONG, LONG PULL"

A Toast

Here's to Aloha's Big Brothers, strong,
Cheer them on with a hearty song!
They teach us to swim, to dive, to paddle,
To keep our seats in the lofty saddle;
They help Mother Byrd, they work all the day.
They are cheerful and patient in work and play.
So cheer them along with a hearty call,
"Here's to our Big Brothers, Best of all!"

E. Hesse.



A COIGN OF VANTAGE

Aloha Reunions

WHEN sap begins to flow and small boys go about hanging pails on every available maple tree—when the long quiet ice of the river begins to snap and break and groan—then is the time when we Alohaites begin to long for the old camp. We ache to don the emancipating costume, to spring into our canoe and to feel once more the paddle-head in our palm.

Or we sigh—"Oh for a ride on lively Queen Lil, or a long gallop on fiery Cobalt—or even a gentle amble on 'Ever Weary' or Blanco!"

Forgetting the muds of March, we think of those excellent, waiting tennis courts at Aloha Club, and those witching wood-paths around Lake Katherine and Lake Tarleton.

REUNIONS

This is the season for Aloha's clans to have their joyous reunions in the gay cities.

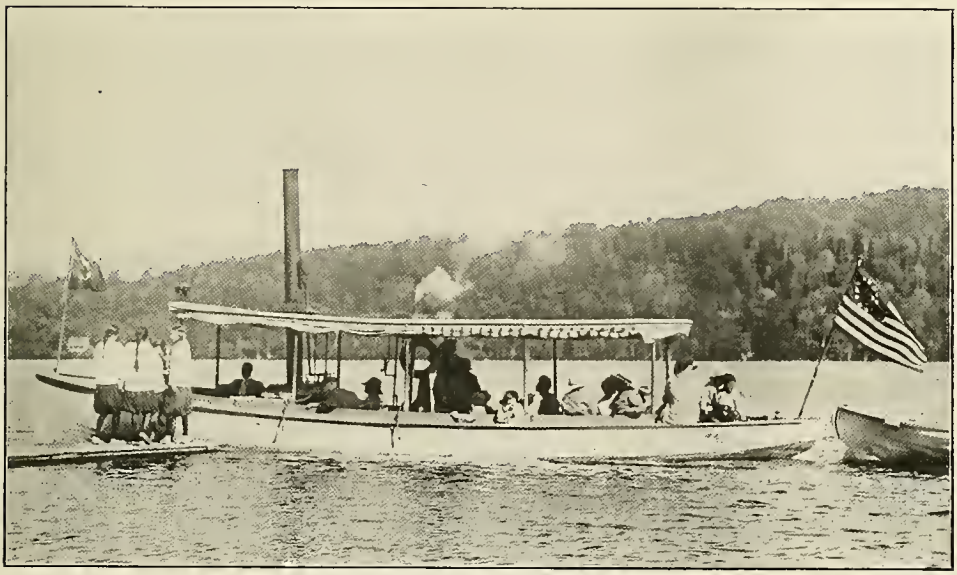
The energetic girls of 1906 said, "Why not have a mid-winter reunion—we surely must"—and so they began. But in reality they have always occurred in early spring.

First we gathered at Whittier Hall in New York and had the use of a parlor and piano which we used well for helping us in camp songs and in dancing.

The banquet itself is always a fine time for knitting up old friendships, for joyous reminiscences—and for hearing all the new plans for the coming summer.

Such happy times as we have had—enjoying the stories and toasts, and trying to make the stylish, dainty belles of the gay metropolis seem in the least like the brown, rugged campers in green that "did all the stunts there were to do" and then sighed for more.

Shall we forget the gracious presence of Mother Burchenal in our midst and her words of appreciation for the happy summer she had had at camp. We all knew her gentle presence, and her high ideals for us, had blessed us all the summer through. Would that she and her three daughters—greatly beloved councilors in the early days—might come again to Morey's shore!



THE GYPSY AT ALOHA'S DOCK

CAMP COUNCILORS, 1914

We would even take again the big green-eyed cat "Vichie," and risk losing a bird or two, if necessary, so we might have all the Burchenals again. Do you remember the reunion when a flock of Vassar-Alohaites came—and sang a medley—a forerunner of the excellent one by Miss Coale that we now have at Aloha—telling of many larks of those early camp days? Do you remember Tookie's ludicrous Shakespearean version of the episode of Laddie and the Oiesen sisters in after camp days?

Various delightful reunions for the groups about Boston have been held at Wellesley—one very pretty one was when Miss Leah Curtis (Mrs. Baker) invited us all to her beautiful society house. Generally Boston reunions have been is some well-known Boston hotel. Contrary to all early bringing up, we have sung lustily and merrily through all these lunches. Perhaps one favorite song is, "We are a band of Alohaites" written by Miss Coale especially for one of the earliest New York reunions, and learned promptly around the piano before going to the feast.

"And tho' in festal garb we here,
There will be no surprise,
When in the summer we appear
In very different guise."

REUNIONS

It is just that *different guise* that makes an Aloha reunion fall short of the perfect Aloha gathering. It is hard to sit "All togged up" and see everybody else in the same pitiable plight—and yet get the true Aloha spirit. But camp cordiality and the singing, and the joy of seeing dear friends long missed, after a while overcomes that barrier too.

Delightful reunions have taken place at Philadelphia and Baltimore, with miniature Lake Morey's, with canoes on the water, and tents about the shore, and dolls in green and white in gay frolic all about the table. Chicago and St. Louis have talked of reunions, some of you will surely have reunions at the exposition in California this summer. Think of us—and smile on the Japanese when you say Aloha—Banzai, for it is the Japanese Hurrah—or as near as they come to it—tho' it does mean ten thousand.

Let no one of the splendid camp leaders who have worked so heartily to make the Aloha reunions successful think those who come as guests have no idea of the great work and sacrifice of time and strength that go into making such a reunion as we have often had—especially the great reunion of 1914 in Montclair, or that of 1912 in Boston. Miss Coale, and Winnie Young have repeatedly done wonders in securing a most happy gathering. Many others in New York, Ruth Dickinson, Stella Barnard, Helen Gildersleeve, have done much. Dorothea Jones, the Stallmans, Gladys Williams and others in Philadelphia, and in Baltimore the whole united group, led by the Hisses, marshaled by Miss Richardson and Miss Boyd.

CLUB COUNCILORS, 1914

In Boston, Miss Wellington, Marguerite Moore, Mrs. Dunn, Helen Shedden, Elsie Page, Marion Allchin and others have always made the gatherings a great success, and somehow they have always had clever toasts too. Repeatedly different members have "'fessed up" and acknowledged a suspected engagement Perhaps the most happy occasion of this kind was when Mrs. Gulick announced the engagement of the two councilors, Helen and Leah Curtis, who for so many summers, with strong inspiring leadership, influenced Aloha girls for the best things.

Did you know that two years later the two sisters were married on the same day in September, one in North Adams, Mass., and one in Constantinople?

Surely all you who knew and loved Helen Curtis will be glad that she and her husband, Luther Fowle, and their small boy, are being protected by the Stars and Stripes and a strong able Ambassador—Morgenthau, while they hear the guns of the allied fleets booming nearer and nearer to their home.

There are rumors of Aloha reunions in the open where we can play all we want and yet have a good luncheon too. But that is in the future with only a change of date. The following toast was used when the beautiful loving cup was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Gulick as a gift at the tenth anniversary of the life of Aloha Camp, at the New York reunion of 1914.

THE HALLE

THE BUNGALOW

On Tuesday night at our first meal, while the new girls were still wondering how they would ever get so many names and faces straightened out and put together properly, and the old girls were still exclaiming, "Do you remember?" and "So glad to be back," the knock sounded at head table and as the clamor in the dining room subsided, Mrs. Gulick rose to give the toast to the Aloha of 1-9-1-4.

She raised high the silver cup that was presented to the Gulicks by "Aloha" in honor of the tenth anniversary and we all joined with her as she drank to it:

Here's to Aloha—1915!
Here's to our camp, of all camps the queen.
Here's to the girls, the best you can find.
Here's to our councillors, wise and kind.
Here's to our girls, loyal and generous.
Here's to our girls, honest and courteous.
Here's to our girls with voices sweet.
Here's to our girls with tents so neat.
Here's to our girls with hands so clever.
Here's to our girls, who are smiling forever.
Here's to our good and careful mixer.
May Heaven in the highest galaxy fix her.
Here's to this summer, the best ever seen.
Here's to Aloha, 1915.

AT THE CLUB

The Banquet, 1914

When every year the time for banquet comes, there arises in the heart of every member of Aloha a strange chaos of feelings which is hard to describe—it is composed of regret for the summer's ending and joy at the prospect of next year at camp; of sorrow at the thought of breaking up, and wild enthusiasm at being for one last time all together, working and laughing and singing together as the big loyal family of our Shepherd of Tender Youth.

The banquet this year certainly was no exception to previous ones either in enthusiasms or regrets or excitements. In the first place, the banquet itself was a wondrous affair. Miss Hough knew exactly the quickest way to our hearts—as for Mrs. Crocker and Mr. Byrd and the kitchen force, they outdid themselves, and the waitresses! We did not arise empty from banquet! Then, to satisfy our more aesthetic sense, the dining-room was fairly transformed with green boughs and clematis, golden glow and jewel-weed into a fairy palace lit with a hundred tips of light. Miss Moore and the honor girls must have worked their brains overtime, not to speak of their muscles and all the hammers in the garage. At each place—(and by the way, how Miss Bella Coale and E. Field and Stella Barnard ever arranged us is a problem for great minds—how they ever brought order and sanity out of those delirious lists where we announced what people we wished to sit by is more than a humble outsider can fathom)—at each place we found adorable little cards that Miss Harris and Helen Sargent and Elizabeth Scoville had been slaving over for a week.

When the banquet fairly began, we were amused during courses and in between courses by select music from the choir table—and by the toasts. Miss Anna Coale had these in charge. Mr. Gulick was toast-master—we always wish we had taken him down in shorthand when we try to remember afterward all the funny things he said. The toasts, on all subjects from "The Call of the Connecticut" and "The Juniors" to "Aloha Nui Oi" were by the following people: Mr. Black, Sarah Murray, Belle Allchin, Mata Heineman, Louise Smith, Miss Harris, Miss Hinrichs, Mr. Lafferty, Mary Greene, Mr. Haywood, Harriet Gulick, Leonore Piquett—and finally a toast on inter-camp spirit, "Our Sisters," by Mrs. Gulick.

At last the moment came when the honors were to be awarded. Mrs. Gulick kept us in dreadful suspense for minutes—days—and then announced that A's had been awarded as follows:

Best Waitress, Mary Green.
Horsemanship (*Junior*), Muriel Herr; (*Senior*), Margaret Crouch.
Crafts, Esther Sampson.
Embroidery (*Junior*), Louise Dohme; (*Senior*), Gretchen Brown.
Swimming (*Junior*), Louise McConway; (*Senior*), Anna McCandless.
Jewelry, Ruth Wellington.
Nature Study, Gertrude Mensel.
Boating, Harriet Gulick.
Walking (*Junior*), Betty Helmer; (*Senior*), Eleanor Shumway.
Tennis (*Junior*), Louise McConway; (*Senior*), Mary Green.
Banners for Neatest Tent, Miss Geyer, Muriel Herr, Evelyn Gray.

LAKE KATHERINE AND LAKE TARLETON

The new honor girls chosen were as follows: Belle Allchin, Edna Hauselt, Emma Hauselt, Constance Winchell.

Mrs. Gulick's announcement that the majority had voted against awarding the A for Camp Spirit was received with satisfaction in the thought that the average girl in camp had shown so high a degree of camp spirit that no girl had outshone the rest. The cheers broke out the wildest when the big A for Camp Spirit for the ten years of Camp was presented to our dear Shepherd of Tender Youth.

We broke up at last, and strolled away arm in arm to our tents. Another summer has flown past us. We are now looking forward to Aloha reunions in the winter, visits in the spring from our Aloha mother, and finally next June to camp again—Aloha for aye!

THE LANAI

Club's Toast to Camp, at the Boston Reunion—1910

"FOR A'THAT AND A'THAT"

By Marion F. Allchin

I.

Ye see you camp among the hills
Long rows o'tents and a'that,
Here hundreds gather—all o'them gills—
It's not a town tho' it seems that.
For a'that and a'that
A wonderful place—all believe that—
Even the girl from a neighboring camp,
Who looks on and smiles at a'that.

II.

She may prefer chairs when she sits down to dine,
Have manners more civilized and a'that,
But tin "boats" and benches are just as fine
A camper's a camper for a'that.
For a'that and a'that
Democracy counts, for a'that:
And the poor bent backs tho' e'er sae tired
Never complain for a'that.

III.

The quiet ladies found over at Club
May sew, knit well and a'that—
Slow life like theirs is unheard at the "Hub"
Guid faith, mon! we canna do that!
Just that and only that,
Be dignified and a'that,
For while I'm a child I must play as a child
So run, jump and a'that.

IV.

Then let us pray that come it may
As come it will, for a'that—
That sense and worth o'er all the earth
May conquer strife and a'that.
For a'that and a'that
It's coming yet, don't doubt that,
When Camp to Club and Club to Camp
Shall loyal be, for a'that.

Episodes

By E. L. G.

FOR two whole days I have been looking over the manuscripts that appear in these pages, crossing t's and inserting commas, amputating superfluous feet from some of the poets, though for the most part leaving things as I found them. But as I have seen this panorama of memories stretch back to those early days when I had the honor to serve Aloha in many capacities, in the water, on the horses, under the packs, at the piano, it occurred to me that my subconscious storehouse of memories must contain many an incident that with proper stimulus might be recalled. So allowing myself to sink by degrees into the hypnoidal state, I began to cast the hook of recollection into that pulsing sea of memory.

Many a nibble and bite did I get, and several small fry did I bring to the surface only to throw them back as under the legal limit. But here are two or three specimens in my basket that deserve to be stuffed and mounted.

One day a timid girl found that she needed the girth of her saddle tightened. While I was attending to this necessary adjustment, the restive horse needing a little control, I said to Mehetabel, "Why don't you hold his bridle and keep him still?" This she did till I began again to pull on the cinch, and the steed commenced to practice his calisthenics. Now, Mehetabel had never measured her strength against that of a horse, and felt a little doubtful of results. Falling back, therefore, on her powers of persuasion, she was heard gently lisping, "Whoa! Whoa!" The primitive creature, not hearing the note of authority, continued to prance. "Whoa! Whoa!! Whoa!!!" Mehetabel cried, with increasing concern and rising emphasis. "Whoa! *really whoa!* she concluded in a convincing climax of human and equine vocabulary that kept him quiet. Dear Mehetabel, you were called on to do a good many unwonted things in the days when you and the camp were young together, and you have done a good many brave things since, holding bridles and restraining steeds.

Another treasure from my basket is the memory of sweet, deliberate Priscilla. She had swum beyond her depth, gone down, and been pulled out by me. Prompt to render full appreciation for my efforts, she said: "Mr. Gulick, you—have—saved—my—life." "Don't mention it," I modestly said (that is, I *hope* I did). "How did it happen?" "Well,—you—see,—Mr.—Gulick,—I—was—headed—out—to—sea,—and—as—that—was—the—easiest—way—to—go,—I—went. And when—I—was—over—my—depth—I—began—to—think—of—the—bottom,—and—so—I—sank. And—when—I—was—half—way—down,—and—couldn't go—either—way,—it—seemed—for—one—moment—as—if—Satan—had—got—into—me. But—then—you—came—and—pulled—me—out. Oh, Mr. Gulick,—you—have—saved—my—life." Of one thing I am convinced: If Satan did by some chance find a momentary lodging in that innocent heart, it was the first and last occasion, and doubtless proved as unhappy for him as for her.

Too good to be thrown back into the sea of unrecorded memories are the incidents of one memorable night. About two o'clock I was roused from sleep by someone "gently tapping at my chamber door." "Who is that?" "It is I," grammatical, as always, replied Pudencia; "Oh, do come at once, Mr. Gulick, there's a man in our tent under the bed." "How do you know?" "Why, we heard him making a noise, and when Mary started to get up, she put her bare foot right down on his head." "What sort of noise——" "Oh! Mr. Gulick, don't wait any longer, come right down, for my sisters are there." "Don't you want me to get dressed?" "Oh! no! Don't wait."

"QUADRUPEDANTE PUTREM SONITU QUATIT UNGULA CAMPUM"

CANOES AT CAMP

So we went downstairs and across the lawn, she trembling and I chuckling. We were both dressed with perfect propriety—for bed, and besides, what difference did that make in the dark? But when some other rescuer appeared with a lantern, the absurdity of the situation was suddenly enhanced, and printed itself in rubrics on Pudencia's fair face.

As for the man in the tent, he turned out to be our faithful Laddie, who had wakened them by wagging his tail against the floor, and it was his innocent head that was bruised by the heel of this latest sister of Eve. Pudencia, Pudencia, may every "man under the bed" be changed for you into a gentle and protecting shepherd dog.

But enough of the incidents that strike the skeleton of one whose bones are all funny. A man's life at a girls' camp has been no more amusing than rewarding. It is something to see many a slender slip of a girl add weight, strength and endurance, in a single season; to see roses blooming in her cheeks, enthusiasm in her heart, initiative in her will, and efficiency in her hands. In the days before us, women and men alike are going to need all the self-guidance and self-dependence of which they are capable. It is demonstrably helpful for them to be thrown early into a life which calls for social contacts and adjustments, the surmounting of difficulties, the bearing of responsibility and the fitting of means to ends.

Camp Roster

CAMP AND CLUB GIRLS, 1905-1914

1. Abbott, Margaret 1911
2. Adams, Flora 1909
3. Adriance, Janet .....1910, '11
4. Alexander, Elizabeth 1914
5. Akeroyd, Elizabeth 1914
6. Allchin, Agnes .....1912, '13, Counc. '14
7. Allchin, Belle .....1912, '13, '14
8. Allen, Pauline 1911
9. Alling, Elizabeth 1906
10. Allison, Lillian 1910
11. Alpers, Katherine .....1909, '10
12. Ames, Annette 1911
13. Ames, Katherine .....
14. Andrus, Pauline 1911
15. Andrus, Ruth .....1911, '12
16. Appel, Josephine 1909
17. Atkins, Helen 1910
18. Avery, Marion 1914
19. Baetjer, Anna .....1912, '13, '14
20. Baetjer, Katherine 1913
21. Baetjer, Ruth .....1912, '13, '14
22. Bailey, Emily 1914
23. Baird, Helen (Mrs. Hodgkinson).....
24. Baker, Beatrice 1909
25. Baker, Florence 1909
26. Banks, Marjorie .....1912, '13, '14
27. Barber, Dorothy .....1913, '14
28. Barber, Eleanor .....1913, '14
29. Barber, Ruth 1913
30. Barnard, Stella .....1911, '12, '13, '14
31. Barstow, Harriet 1908
32. Barton, Maude .....1910, '11
33. Bassett, Isabel 1911
34. Bassett, Marion 1911
35. Becker, Emily 1913
36. Beddoe, Beatrice 1912
37. Beecher, Katherine 1914
38. Beecher, Molly 1914
39. Behman, Mary 1908
40. Benedict, Eleanor 1914
41. Benjamin, Lucy .....1911, '12
42. Beuel, Anna 1908
43. Biehl, Louise 1913
44. Bill, Dorothy 1906
45. Bill, Virginia 1906
46. Billings, Alice 1909
47. Billings, Frances (Mrs. C. Woodman) 1909
48. Bisbee, Virginia (Mrs. L. H. Boggs) 1913
49. Blake, Helen 1914
50. Blauvelt, Constance 1914
51. Boardman, Anna 1913
52. Boehm, Ruth 1913
53. Bolton, Dorothy 1909
54. Borgman, Frances 1914
55. Boyd, Agatha .....1910, '11
56. Boyd, Ethel .....1913, '14
57. Bradford, Polly 1909
58. Bradshaw, Frances 1913
59. Bramhall, Dorothy 1908
60. Bramhall, Ruberta 1908
61. Brand, Mary 1910
62. Brandenstein, Sylvia .....1909, '10, '11
63. Brandt, Ethel 1913
64. Brewer, Eleanor 1914
65. Bridges, Frances .....1913, '14
66. Briggs, Amy .....1913, '14
67. Brimblecom, Helen 1914
68. Bronson, Winifred 1914
69. Brown, Caroline 1906
70. Brown, Constance 1913
71. Brown, Gladys 1909
72. Brown, Grace .....1912, '13
73. Brown, Gretchen 1914
74. Brown, Lillian (Mrs. A. Blackstone) 1907
75. Brown, Madeline 1912
76. Brown, Rachel .....1906, '10
77. Bruen, Hilda .....1909, '10
78. Brush, Gladys 1911
79. Brush, Mrs. Herbert D.....1911
80. Bryan, Doris 1912
81. Buchanan, Helen .....
82. Buchanan, Jessie 1905, '06, '07, '08, '09, '10
83. Buchanan, Mary .....1905, '09, '10
84. Bulkley, Florence 1911
85. Bullard, Katherine .....1913, '14
86. Burdett, Alice .....1912, '13, '14
87. Burgess, Elinore .....1912, '13, '14
88. Burnett, Viola 1913
89. Butler, Eleanor 1911
90. Butler, Elsie H.....1911
91. Butler, Gladys (Mrs. H. C. Phillips) 1906
92. Buttrick, Carolin .....1912, '13
93. Buttrick, Lois 1913
94. Byington, Ruth 1908
95. Camp, Emily .....1912, '13, '14
96. Campbell, Anna .....1911, '12, '13, '14
97. Campbell, Margaret 1914
98. Campbell, Miriam 1908
99. Carlsen, Alice .....1907, '10
100. Carpenter, Katherine 1911
101. Carter, Alice .....1908, '09, '10
102. Carter, Alice B.....1906
103. Carter, Leslie 1908
104. Carver, Helen 1909
105. Carver, Margaret .....1910, '11
106. Case, Carolyn 1912
107. Cerf, Dorothy .....
108. Chandler, Bettie 1912
109. Chapin, Frances .....1907, '08

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110. Chapin, Helen .....
111. Chapman, Cecil 1911
112. Chase, Annie 1911
113. Chesborough, Elizabeth 1906
114. Childs, A. Muriel 1911
115. Childs, Elinor .....1912, '13
116. Christie, Eleanor 1914
117. Clark, Annie 1911
118. Clark, Hilda 1911
118a. Clark, Hilda 1913
119. Clark, Irene 1909
120. Clark, Katherine 1914
121. Clark, Louisa .....1909, '10
122. Clarke, Frances Chase .....
123. Cobb, Helen H.....1913
124. Coburn, Elizabeth 1914
125. Coburn, Frances .....
126. Coddington, Gladys 1906
127. Colby, Suzanne 1913
128. Coldham, Elizabeth 1914
129. Cole, Luella W.....1912
130. Collins, Hazel .....1911, '12
131. Collins, Hildegarde 1911
132. Cone, Alice .....
133. Connet, Miriam 1914
134. Connolly, Kathleen .....1912, '13
135. Cook, Katharine .....
136. Cooke, Marion F.....1914
137. Coolidge, Delpha 1905
138. Coolidge, Elizabeth 1905
139. Coolidge, Katherine 1914
140. Cooper, Nancy .....1912, '13
141. Corey, Helen L.....1914
142. Coverly, Eleanor .....1912, '13
143. Cowan, Ruth .....1912, '13
144. Cowdery, Corene .....
145. Cowenhoven, Karolyn 1912
146. Cowenhoven, Kathleen .....
147. Cowles, Frances .....1913, '14
148. Coyle, Emily 1910
149. Cragin, Alice 1913
150. Crawford, Ruth .....1906, '07
151. Croacher, Irene .....1912, '13, '14
152. Croacher, Mazelle .....1912, '13, '14
153. Crouch, Margaret 1914
154. Cunningham, Florence..1905, '06, '07, '08
155. Cunningham, Mary.....1905, '06, '07, '08
156. Cunningham, Ruth
1906, '07, '08, '09, '10, '11
157. Curtis, Dorothy .....1912, '13
158. Dalberg, Helen 1910
159. Damon, Mabel 1906
160. Daniel, Anna Hardy .....1908, '09
161. Daniel, Isabel .....1909, '10
162. Dann, Dorothy 1913
163. Dann, Esther 1913
164. Darby, Esther .....1911, '12, '13
165. Davis, Dorothy 1914
166. Dawson, Ethel 1913
167. Day, Alice F.....1906, '07, '08, '11
168. Day, Marguerite 1912
169. Day, Ruth .....1911, '12, '13
170. Devereaux, Aileen 1914
171. Dickinson, Claire .....1907, '08, '09
172. Dickinson, Louise 1908
173. Dickinson, Ruth .....1907, '08, '09, '10
174. Dickson, Christine 1914
175. Dohme, Adelyn 1914
176. Dohme, Frances E.....1914
177. Dohme, I. Louise.....1914
178. Donald, Dorothy .....1913, '14
179. Douglass, Dorothea 1913
180. Drake, Josephine C.....1914
181. Drayton, Grace 1913
182. Drewsen, Antonie 1906
183. Drinkwater, Elizabeth 1914
184. Dudley, Ethel F.....1914
185. Dudley, Eugenia 1912
186. Duffy, Mary 1913
187. Duncomb, Mary .....
188. Dunham, Beatrice .....
189. Dunham, Eunice .....1912, '13, '14
190. Duyckinck, Harriet 1914
191. Eager, Helen .....1911, '12
192. Easterbrook, Bertha 1905
193. Eaton, Dorothy 1909
194. Edgarton, Mildred 1908
195. Elliott, Katherine .....1913, '14
196. Elliott, Margaret .....1913, '14
197. Ellis, Grace 1906
198. Ellis, Mary A.....1911, '12
199. Emerson, Louise .....1913, '14
200. Ewan, Mary Louise 1914
201. Fairbanks, Mary .....
202. Fairchild, Constance .....
203. Fairchild, Lila .....
204. Fairchild, Winifred .....
205. Farie, Cynthia 1912
206. Farnsworth, Edith 1912
207. Farrar, Margaret .....1912, '13, '14
208. Farrington, Eleanor 1906
209. Faxon, Edith 1910
210. Fertig, Marion 1910
211. Ficken, Lillian 1910
212. Field, Elizabeth .....1907, '08, '09
213. Field, Ruth .....1913, '14
214. Fisher, Caroline .....'13
215. Fisher, Elsie 1914
216. Fitch, Edith .....1912, '13
217. FitzGerald, Gertrude 1905
218. Foster, Eleanor .....1911, '12, '13
219. Foster, May .....1910, '11
220. Fowle, Eleanor .....1908, '09, '10
221. Foye, Isabelle .....
222. Francis, Alice 1914
223. Freeman, Edith 1914
224. Freeman, Helen 1914
225. Freeman, Ruth 1914
226. French, Ellen H.....1912, '13, '14
227. Friend, Helen A.....1913
228. Fuller, Mary 1914
229. Fuller, Nellie 1914
230. Gaebler, Anita (Mrs. W. J. Knight)
1909, '10
231. Gammon, Elizabeth 1913
232. Gant, Margaret .....1913, '14
233. Garland, Elizabeth G.....1914
234. Garman, Pauline 1911

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235. Garritt, Helen 1909
236. Garvin, Christine 1906
237. Gates, Edith 1906
238. Gay, Ruth 1913
239. Geer, Dorothy (Mrs. E. E. Dissell)..1906
240. Gildersleeve, Helen
1908, '09, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14
241. Goldthwait, Margaret R.....1914
242. Goodell, Mollie .....1908, '09
243. Gorton, Anthy 1908
244. Gould, Helen 1913
245. Gould, Louise .....1912, '13
246. Gowan, Alice 1914
247. Graff, Marie .....1909, '10, '11
248. Graham, Mildred .....1910, '11
249. Graham, Olive .....1910, '11
250. Grant, Olive .....
251. Gray, Evelyn 1914
252. Green, Charlotte .....1908, '09
253. Green, Mary McB.....1913, '14
254. Griffin, Jane .....1911, '12
255. Griffith, Vera Briggs 1913
256. Groff, Dorothy 1912
257. Gulick, Carol .....
258. Gulick, Charlotte .....
259. Gulick, Frances 1907
260. Gulick, Harriet .....
261. Gulick, Helen .....
262. Gulick, Louise .....1906, '07
263. Hahn, Mildred .....1912, '13, '14
264. Hallam, Gertrude .....1911, '12
265. Hammond, Priscilla 1913
266. Hardy, Gladys .....
267. Harris, Ambia .....1913, '14
268. Harris, Harriet O.....1914
269. Harrison, Acile 1914
270. Harrison, Blanche 1913
271. Harrison, Katherine .....1908, '09, '10
272. Harrison, Margaret 1913
273. Harrison, Marion 1913
274. Hastings, Ruth (Mrs. Chas. Hidden)....
275. Hauselt, Edna .....1913, '14
276. Hauselt, Emma .....1913, '14
277. Haviland, Florence 1911
278. Heineman, Mata 1914
279. Helmer, Elizabeth .....1912, '13, '14
280. Helmer, Phoebe .....1912, '13
281. Helmer, Mrs. Ralph 1913
282. Henderson, Louise .....1913, '14
283. Henning, Margaretha 1913
284. Hensel, Katherine 1913
285. Herr, Muriel V.....1914
286. Herrick, Prudence 1914
287. Hervey, Margaret 1912
288. Hesse, Mildred 1914
289. Hesse, Ella 1914
290. Heyn, Frances .....1913, '14
291. Heyn, Margaret .....1913, '14
292. Hilcken, Mabel F.....1912, '13, '14
293. Hills, Beatrice 1909
294. Hills, Dorothy 1914
295. Hilton, Charlotte .....1911, '12, '13
296. Hinck, Marie A.....1910
297. Hinricks, Kathryn.....1913, '14
298. Hiss, Anna .....1911, '12, '13
299. Hiss, Mary Anne .....1910, '11, '12, '13
300. Hixon, Ellen J.....1911
301. Holmes, Edith 1909
302. Holmes, Eleanor 1911
303. Holmes, Isabel 1909
304. Holyoke, Mary .....1911, '12, '13, '14
305. Hopf, Agnes (Mrs. F. O. Eheling).....
306. Hopkins, Katherine.1906, '07, '08, '09, '10
307. Horne, Mary Shaw 1911
308. Houghton, Isabel 1907
309. Howard, Marguerite .....1908, '09
310. Howell, Martha 1913
311. Howes, Helen .....1910, '11
312. Howes, Ruth .....1910, '11
313. Hoyt, Helen .....1910, '11
314. Hoyt, Ruth G.....1911
315. Hu, Ping Hsia (Mrs. T. C. Chu)....1909
316. Hubbard, Marjorie .....1907, '08
317. Hungerford, Hala.....1907, '08, '09, '10
318. Hunt, Eleanor 1912
319. Hunt, Helen W.....1913, '14
320. Hunt, Madeline 1912
321. Hussey, Margaret 1914
322. Hutchinson, Normandie 1911
323. Hutchinson, Ruth 1911
324. Hyde, Martha 1909
325. Hynes, Romola (M.).....1907
326. Ihlsing, Dorothy .....1905, '06
327. Ihlsing, Olga .....1905, '06
328. Inslee, Gertrude .....1909, '10, '11, '12
329. Jackson, Janet 1911
330. Jacobs, Margaret 1913
331. Jaeger, Clara .....1912, '13
332. Jaeger, Eleanor .....1912, '13
333. Jaeger, Katherine .....1913, '14
334. Jaeger, Lily Belle .....1912, '13
335. Jaretzki, Maud .....1905, '06, '07, '08
336. Jessup, Constance .....1913, '14
337. Johns, Katie .....1913, '14
338. Johnson, Elizabeth .....1908, '09, '10
339. Johnson, Mary 1908
340. Johnson, Nan 1906
341. Johnson, Ruth 1912
342. Johnston, Elizabeth M.....1914
343. Jones, Dorothea .....1909, '10
344. Jones, Dorothy .....1912, '13
345. Jones, Rachel 1914
346. Jones, Rebecca 1913
347. Joy, Helen 1908
348. Judd, Katherine .....1913, '14
349. Kaufman, Ruth .....1913, '14
350. Kavanaugh, Olivia 1909
351. Keator, Rachel .....1908, '09
352. Kelly, Margaret .....1912, '13
353. Kelsey, Janet .....1913, '14
354. Kennedy, Miriam B.....1912
355. Kilmarx, Margaret 1913
356. Kimball, Dorothy M.....1914
357. Kirkpatrick, Eleanor 1910
358. Kittridge, Hope V.....1914
359. Kluge, Dorothea M. C.....1911
360. Knapp, Katherine 1913
361. Knapp, Margaret 1914

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362. Kneeland, Eleanor 1910
363. Kneeland, Hildegarde 1910
364. Kneeland, Natalie .....1910, '11, '12, '14
365. Knight, Myra .....1913, '14
366. Krollpfeiffer, Elsa 1906
367. Krollpfeiffer, Frida 1906
367a. Lancaster, Bertha 1913
368. Landers, Dorothy .....1910, '11, '12, '13
369. Lapham, Katheryn E.....1913
370. Lathrop, Mildred 1907
371. Latimer, Gladys (Mrs. W. W. Lyman) 1913, '14
372. de Lavalette, Madeline 1914
373. Le Brun, Elizabeth .....1911, '12
374. Lee, Alice .....1910, '11
375. Leggett, Marjorie .....1913, '14
376. Leonard, Edith .....1908, '09
377. Lewis, Katherine .....
378. Lincoln, Marjorie 1911
379. Lippincott, Estelle .....
380. Little, Carolyn .....
381. Little, Elizabeth .....
382. Lodge, Eleanor .....1911, '12, '13
383. Lodge, Mary C.1909, '10, '11, '12, '13, '14
384. Logan, Ruth 1913
385. Longendyke, Marie ....1911, '12, '13, '14
386. Longfelder, Marjorie .....1911, '12, '13
387. Longfelder, Myra .....1911, '12, '13
388. Longman, Emily 1914
389. Look, Barbara 1911
390. Lovejoy, Helen .....1913, '14
391. Lovejoy, Marie 1913
392. Lowe, Eleanor .....1913, '14
393. Ludlow, Mildred 1913
394. Lux, Eleanor 1913
395. Lyon, Mary 1912
396. Lyon, Ruth 1912
397. McBurney, Isabella 1912
398. McCabe, Edith 1912
399. McCandless, Anna L...1911, '12, '13, '14
400. McClellan, Priscella 1911
401. McConnell, Margaret M.....1914
402. McConway, Isabelle .....1913, '14
403. McConway, Louise .....1913, '14
404. McCoul, Dorothy .....1905, '06
405. McDonald, Helen 1910
406. McDowell, Laura E.....1914
407. McEldowney, Alison .....1909, '10
408. McGee, Klotho 1905
409. MacHale, Alice 1910
410. McNevin, Evelyn R.....1914
411. McWhinnie, Marjorie 1913
412. Manning, Elizabeth .....1912, '13, '14
413. Mason, Olive 1913
414. Mattoon, Isabelle .....1911, '12
415. Mayer, Doris .....1909, '10
416. Mayo, Amanda 1914
417. Mendelson, Nancy 1910
418. Merrill, Louise 1906
419. Meyers, Helen B.....1914
420. Miller, Marjorie 1913
421. Milligan, Margaret E.....1914
422. Mills, Daisy (Mrs. S. Dow).....1909
423. Mills, Mary 1911
424. Mills, Rebecca .....1911, '13
425. Milsted, Eleanor 1914
426. Moneypenny, Mollie .....1909, '10, '11
427. Moore, Grace 1914
428. Morgan, Dorothy 1909
429. Morgan, Edwina 1909
430. Morgan, Jennie 1909
431. Morris, Georgia .....1907, '08
432. Moseley, Beatrice .....1913, '14
433. Mossman, Cornelia .....1907, '09
434. Mower, Margaret 1910
435. Muller, Mildred .....1912, '13
436. Murray, Sarah 1914
437. Muse, Alice 1914
438. Muse, Willie 1914
439. Nash, Marie 1913
440. Neemes, Grace 1913
441. Norton, Natalie .....1909, '10, '11, '12
442. Noyes, Constance 1910
443. Noyes, Henrietta .....1912, '13
444. Oakes, Mary Esther 1914
445. Ogden, Alice 1914
446. Oiesen, Asta .....1910, '11
447. Oiesen, Marie .....1910, '11, '12
448. Oliver, Brenda 1914
449. Oliver, Margaret .....1913, '14
450. Oppenheimer, Helen 1913
451. Oppenheimer, Mildred 1913
452. Orne, Elsie (Mrs. E. A. Stoddard) 1905, '06
453. Orne, Lucinda (Mrs. C. Fosdick) 1905, '06
454. Page, Elsie .....1909, '10, '11
455. Palmer, Edith 1910
456. Palmer, Hazel 1913
457. Parker, Elizabeth .....1912, '13
458. Parker, Hope 1913
459. Parker, Katherine .....1913, '14
460. Parkhurst, Anne .....1913, '14
461. Parkhurst, Dorothy .....1913, '14
462. Parmelee, Emma L.....1913, '14
463. Parmelee, Helen 1914
464. Parmley, Florence 1911
465. Patterson, Eleanor 1910
466. Patterson, Frances .....1913, '14
467. Patton, Augusta .....1907, '08, '09
468. Patton, Catherine .....1912, '13
469. Paul, Barbara .....1913, '14
470. Peale, Marion .....1907, '08, '09, '10, '11
471. Pearson, Dorothy 1913
472. Pearson, Josephine 1913
474. Peirce, Mary B.....1914
475. Peirson, Gladys 1910
476. Peirson, Helen (M).....1910
477. Perkins, Lois 1914
478. Perkins, Dorothea 1913
479. Perry, Gwendolin 1909
480. Perry, Ruth J.....1911
481. Peter, Margaret 1906
482. Phraner, Elizabeth .....1907, '08
483. Pickell, Louise 1913
484. Pierce, Allison 1910
485. Pierce, Grace 1910
486. Pierce, Helen 1910

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487. Pierson, Helen D. 1914
488. Pike, Katherine 1908
489. Piper, Marjorie B. 1911
490. Piquett, Lenore A. ..... 1912, '13, '14
491. Platt, Hilda 1909
492. Porter, Elizabeth 1912
493. Porter, Molly 1908
494. Post, Edna 1909
495. Power, Madeline 1910
496. Powers, Florence 1913
497. Prizer, Elizabeth ..... 1911, '12
498. Proctor, D. (Mrs. F. Curtis) 1907, '08, '09
499. Proctor, Helen (Mrs.) ..... 1907, '08
500. Prudden, Elizabeth ..... 1911, '12, '13
501. Pullman, Evaline 1905
502. Purdy, Frances 1912
503. Purves, Ruth 1910
504. Pyle, Marjorie 1912
505. Quackenbush, Ruth 1911
506. Quinn, Harriet 1913
507. Read, Cary ..... 1910, '11
508. Read, Frances ..... 1910, '11
509. Read, Ruth (Mrs.) 1910
510. Reed, Martha (Mrs.) ..... 1910, '11, '12
511. Reed, Rosamond ..... 1911, '12, '13, '14
512. Rees, Frances ..... 1912, '13
513. Reis, Frances E. ..... 1910, '11
514. Reis, Justine K. 1912
515. Renwick, Hester 1909
516. Richardson, Frances 1912
517. Rierson, Lucile 1910
518. Ritchie, Eleanor P. 1912
519. Robinson, Mary A. 1911
520. Rollins, Ethel ..... 1907, '08, '09
521. Rollins, Katherine ..... 1905, '07, '08
522. Rudloff, Eleanor 1912
523. Ruggles, Margaret 1909
524. Ruland, Dora 1914
525. Safford, Gladys 1907
526. Sampson, Esther 1914
527. Sands, Eleanor 1914
528. Sands, Esther ..... 1913, '14
529. Sankey, Victoria 1914
530. Sargent, Helen ..... 1913, '14
531. Saunders, Sally ..... 1912, '13, '14
532. Saunders, Minerva 1913
533. Sayer, Leslie ..... 1909, '10, '11
534. Schier, Bessie 1913
535. Schwarcz, Minna 1914
536. Scoville, Elizabeth 1914
537. Scoville, Margaret 1909
538. Scribner, Frances 1912
539. Sellars, Frances 1914
540. Sellars, Mabel ..... 1913, '14
541. Semple, Emerine ..... 1908, '09
542. Shadburn, Celeste 1914
543. Shaefer, Thea ..... 1911, '12, '13
544. Shaw, Helen 1909
545. Shedden, Helen ..... 1910, '11, '12, '13
546. Shumway, Alice ..... 1909, '10, '14
547. Shumway, Eleanor 1914
548. Shumway, Marjorie. 1909, '10, '12, '13, '14
549. Simpson, Ruth 1914
550. Sinning, Helen 1914
551. Skidmore, Hilda 1914
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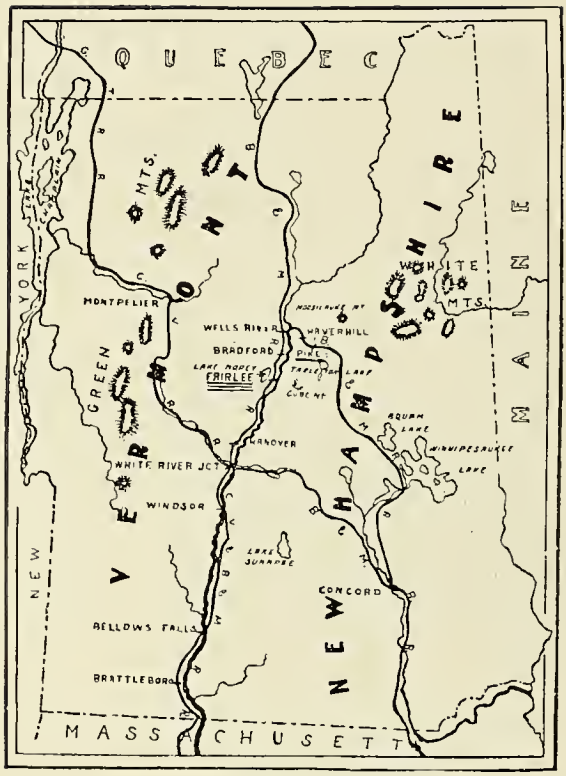
821. Ex-Gov. Bell of Vermont
822. Mrs. Bell
823. Bickford, James
824. Burbank, Jack
825. Chamberlain, Elizabeth
826. Mrs. Chamberlain
827. Master Chapin
828. Cochran, Mamie
829. Coolidge, Roger
830. Donald, Marjorie
831. Eldridge, Gracia
832. Enever, "Zoe" (Mrs. Walker)
833. Farnsworth, Dr. W. A.
834. Farnsworth, Mrs. W. A.
835. Flynn, John J.
836. Gilmore, General
837. Gulick, Halsey
838. Harding, Wallace
839. Harvey, Ted.
840. Laddie No. I.
841. Master Manning
842. Silver, Helen
843. Silver, Margaret
844. Tanzi, Harry
845. Winger, Ethel
846. Worthen, Joe
847. "Vic"
848. Clark, Mrs. Cyrus
849. Nora
850. Cochran, Ella
851. Tanzi, Ernest
852. Gray, "Shorty"

FAREWELL

Goodbye, dear Camp Aloha,
To you we'll e'er be true.
Though far we drift asunder,
Can we find a camp like you, I wonder.
Goodbye, dear Mrs. Gulick,
We wish you all success.
We'll think of you
The whole year through—
We're coming back.
Coming back? (Spoken by the leader.)
O! Yes!! (Shouted by all.)

Goodbye, dear Aloha, goodbye,
For you we shall ever sigh;
In the winter drear, you'll be ever near,
In fond and sweet remembrance.
Goodbye, dear old camp, goodbye,
For now we shall homeward fly;
But we're coming back next year,
To our camping ground so dear.
Goodbye, dear Aloha, goodbye.

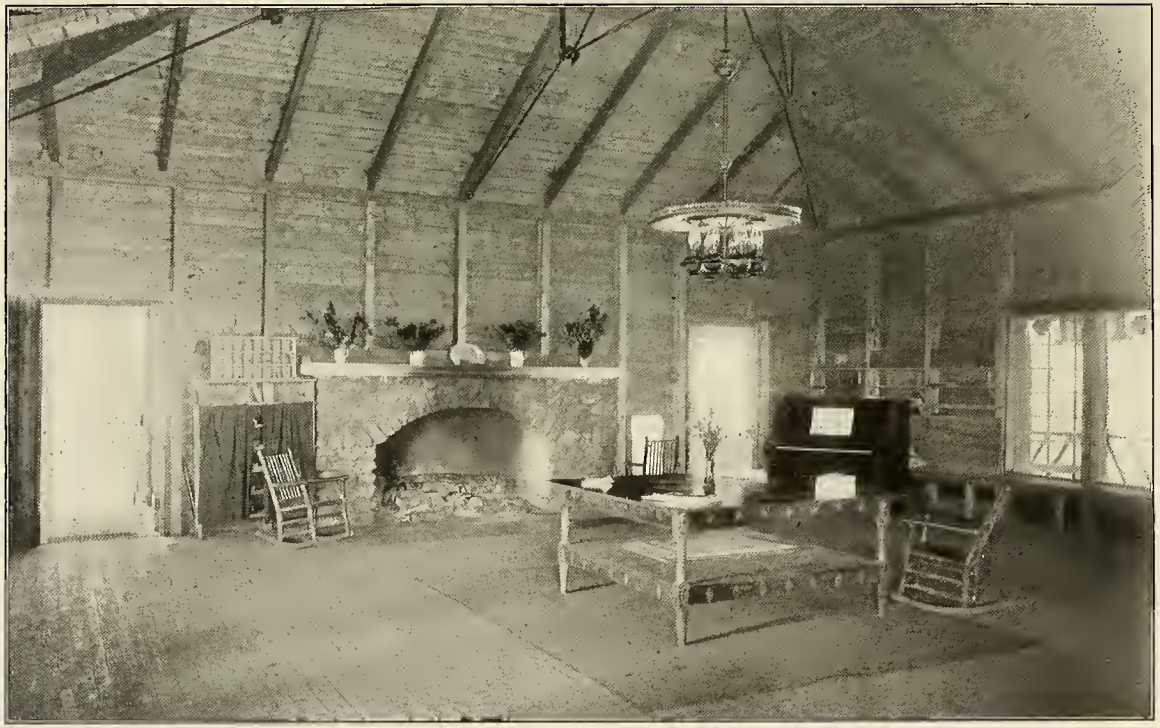
Arabella Coale.



THE MAP

All Aloha girls will be interested to know that Miss Anna Coale and Miss Bella Coale are starting a girls' camp of their own on Lake Armington, to be called Camp Tahoma. It is quite near Lake Tarleton and Aloha Club.

Aloha sings to Tahoma.



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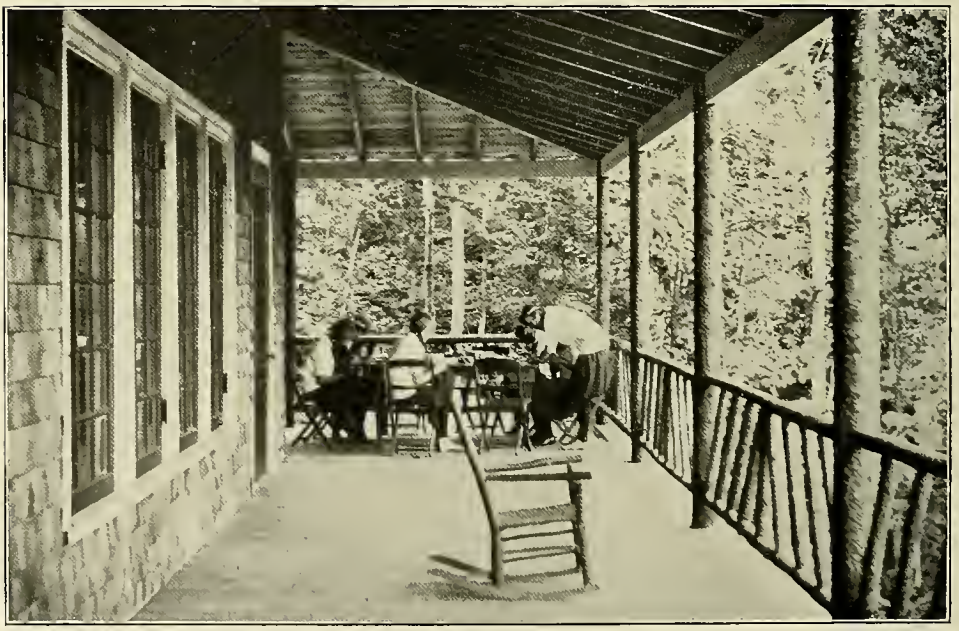

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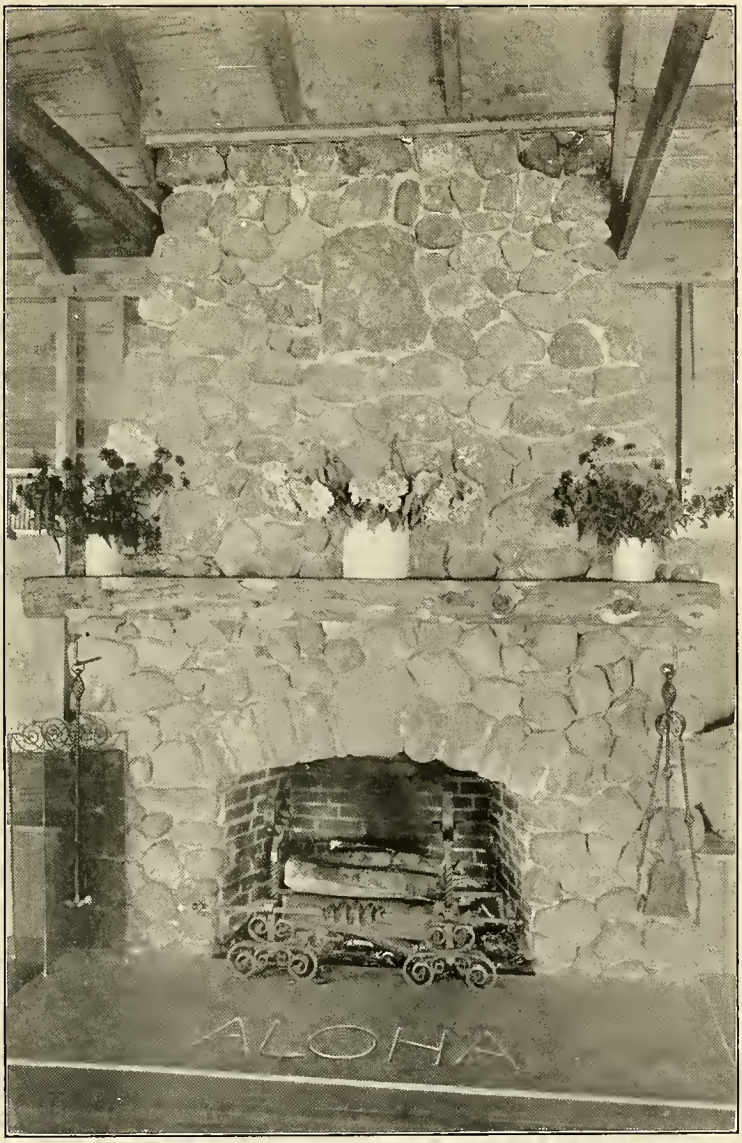
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